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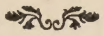

BOOKS BY

PHILIP GIBBS

Now It Can Be Told
More That Must Be Told
Since Then

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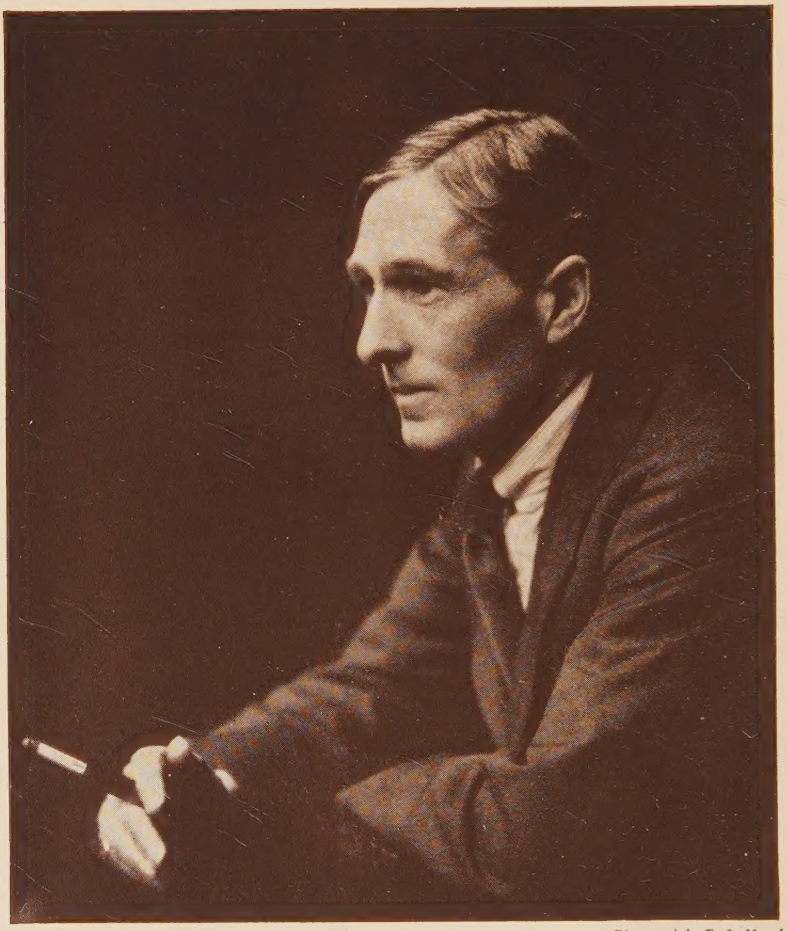

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé

PHILIP GIBBS

SINCE THEN

The Disturbing Story of
The World at Peace

By PHILIP GIBBS

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FIRST EDITION

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To

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON

with friendship and homage
from the author

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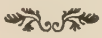

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SINCE THEN

CHAPTER I

THE GREAT REPRIEVE

NOW that twelve years have passed since a bugle here and there sounded the Cease Fire to a world war on the first day of Armistice, there are few of us who realize how thin the ice was above the dark waters of anarchy, disease, and despair in that time of uncertain peace. Europe nearly went under then in a general dissolution of law and order. It was, I honestly believe, a narrow escape.

Many nations were filled with shell-shocked and nerve-shattered men, embittered by dreadful experience. Long after peace had been formally declared there were smouldering fires which flared up at times and threatened to light the torch of war again and did so—in Russia, in Turkey, in Greece, in Syria, and in other lands. Many people were starving amid the ruins of their ancient world and many of their children—the innocent victims of all this bloody strife that had happened—were dying or diseased. Dynasties had fallen, kings and emperors had fled from their thrones, and for some time there was no strong authority to succeed them, but only weak governments not sure of popular support. Revolution was fighting against counter-revolution, winning in Russia, losing in Germany and Hungary, but menacing the old order everywhere in the world because it was being whispered about, or shouted at street corners, by men who believed themselves to be betrayed, by a peace which did not fulfill their hopes or the pledges made them. The victors were no more satisfied than the vanquished because of a deadly reaction after years of tremendous strain. New frontiers were made between nations and the

minds of nations. Their armies stood on guard, suspicious, ready for new wars, hostile, with inflamed patriotism, or with a sense of fear. There was a litter of ruin not only on the old battlefields but in the hearts of men and women. The wealth of rich nations had been blown away in high explosives, and slowly it was seen that it could never be repaid by those who had been defeated. Money in many countries was an illusion which became a farce when the printing presses poured out paper notes which could buy nothing.

In such a world, hysterical, feverish, with a pulse above normal, recovery was difficult—it seemed impossible. Peace was held by a thread which seemed likely to break at any moment, and did break here and there. But somehow it stood the strain among the bigger nations until it was strengthened and made fast by the increasing sanity of peoples slowly cured of their madness, and by the leadership of the best intelligence in the world fighting desperately against the powers of darkness.

That struggle for peace, which now seems assured for a fair spell of human progress, unless the world goes mad again, is one of the forward movements of humanity, and the recovery of Europe from all that ruin that was left by the war is almost miraculous. It is half-forgotten history now, although so recent. Most of it is blurred in a vague remembrance. It is indeed extraordinarily difficult to get at the facts and dates and to find a connected narrative of episodes which were smothered at the time in newspaper reports or never told. Yet one ought not to forget that passionate history which changed the minds of men and women and led to a new era of world thought strangely divorced from the recent past.

THE FIRST DAY OF ARMISTICE

This post-war world began on November 11, 1918.

I remember the scenes on Armistice Day in the neighborhood of Mons where the war had begun, as far as the British

army was concerned. I had stopped on my way outside a brigade headquarters, and an officer said, "Hostilities will cease at eleven o'clock." We looked into each other's eyes for a moment with thoughts that could not be put into speech. Then the officer said, "Thank God for that!" and another officer who was near him, younger, more excited, did a kind of dance step in the road and laughed with a break in his voice.

"Back to life," he said. "And none too soon for me!"

British troops were trudging forward to Mons with their guns and transport and old field cookers. Their faces were sweaty under their steel hats. But something had happened to loosen their tongues and make them garrulous. I could hear them talking along the ranks.

"Peace? . . . Christ! Who would have believed it? . . . It had looked as if war would go on forever. Well, lucky to be alive! . . . Peace? To get home to the wife and kids? With two arms and two legs and two eyes and everything complete? Oh, Jesus!"

When the news had first come they seemed dazed by it, almost stunned. They had rather thought it was "newspaper stuff." They didn't believe the Boche would crack so soon. It was too good to believe that Germany would accept those terms which the French had demanded—the surrender of everything. Oh, they would go on fighting all the way back to the Rhine, and poor old Tommy would have to trudge after them, getting it in the neck from machine-gun fire, as usual, and dying somewhere in the mud, as usual. Home for Christmas? Yes, they had heard that before, years ago.

Now it was true, at least about that Armistice. . . . The battalions marched on through the morning mists. As they went through villages on the way to Mons and other towns they shouted out to the civilians: "Guerre fini! Boche napoo!" and women and children came running to them with autumn

flowers, mostly red and white chrysanthemums, and they put them in their tunics and in the straps of their steel helmets.

That night there were sounds of singing and laughter from open windows in towns which had been all shuttered, with people hiding in their cellars a day or two back, and British officers behind the lines sat down to French pianos, where they could find them, and thumped the notes, and crashed out chords for any old song. In *estaminets* and billets boys were standing on tables and chairs, making speeches to which no one listened, while others were shouting and cheering. Some of them went outside to fire off Very lights which did not soar so high as their spirits, and I saw these rockets rise and burn a little while with white light as they used to in the Ypres salient. But it was mostly the youngsters who made a noise on Armistice Night. Older men, who had been in the war longer than they had, were silent and thoughtful. They were thinking back to the things that had happened, to friends who had not come as far as the end. They were thinking out the meaning of this peace that had come. . . . It would be a strange kind of world! Nothing would ever be the same again, and least of all themselves. They were standing among the ruins. They were in the presence of ghosts. They would be strangers in this new world of peace that was coming. Would they be able to face up to it as they had faced up to war? Perhaps, after all—you never can tell—it might have been better luck if they had been "pipped" somewhere by a machine-gun bullet or a shell splinter. The job was finished. Most of their pals had dropped behind. . . . Well, what now?

One or two men, here and there, shot themselves on Armistice Night, as I heard. Something had snapped now that the war was over. The strain had been too long, or the shock of peace was too sudden for jangled nerves. Others wept when they were left alone. And some got drunk that night.

It was the great reprieve. The last of our young manhood

had been saved. Life called to them again with its joys and allurement and liberty.

THE REVOLT AGAINST DEATH

Those millions of young men who had trudged up to the trenches on both sides of the lines which stretched through Europe had seen themselves condemned to death—except for luck—before their time. They had been called upon to die and look pleasant about it, before they had tasted the joy of life—not nearly as much as they thought was due to them. Their natural instincts had been thwarted. They wanted love and the beauty of life while they were herded about in battalions of men like themselves, muddy and lousy, in dirty dugouts in the filthiness of shell-ravaged fields, in the stench of death. Most of them were boys who hadn't had their innings in the game of life. Their minds had gone back sometimes to the lights of Piccadilly or Paris when it was all dark in No Man's Land. They had thought of little homes where it would be safe and cozy while they stumbled along the slimy duckboard of a communication trench, laden with picks and shovels and bombs and sandbags, stepping over a dead man's face, or a leg which had got disconnected from its body, and hearing the scream of shells overhead. . . . By God! if they ever got out of this mess they would have a good time! . . . Girls . . . places blazing with light . . . no more discipline.

They had been disciplined too long. They had not been able to move or eat or sleep or do any little thing without command. Now, soon, they could do what they liked. After the Armistice in towns which had been in German occupation—Ghent, Brussels, Tournai, Bruges—and away back in Paris and London, the lights were up again. No more darkness because of air raids. Soldiers and civilians danced down the streets all through the nights to the tune of town bands or any kind of music. I was caught up in these dances, held hands with strangers in a

jig which stretched through many streets. It was the beginning of that dancing mania which overtook the world after the war —the beginning of jazz.

They danced in Verviers one night, led by a brass band of old men in "pot" hats and long frock-coats, who puffed down their trombones to the unending tune of "Madelon."

They danced on the dike at Knocke close to Zeebrugge—where once there had been hell—to the tune of a piano organ.

They danced in the Grand' Place at Brussels below the gilded houses of the merchant princes; and soldiers who had been starved of love grabbed a kiss or two from girls whom they met in the crowds and laughed in their eyes.

In London and Paris the girls came out into the streets at night when the lamps were lighted again. It had been so dark in the war. Now all this light dazzled their eyes and gave a wild laughing gleam to them. These girls who had been working in munition factories, making shells which would blow more men to bits, came out for the joy of life, for the adventure of love, and for shrill laughter when young men—French, British, American—came after them, as though these city streets were forest glades in the springtime of the world. It was the revolt of life against death. It was youth demanding its rights. It was the pagan spirit breaking bounds in the heart of the world after so much sacrifice. This music of the saxophone was Pan playing his pipes again, to the wild beat of the satyrs' hoofs, to the laughter of his mænads . . . while in quiet rooms women wept for sons or lovers who would never come back again, though Peace had been declared.

THE DANCE OF VENGEANCE

In Ghent and other Belgian towns there was another kind of dance, now and then, as I saw. Belgian soldiers and civilians danced round the flames of furniture thrown out of windows and doors and set alight to make a bonfire. Sometimes they set

the houses on fire, with great laughter. They were the houses of people called Flamagands, accused of being pro-German during the time of occupation. In a public hall there I heard that shout of "Flamagand!" It rose suddenly from the floor of the dancing-hall where hundreds of young men and women had linked arms. In the gallery where I stood was a tall, handsome young man who turned dead white at that shout which seemed directed at him. He fought like a tiger against a group of men who tried to seize him. He was bleeding about the head before they kicked him to death in the street outside. . . . An Armistice had been declared, but hatred remained in the hearts of men and women. Vengeance was desired by those who had suffered under an enemy occupation. There was no forgiveness for those who had made friends with the enemy.

In a restaurant in Ghent a pretty woman, well dressed, with a fur tippet round her neck until she hung it on a peg, sat down at a table near my own. Suddenly the waiter spoke to her, and his voice rang sharply out with passion:

"A week ago you were sitting here with a German officer!"

He called her a frightful name, and I saw the color leave her face and a look of terror come into her eyes as she rose and fumbled for that fur, when a Belgian officer strode toward her, wolfishly.

That night in Ghent I heard the screams of women—blood-curdling, and a man told me the meaning of it, though I guessed.

"They are cutting off some ladies' hair. . . . They were too friendly with the Germans, you understand. Now they are being stripped for shame. There are others, monsieur. Many, many, if one only knew. Hark at their howling!"

He laughed heartily at this merry sport with hunted women. It was not going to be easy to make Peace.

An old lady spoke to me in French, I think it was in Liège. She took hold of my shoulder-strap as I walked in the crowds.

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"Little English officer," she said, smiling up at me, "are you going into Germany with the British army?"

"Oui, madame, je l'éspère."

"Be cruel to them," she said, patting one of my hands. "Be hard and ruthless. Punish them for all they have done. Be cruel!"

There was no pity yet in Belgium or France.

CHAPTER II

THE GERMAN REVOLUTION

WHAT was happening in Germany? What was in the minds of those people who had lost their power and their pride, after enormous effort, sweeping victories, and the immense sacrifice of humble men who were heroic soldiers until their spirit was broken at the end?

Two days before the Armistice, revolution had broken out and the Kaiser was deposed and on his way to the long exile at Doorn, deserted, betrayed, and humiliated by those high officers who had treated him as a puppet during the war—contemptuous of his advice—and now believed that his presence in Germany would inflame the passions of a revolutionary people and prevent an Armistice which might save them from Red Terror. I am not one of those who believe that the Kaiser's courage failed him at that time or that he fled as a coward. I believe that he was made the scapegoat by men more guilty of the enormous crime and folly of the war, who now blanched at the thought of a revenge that would be demanded of them for all this ruin of defeat. They demanded his abdication, and he gave it so that Germany might have a better chance of peace. Ludendorff had abandoned his command. His arrogance, his cold intellectual genius, his ruthlessness, were overwhelmed by fear and rage. Stalwart old Hindenburg stayed with the army in retreat, loyal to his duty as a soldier, and called upon them to maintain discipline. "In battle," he said in his proclamation, "your commander-in-chief has never left you in the lurch. I now put my trust in you."

But discipline had broken at last among men who had been

obedient through years of abomination in trenches and shell holes under infernal fire—obedient to officers who had treated them so often like swine. They stared sullenly at those officers who had commanded them, and some men spat when they tried to give their orders. Enough of all that! They had better make themselves scarce and take off their badges, or they would find their throats cut. . . .

The officers took this warning and faded out. Hundreds of thousands of men boarded the trains on the way to Berlin and other German towns. They, too, had torn off their shoulder-straps. They were no longer soldiers. They were going home, to make a new kind of Germany under this new Republic. They were all Republicans now. They hung bits of red rag out of the carriage windows. They climbed on to the tops of trains when the carriages were overcrowded, and some of them were swept off in the tunnels before they got home. They were hungry and ill and weak, and were anxious about this revolution of theirs. Would it mean more fighting? O God! They had had enough of that. . . . What was happening?

THE MUTINY OF THE GERMAN FLEET

Up in Kiel the Fleet had mutinied. The naval officers had ordered them out to sea on October 28th, before the Armistice, for a last battle with the British—to save the honor of Germany. They declined to commit suicide. They put the fires out and seized the guns and murdered some of the officers.

On one ship the mutineers were overpowered and taken off to prison, but on November 3rd thousands of sailors and soldiers in Kiel marched through the town carrying red flags. They demanded the release of their comrades. A company of cadets and petty officers fired on them, killing eight seamen and wounding many others, but by nightfall the garrison at Kiel had gone over to their side, the prisoners were liberated, and a trainload of soldiers who had been sent to quell them refused

to fire. The officers went into hiding and sniped them from roofs and windows, senselessly. All through the night there was a vast crowd in the Wilhelmplatz, listening to excited speeches from sailors and soldiers proclaiming the revolution and denouncing the old order which had sacrificed millions of men in the blood bath of war. Suddenly the headlights of a motor-car cut through the darkness. A great shout went up, announcing Comrade Noske, the Socialist leader. He climbed on to the platform and raised his hands to silence a storm of cheers.

"Comrades!" he shouted, "I bring you greetings from all your friends in Germany. They are proud of you! Let us stand firm and we shall win this revolution for the people against all the forces of tyranny. But we must maintain order and avoid all anarchy. Above all we must be united. . . ."

Now and then a shot was fired into the crowd. Several sailors were mortally wounded and shouts of rage rose above the screams of women. But next day red flags were hoisted on all the ships of the Fleet and on all public buildings in Kiel. Admiral Souchon, the governor, was taken prisoner. Noske became governor in his place and issued proclamations to all the German Socialists.

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER

In Berlin on the ninth of November the middle-class people were panic-stricken. Red flags fluttered in the streets, carried by crowds of ex-soldiers who poured into the city by every train. Generals before whom, in the years of war, brave men had trembled, knowing the power of these old men over their lives and youth, had come back to their apartments and sat there listening to the uproar outside. They had lost all meaning now, these old men. The great German army was broken. Germany itself had surrendered to its enemies and was waiting for the terms dictated by the French and English. The old

German gods had been cast down. It was the end of all pride. Out there in the streets the mob was shouting for Peace. They were singing the song of their enemies— the "Marseillaise." Guns and transport were rattling through the streets. Somewhere, not far away, there was machine-gun fire in spasms. Anarchy was on the march. Only here and there small groups of officers were ready to defend the old order against this red tide of revolution which might sweep everything to ruin, as in Russia. There would be no mercy for the generals of the High Command if that happened. . . . So some of them must have thought, as they listened and waited on that ninth of November.

In the darkness bands were playing and men were marching, and shots were being fired and groups of revolutionaries who called themselves Spartakists were organizing an attack upon the Provisional Government. They were under the leadership of Karl Liebknecht, the editor of *The Red Flag*, and inflamed by a woman named Rosa Luxemburg, who was like one of the Russian women of the Red Terror. In the crowds were blind men and men whose limbs had been amputated, and shell-shocked men who were shaken by an ague which never left them. And among them were British and French officers who had broken from prison camps and had come to see this revolution in Berlin. Among them was a friend of mine named Percy Brown who wrote a book about it.

Strangely enough, looking back on history, that revolution did not drench Germany with blood. Germany was tired of blood and death, and even in a time of revolution these masses of weary, ill-fed soldiers could not rouse themselves to any ferocity of action against those who had led them into ruin. A spirit of order in this people, a long training in discipline, a hatred of anarchy, a pride, even now, in the civilized state of their Fatherland, kept them back from acts of murder and pillage and wild-eyed revenge.

REPUBLICAN LEADERS

The Socialist leaders who formed the Provisional Government were not men of revolution. Ebert, the saddler, who became the first Chancellor of the German Republic, was very mild in his democratic theories. Scheidemann, who helped to draw up the new constitution—a handsome man like a French painter with a pointed beard—would have been called a moderate Liberal in England. He had always voted for the continuance of the war—ruthlessly—until the first signs of defeat. Haase, Landsberg, Barth, and others who formed the Council of People's Deputies were no anarchists or communists, but sober-minded men who believed that there could be no liberty without order and established government. Even Noske, who had taken command of the revolutionary forces in Kiel—indeed, Noske most of all—believed in authority and discipline, brutal if need be, and not at all in the overthrow of capitalism and the *bourgeois* state. He and his fellow leaders played to the gallery, made high-sounding speeches to the Seamen's and Soldiers' councils which for a time took possession of the Reichstag, but in their secret conclaves they declared that Germany must be saved from the menace of Communism by methods of blood and iron if they were wanted. It was Noske who formed the "Green Guards" to defend Berlin from the Spartakists who were gathering strength under Liebknecht and other leaders.

Dr. Liebknecht was the man they feared most. He had the spirit of the visionary. His eyes burnt like coals in his pale, haggard face as day after day he faced a great crowd in a hall called the Sophiensalle, where thousands of soldiers and seamen and workmen swarmed to listen to his flaming words denouncing the "profiteers" who had made the war and had grown fat on the massacre of youth. He asked them to resist the calling of a National Assembly which would give Ger-

many back into the hands of their former rulers as wage-earning slaves. He called for a "real" revolution, not to be made by rose-water, but by fighting against the forces of reaction.

The members of the *Spartacusbund* made several demonstrations in the streets of Berlin and other cities. Many of them were shot down on their way to the Wilhelmstrasse, where they threatened to hang Ebert, the Chancellor, outside his fine house with iron gates. They attacked and occupied some of the newspaper offices and defended themselves with machine guns and hand grenades when the Provisional Government sent armored cars to rout them out. Three hundred armed men under the leadership of a sailor captured the Ministry of War. Other sailors in armored cars attacked government offices in the neighborhood of Unter den Linden, and there was fierce fighting in the Friedrichstrasse when darkness fell. Elsewhere in Germany the Spartakists were active, although the great mass of the German people were against them.

DEFEAT OF THE COMMUNISTS

The critical days in Berlin began in the first week of January. Noske had organized a strong body of guards and had declared himself in favor of the Provisional Government and the calling of a National Assembly. He was invited to Berlin to crush the Spartakists, and on January 8th he surrounded the city. The first assault began on the offices of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, which was held strongly by the Spartakists, and after fierce fighting for two days the survivors in the newspaper office hoisted the white flag. On January 11th the office of *Vorwärts* was besieged by Noske's guards under the command of Colonel Reinhard and Major von Stephani, who bombarded the building with artillery. The Spartakists defended themselves with machine-gun and rifle fire, but their stronghold became a shambles. In other parts of Berlin isolated groups

held out, and there was much indiscriminate firing, during which many onlookers were wounded. Liebknecht himself and Rosa Luxemburg were still unhurt and uncaptured. They moved about, rallying their supporters and hiding from their enemies.

Two other men, both of whom I knew, were busy in the darkness of Berlin nights. One was a little old man named Sklarz, a Jewish millionaire, with a magnificent house in Unter den Linden, filled with tapestries and priceless old books and art treasures of all kinds, as I saw when once I sat down to his table and drank good wine. He had democratic views, but his belief in democracy did not embrace the Spartakists, who might destroy his treasures before hanging him on a lamp-post outside his house, where there was an excellent lamp-post. He used his wealth to buy protection for himself and Berlin. Twenty marks a day he paid, I think, to ex-officers who would enroll themselves in his battalion of storm troops, and there were a thousand or more glad to get the pay and do the work. "They strewed the streets of Berlin with the bodies of the Spartakists," he told me, as a pleasurable reminiscence. "I directed them from the steps of the Reichstag."

And the other man busy in the darkness was a Russian named Radek, whom afterwards I met in the Kremlin of Moscow, where he was chief of propaganda, stirring up trouble in many cities of the world where there was discontent and secret revolt in the hearts of men. He looked a genial old gentleman, and laughed a good deal behind his glasses, and thrust his fingers through a reddish beard which fringed a flat-cheeked face. The British Empire would have been saved a lot of trouble if he had been shot by a sniper's bullet in Berlin that night, but luck was with him.

Count Harry Kessler in his *Life of Rathenau* etches the *danse macabre* of Berlin during the days of revolution:

"The German government, reduced to a handful of courageous men living a precarious existence from one hour to the next, were huddled together in Wilhelmstrasse with Bolshevism and Spartacus held at arm's-length. One day in January all that was left them were a few government buildings riddled with the bullets of the Spartakists. . . . But mingling with the clatter of the machine guns in the dark streets at night there came floating out of bars and night clubs the strains of the latest catch or fox-trot. On the very day on which the atrocious massacre of thirty young sailors was perpetrated in broad daylight in the center of Berlin the streets were placarded with a poster 'Who has the prettiest legs in Berlin? Visit the Caviare flapper dance at such and such a cabaret at 8:30 P.M.' Profiteers and their girls, the scum and riffraff of half Europe —types preserved like flies in amber in the caricatures of George Grosz—could be seen growing fat and sleek, and flaunting their new cars and ostentatious jewelry in the faces of the pale children and starving women shivering in their rags before the empty bakers' and butchers' shops. Girls and married women were selling themselves for a quarter loaf. Not only the Government and the State, but the very foundations of civilized life seemed on the verge of collapse. Irresponsibility and despair were crystallizing into an attitude of mind which considered the browning and the hand-grenade the only arguments worth using."

With flame-throwers and hand-grenades, Noske's guards and the ex-officers who had enrolled for service under the Provisional Government, stormed the last strongholds of the Communists, and the Spartakist risings flickered out in Berlin and other parts of Germany. Their leadership had gone when Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg were captured, and murdered brutally in the hands of their captors on the way to prison. By enormous majorities the German people voted for a National Assembly and there was a united Germany, at least a nation free from civil war, to receive and sign the peace treaty which was being prepared for them in Paris. They

believed that this new Republic of theirs, this ordered democracy, would get a good and just peace, as President Wilson had promised in his Fourteen Points. . . .

Meanwhile the Allied armies had reached the Rhine according to the terms of the Armistice.

CHAPTER III

THE ADVANCE TO THE RHINE

IT WAS a strange and historic experience to go forward into Germany with the vanguard of the British armies. All the way to the Rhine the roads were littered with the abandoned material of the German war machine, that frightful engine of destruction which had driven into the heart of France and laid waste so much of her land, so many of her towns. Now great guns which had been behind the battle lines lay in the wayside ditches. Field-guns were overturned and broken. Lorries with bits of iron tied round their wheels instead of tires had stuck in the mud. Airplanes with broken propellers and smashed wings lay in the fields. Machine guns which had covered the German retreat as far as Mons had been left to rust. There were piles of rifles, stick bombs, steel helmets—all useless now.

ACROSS THE FRONTIER

I crossed the Belgian frontier with our leading troop of cavalry—the Dragoon Guards—and entered Germany on the morning of December 4th. The scenery had become German already, with roads winding through fir forests above deep ravines. We halted this side of a little stone bridge over the stream which divides the two countries.

"What's the name of this place?" I asked the young cavalry officer commanding the troop.

"Rothwasser," he answered, removing the cigarette from his lips and clapping his hands to keep them warm.

The Red Water, a symbolical name, it seemed to me, remembering the rivers of blood that had flowed.

"That's the first house in Germany," said the young officer, pointing to a small house on rising ground beyond. "I don't suppose they'll ask us to breakfast."

He confided to me that he didn't like this job of riding into Germany. There might be some sniping by civilians or ex-soldiers from the woods on the way. Then he would have to do some dirty work. He had his orders, and they weren't pretty, if there were any *francs tireurs*. "Our turn for atrocities," he remarked, gloomily.

Over there, a few yards away, was Germany, the fringe of what had been the mighty German Empire. Not a human being appeared on that side of the stone bridge. There was no German sentry facing ours. A deep silence was there by the pine woods where the undergrowth was red. Nothing happened when the troop of dragoons went at the trot down the roads bordered with Christmas trees, powdered with frost. Farmhouses and cottages under the shelter of the woods seemed abandoned, but once I saw a face looking out of a window, and once a dog barked.

"First sign of hostility!" said the young cavalry officer, glancing at the dog.

Then we dipped down toward Malmédy. The road made a hairpin bend and we could see the town below us in the valley—a German town. It was Sunday morning and the bells were ringing. Then a strange thing happened. A group of German girls stood on a bank above the roadway, and they fluttered their handkerchiefs at the British troopers as they passed.

"That's funny!" exclaimed the young cavalry officer. "Quite friendly!"

When we came into Malmédy the cavalry patrol halted in

the market square and dismounted. The German people were coming out of church. Numbers of them surrounded us and some girls patted the necks of the horses with exclamations of wonderment.

"Wunderschön!"

A young man in the crowd, in black civilian clothes, spoke in perfect English to the sergeant-major.

"Your horses are looking fine. Ours are skin and bone. When will the infantry be here?"

"Haven't an idea," said the sergeant-major, gruffly.

A young man spoke to me in French, explaining that in Malmédy the people were bi-lingual, being so close to the frontier. He had had a Belgian wife, and when he was mobilized she said, "You are going to kill my brothers," and wept her heart out. She died in '16. He had been in the first and second battles of Ypres and badly wounded, so that he was sent down to the base as a clerk for two years. Then, when German man-power was running short, he was pushed into the ranks again and fought in Flanders, Cambrai, and Valenciennes. Now he had demobilized himself, as all the others were doing.

"I am very glad the war is over, monsieur. It was a great stupidity from the beginning. Now Germany is ruined."

He spoke in a simple, matter-of-fact way, as though describing natural disturbances of life, regrettable but inevitable, owing to human stupidity.

I asked him whether the people farther from the frontier would be hostile to the British troops, and he seemed surprised at my question.

"Hostile? Why, sir? . . . The war is over, and now we can be friends again. Besides, the respectable people and the middle classes will be glad of your coming. It is a protection against the evil elements who are destroying property and behaving in a criminal way—the sailors of the Fleet and low ruffians."

GERMAN MENTALITY

The war is over and now we can be friends again! That sentence in the young man's speech astonished me by its directness and simplicity. Was that the mental attitude of the German people? Did they think the English would forget and shake hands? Did they not understand the passion of hatred that existed in England because of many things they had done —the early atrocity stories (many of them false, as we know now, though some of them true), the submarine war, the execution of Nurse Cavell, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the air raids over London?

Then I looked at those troopers in the market-place. One of them had given a cigarette to a boy who talked to him in schoolboy English. Another was in conversation with two German girls who were patting his horse. We had been in the German village ten minutes. There was no sign of hatred here on one side or the other. Already something had happened here which in England, if they knew, would seem monstrous and incredible. A spell had been broken—the spell which for four years had dominated the souls of men and women. These men of the first cavalry patrol did not seem to be nourishing thoughts of hatred and revenge. They were not, it seemed, remembering atrocities. They were meeting fellow mortals with human friendliness and seemed inclined to talk to them and pass the time of day. Astounding!

So it was in other places on the way to the Rhine. At Mürren I stood by while a number of trench mortars and machine guns were being handed over by German officers according to the terms of the Armistice.

The officers were mostly young men, extremely polite, marvelous in their concealment of any humiliation they may have felt—*must* have felt—in this surrender of arms. They were confused only for one moment, and that was when a boy with

a wheelbarrow trundled by with a load of German swords—elaborate parade swords with gold hilts.

One of them laughed and passed it off with a few words of English.

"There goes the old pomp and glory—to the rubbish heap!"

A non-commissioned officer talked to me. He had been a hairdresser in Bayswater and a machine gunner in Flanders. He was a little fellow with a queer Cockney accent.

"Germany is *kaput*. We shall have a bad time in front of us. No money. No trade. All the same it will be better in the long run. No more conscription. No more filthy war. We're all looking forward to President Wilson and his Fourteen Points. That is the hope of the world. We can look forward to a good peace—fair all round. Of course we shall have to pay, but we shall get liberty, like the English."

I record these conversations—I have already recorded them in a novel which was mostly true, because they were the first revelation to me of the mind of the German people after the war. That was how the mass of men and women who had suffered in their bodies and in their souls during those four frightful years reconciled themselves to defeat, with enormous relief because the agony had stopped, without humiliation—astounding as it seems—because even defeat was better than war and they looked forward to a "good peace" based upon those fourteen points of President Wilson before the Armistice.

THE CITY OF COLOGNE

We went into Cologne before the scheduled time, at the urgent request of the Burgomeister. We were invited in. The German sailors of the Grand Fleet and the lowest elements of the city had played the devil here, as in all the places through which the seamen passed. They had established a Soldiers' and Workmen's Council on the Russian plan, raised the Red Flag, liberated the criminals from the prisons. Shops had been

sacked, houses looted. The Burgomeister desired British troops to insure law and order.

The revolutionaries had disappeared when the cavalry entered. As our first squadron rode into the Cathedral Square on the way to the Hohenzollern Bridge over the Rhine, I noticed that many people in the crowds turned their heads away, pretending they did not hear that clip-clop of hoofs. Others stared gravely at the passing cavalcade, without hostility, without friendship. Here and there I met eyes which were regarding me with a dark brooding look, and others in which there was profound melancholy. Most of the men here wore their old uniforms with the shoulder-straps torn off and all badges removed. They had demobilized themselves.

In the Domhof Hotel, where I went with the officers, the waiters were ex-soldiers who had been fighting us a few weeks before. One of them who served soup to the cavalry officers discovered that he had been a few yards away from them in a fight at Fontaine Notre Dame. The cavalry officers were interested and amused. They pushed forks about to explain their position.

"We were just there. . . . You must have been over there."

Somehow they did not want to kill him any more. He did not want to kill them. A few weeks had made a difference.

One of the waiters spoke to me quietly in perfect English:

"I used to ask myself a hundred thousand times—Why am I here—in this mud—fighting against the English whom I know and like? What devil's meaning is there in all this? What are the evil powers that have forced us to this insane massacre? I thought I should go mad. I desired death."

RECONCILIATION

There was a large café in the Hohestrasse of Cologne, called *Germania.* Our non-commissioned officers and men found their way to it quickly. They ordered German wine and beer. They

entered into conversation with German soldiers who had demobilized themselves, and with German girls who sat with their mothers or brothers. It was quite respectable. No orgies, but, very soon, much friendliness.

"Tell your ma," said a sergeant-major to a pretty girl with blue eyes, "that I shouldn't have been so keen to fight Germans if I'd known they were such pleasant, decent people as far as I find 'em at present, and I take people as I find 'em. Have another glass of wine, my dear?"

When our men were billeted in German houses they felt as if they had gone home. Water came out of the taps! Water never came out of the taps behind the lines in France. It was spotlessly clean. German mothers whose boys had been killed in the war brought up early-morning cups of tea to the former "enemy." British soldiers gave part of their rations to German children who were weak and white after the long blockade, which was still maintained until peace was signed—to our great disgrace. General Plumer, commanding the British army on the Rhine, sent an urgent telegram to the War Office asking for supplies to provision the civilian population, as his troops were giving away their own food and suffering in health. To the great honor of Winston Churchill, Secretary for War, supplies were sent. Very quickly, in a startling way, British soldiers made friends with the ex-enemy. When I saw them fraternizing, I thought back to England where newspapers and politicians were still talking hate stuff, where women would never forget or forgive, where great statesmen were preparing a peace of vengeance. The scenes in *Germania* and the streets of Cologne would have seemed like treachery and blasphemy to many people in Great Britain, and to all in France.

In the Domhof one night a young German lady played the piano for our pleasure. She played old English tunes, and then

some Schubert. English officers listened and clapped quietly. They liked it. But a French colonel was there, impatient and angry, with all his nerves on edge. Over and over again he spoke two words, loud enough for us to hear.

"Sales Boches! . . . Sales Boches!"

He could not forget those devastated regions of France, the churches that had been destroyed, the French villages wiped off the map, the agony of his people in towns behind the German lines.

"Sales Boches!"

The young German lady heard those words and went white, and slipped away from the room with her music.

In German towns occupied by French and Belgian troops there was not the same good feeling. Even the Americans were more severe than the British army of occupation, until they saw there was not much need for severity.

THE GERMAN ILLUSION

The Germans, after the first realization of defeat, were stunned and stupefied. But they believed in English fair play, in spite of all the wild propaganda of the British press. Now that the Kaiser had gone and Germany was a Republic, they believed that after defeat and ruin there would be a peace which would give them a chance of recovery and a new era of liberty. They put their faith in President Wilson and his Fourteen Points. They were helped a little in pride by the belief that they had been beaten by the hunger blockade and not by the failure of the German armies in the field (though that defeat was complete), and they refused to admit that they were responsible for the war, or more guilty than others of the fighting nations. For a time they believed that a new spirit of democracy, a new plan of human brotherhood after so much agony, would be born out of the war, and that Germany,

though she would have to pay for defeat, would not be downtrodden and treated as a pariah nation, but would take her place in this new era of peace and progress, after a general demobilization of armed forces. They were very much mistaken, for a time.

CHAPTER IV

THE PEACE TREATIES

THE statesmen of the victorious powers were awaiting the arrival of President Wilson to assist in making the treaty of peace which was to create a new Europe and (if possible) to abolish war forever between civilized nations.

There were others awaiting Woodrow Wilson. They were the peoples of Europe who had been fighting each other for four and a half years. Because of words he had written and spoken before the Armistice, millions of men and women long agonized, on both sides of the line, in this devil's trap of war which had seemed inescapable, believed that this American with a scholar's face behind his eye-glasses was the one man in the world who could rise above this tumult of passion. He understood, they thought, the yearnings of common folk for some better kind of life after all this death. He would know how to liberate them from the tyrannies, the old diplomacy, the rival ambitions, the militarism, which had caused this thing to happen. He would make a peace of justice and hope. The Germans and Austrians believed that. Poles and Serbians and Czechs believed that. Half-starved children in many countries were told that food would come when Wilson came, and believed that. Never before in history had one man been regarded by countless millions with such reverence and such faith as the arbiter of destiny.

He had spoken great words:

"National aspirations must be respected."

"Self-determination is not a mere phrase."

"Peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from

sovereignty to sovereignty, as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game."

"Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned."

"The settlement of every question, whether of territory or sovereignty, of economic arrangement or of political relationship, must be upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned and not upon the basis of material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery."

He had vetoed the old secret diplomacy of Europe and demanded "open covenants." He had promised Germany that if she rid herself of the rulers who had led her into this conflict, her people would not suffer from any peace of vengeance. In his Fourteen Points laid down before the Armistice, he had insisted upon the Freedom of the Seas which had been violated by submarine warfare and war on neutrals. No one understood very well what he meant by it, but it sounded good.

THE HOPE OF THE PEOPLES

Such promises inspired the hopes of certain men who had sat in trenches under shell-fire, arguing out the causes and consequences of this downfall of civilization and all human ideals. They renewed the pledges given to men who were told they were fighting "a war to end war." They were going to make the world "safe for democracy." They were going to give greater security to unborn children. Many simple and sonorous phrases of President Wilson's sounded like a new gospel to stricken souls.

Is it any wonder that when he arrived in Europe in the *George Washington* he was received as a new savior of humanity, and that people had moist eyes as he passed, as I saw, and

as I had, in London, when millions came into the streets, standing afar off because of the dense crowds, in side streets, not seeing him, but hearing the cheers, and thrilling to the knowledge that he was passing. So it was in Italy. So it was among many soldiers of France, though in Paris and elsewhere there were politicians and civilians and high officers, and many women, who had a secret fear of this man, lest he should let the Germans off from the punishment which in their souls they demanded for them.

Geneva had been talked of as the place where peace would be made, outside the territory of the nations which had been at war, but the French Government wished the Germans to sign the peace in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles where France had had to acknowledge the defeat of 1870. So the statesmen of many nations assembled in Paris, with their secretaries and staffs and experts and advisers, who took possession of many hotels. Paris became the rendezvous of official or self-appointed emissaries of all those countries, races, nations, sects, and societies who had some claim to make on President Wilson and the peace-makers, for what they believed to be justice in this reshaping of the world's political map. If they could not get at President Wilson—that great good man—they might get at one of his secretaries, or whisper a word in the ear of some friend who knew one of his secretaries, or put their case in writing so that he should read it, or get some journalist to interview them, or say something across a dinner table or a glass of liqueur which might turn some straw in the wind in favor of their cause. Armenians who had escaped from massacre, Persians who remembered their ancient history, Arabs to whom England had made many promises through the lips of a young man named Colonel Lawrence, black gentlemen from Africa, Chinese and Japanese, Russians or the neighbors of Russia, hostile to the Soviet systems, Czechs and Croats and Slovenes, Latvians and Esthonians and Ukrainians, and repre-

sentatives of races with whom the President of the United States was yet unfamiliar, came to Paris, with passionate desires and urgent pleas.

DAYS OF DELIRIUM

At that time Paris was not a city of contentment or calm. Geneva would have been quieter and more restful for men thinking out this problem of peace. The delirium of the days that followed the first night of Armistice lasted through many nights of many months in 1919. The dancing mania took possession of the very secretaries and typists and clerks of the peace delegates. Even the great men who were to give peace to the world looked in upon this dancing. Balfour the philosopher-statesman, always a little aloof from the herd, expressed his opinion of this new phenomenon.

"It seems to me," he said, "like a country walk somewhat impeded by a member of the opposite sex."

Old Clemenceau was Gallic as usual in his style of epigram:

"Je n'ai jamais vu les figures si tristes ni les derrières si gais!"

The monotonous beat of that jazz music came from scores of hotels and hundreds of restaurants where staff officers of the Allied armies—French, English, Scottish, American, Canadian, Australian, Italian, Belgian—sat drinking champagne—how good to drink champagne again!—with ladies who smoked cigarettes with their white arms on the tables, and danced those strange new dances which had followed the Dance of Death. Fabulous prices were charged by the hotelkeepers. Money meant nothing to men who had spent nothing for four and a half years—though Europe was in ruin. Prices rose in the Paris markets for all foodstuffs. What did it matter to old men who had made money out of the war—those "profiteers," as they were called—and to the New Rich who were already getting fabulous contracts for the reconstruction

of ruin? They could afford to give supper parties costing incredible sums to pretty ladies.

The people who could not afford these new prices for food and apartments were the men who had been in the trenches and who now came back on leave to Paris—not yet demobilized because France was taking no risks till that peace was signed—and wandering about the streets, staring moodily at the automobiles of the peace-makers, looking through the plate-glass windows of restaurants into which they could not go for a meal, listening to this jazz music, seeing Frenchwomen in the arms of foreign officers, dancing, feasting, flirting, while not far away—an hour or two by car—the dead still lay unburied, to be seen as a peepshow on visits to the battlefields organized by Cook & Sons.

PROBLEMS OF PEACE

The peace-makers were a long time in getting down to serious work. The Armistice had been signed on November 11th. It was not until January that the plenipotentiaries assembled. "Where is this peace?" asked all those peoples who were getting desperate with impatience. President Wilson was making the acquaintance of his collaborators, greeting them with formal courtesy, with smiles that did not come easily to a rather masklike face, with the glacial geniality of a headmaster receiving his assistants on the first day of a new term. So at least he seemed to a man like Lloyd George, exuberant, informal, humorous, emotional. Old-man Clemenceau, with his black skull-cap and his black gloves—more like an old walrus than the "Tiger" as they called him—measured up this man who had come to dominate the peace treaty, listened to his measured phrases propounding general theories of justice, and blinked his eyes at words which revealed enormous depths of ignorance about human nature as it existed among European peoples and a moral disapproval of their inherited animosities,

their tangled races, their passionate claims. "Lloyd George," said the old cynic, "believes himself to be Napoleon, but President Wilson believes himself to be Jesus Christ."

All the claimants to Wilson's policy of the "self-determination of peoples" pressed their demands. They showed how their frontiers ought to be drawn in this new map of Europe in order to satisfy racial divisions and historical rights and eternal justice. No doubt these frontiers would take in considerable territories claimed by other peoples who happened to live there—without any historical right at all—and no doubt these minorities would squeal rather loudly at being transferred to the other side of a line which cut them off from their own stock, but that was inevitable, owing to the intermingling of races, and anyhow it was quite unlikely that Woodrow Wilson or Lloyd George would know enough geography to be aware of little accidents like that. Besides, it was always good to ask more than one expected to get. Everybody asked more.

There were certain clear principles which had already been accepted by the victorious powers. Poland was to be reunited, and her first President, Paderewski, the great musician, with his flowing hair, his angel's face and his delicate white hands, bowed politely to the congratulations of Mr. Lloyd George and others, and said, "Of course we want an outlet to the sea!" . . . It was unfortunate that the only outlet to the sea for Poland was through East Prussia.

The old Austria-Hungary—that Holy Roman Empire which had been seething with revolt for centuries—would of course be broken up into its racial divisions. Czechs, Slovaks, and other mysterious races who spoke unlearnable languages would be given independence from the domination of Vienna—although the Viennese had been a pleasant, gay-hearted people and had not fought the Allies with such unpleasant obstinacy and such stern fighting qualities as, for instance, the Czechs and Croats who were now to be one of the favored nations.

Their representative, Mr. Benes—pronounced for some reason "Benesh"—had all the qualities of a great statesman, and was so persuasive and reasonable that he gained his point of view without any need of passionate argument, so that the new nation of Czecho-Slovakia was given generous terms—very annoying to Italy, who had fought them—with many minorities within her frontiers. Serbia was to be made into a new nation called Jugo-Slavia. Rumania was to be rewarded for her sacrifice in the war on the side of the Allies, and Mr. Bratiano, her delegate, demanded the fulfillment of the secret treaty which had been made with Great Britain and France at that time.

CONFLICTING CLAIMS

There were other secret treaties which had been made during the war, when France and England, hard pressed on many fronts, had secured allies by promising them the fruits of victory which they most desired, should victory be attained. There was nothing devilish in this bargaining, but Mr. Wilson would have none of it and demanded a "clean slate" for the new peace, and was supported by his French and English collaborators, who were not anxious to redeem those pledges. Italy had been promised the Dalmatian coast and the Austrian Tyrol for breaking with the Triple Alliance. Mr. Venizelos of Greece had been promised great rewards for friendly assistance. He was a man who fascinated Lloyd George by his personality and he obtained an empire which Greece could not hold. France demanded only one thing besides Alsace-Lorraine, a strangle-hold on German industry, and a free hand in Syria, and that was security. Marshal Foch, who had commanded the Allied armies, and great numbers of French generals and soldiers who had fought under him, believed that security for France could only be attained by a permanent frontier on the Rhine. But Clemenceau was prepared to waive

that claim with which he did not agree, provided that French territories would be guaranteed against another attack from Germany by the United States and Great Britain. There were many other conflicting claims. It was all very difficult.

The secretaries, the staffs, the experts, the advisers, the map-makers, the economists, drew up reports to present to their chiefs. Lloyd George, a great conversationalist who likes to absorb knowledge by word of mouth, quick to see the essential point but impatient of detail, glanced at this mass of documents from time to time, and came to smile at his diligent assistants who lay on the floor of the Hotel Majestic peering over large-scale maps. This European geography was very difficult to remember. Such queer names. And such a lot of human volcanoes. Silesia . . . Cilicia . . . Very confusing. What a jungle of races!

"I suppose that man can read," said Clemenceau, "but I doubt whether he ever does."

ALOOFNESS OF THE PRESIDENT

Mr. Wilson became rather inaccessible to his advisers as the months passed. Even Colonel House, a quiet little man who went about asking questions, listening, getting inside knowledge from journalists who seemed to know more than most others, receiving deputations from many nations who wanted their views put before the President, inspiring confidence because of his gentle nature and good will, was unable to get access to his chief as much as was really necessary. Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State and the President's chief adviser, found himself snubbed and not taken into the confidence of the man he served. Mr. Wilson was like that. He had always held aloof from his assistants. He had always maintained the reserve of a headmaster in relations with his staff. He dismissed them coldly if they disputed his authority. He relied on his first principles, on his general philosophy of life. These people

worried him with their reports of claims and counter-claims, national animosities, historical precedents, racial divisions, economic necessities, religious controversies, political intrigues. He was there as the representative of the greatest nation on earth. He had the peoples of Europe behind him. They had faith in him. When he delivered judgment they would obey. It was his business to deliver Europe from its old bondage, and he would do so, not by this or that frontier, but by his League of Nations and World Court of Justice, which would be the Parliament of the world, to which all grievances would be presented, in which all wrongs would be righted, by which the danger of future wars would be abolished.

THE VISION OF THE LEAGUE

Lord Robert Cecil had been the first to draw up the idea of a League of Nations in 1916, and even then it was an old idea which had long been a dream in the minds of European philosophers—as far back as the Middle Ages. General Smuts elaborated Lord Robert Cecil's memorandum, and it was the Smuts plan which President Wilson used as his basis for a League which took possession of his mind and heart as the greatest hope of the world.

He determined to make this League of Nations his gift to humanity. He was, he firmly believed, the servant of God and the American people who were behind him. These cynics, like Clemenceau, these dangerous irresponsible men, like Lloyd George, these old-fashioned statesmen, like Balfour, these passionate advocates, like Signor Orlando—why did the man persist in raking up secret treaties which had no validity?—were trying to thwart him, perhaps even to trick him, but he stood for the idealism of the common people of the world, for international justice, for the brotherhood of democracy (subject to righteous authority), and they could not prevail against him. So one reads the secret thoughts of that strange,

limited, well-meaning, harassed man, who faced a task beyond the wisdom, perhaps, of any man alive.

Time passed and there was no peace, while in prison camps hundreds of thousands of men whose hearts had leaped at the news of Armistice still despaired behind barbed wire. Children were starving in Germany and Austria because there was no milk for them and the blockade kept them hungry.

In England and in France there were minor mutinies of soldiers who wanted to be demobilized, now that war was over. Why should they be kept away from their wives and children? Why should those on leave be sent back to the same old discipline? Mobs of these leave-men invaded Whitehall, angry and threatening and insubordinate. Staff officers went pale at this violation of discipline. Things looked very ugly when these "heroes of the Great War" had to be surrounded by guards with fixed bayonets. Fortunately, that danger passed, by persuasion and promises of fair play to men who had served longest and should be first demobilized.

THE BEGINNING OF BITTERNESS

But idealism was passing. It was the beginning of bitterness and belief in vengeance. There was a "khaki" election in England when Mr. Lloyd George came back to power after smashing the Liberal Party by refusing recognition to the Asquith group, whom he outraged by his enmity. His political supporters and the Press which backed him appealed to the basest instincts of the crowd with the cry of "Hang the Kaiser!" and, "Make them Pay!" "They'll cheat you yet, those Huns!" and "Search their pockets!" The first thrill of emotion which had passed through the world at the ending of the war, the spiritual vision of a new world based upon the generous instincts of humanity, was giving way to a revival of national selfishness and greed for the spoils of war. In France as well as in England, in Belgium and Italy, the dominant thought now,

except among groups of much-abused idealists, was to bleed Germany to the last drop of her wealth to pay for all the ruin of the war, and politicians everywhere were stating sums not less than eight thousand millions which would be extorted from the German people and distributed among the victor nations. Such sums were being discussed solemnly by the peacemakers in Paris, on the advice of economic experts, though here and there a few idealists, who were also realists—I claim to have been one of the realists—pointed out that no such wealth existed in Germany after defeat and that no such money could ever be transferred from one country to any others.

In Paris the discussions went on behind closed doors. President Wilson had insisted upon open covenants, openly arrived at, but he had been quick to admit that open discussion between all the nations involved in the peace settlement would make a bear-garden of the Conference. The conversations became secret, first with a Council of Ten, then between the four great powers—the United States, France, England, Italy. A heavy censorship lay over the Press, so that no word from the United States was allowed to be published if it hinted that this man Wilson had lost or was losing the support of his own people, that he was only a party leader without a majority, and that he had no national authority behind his words or acts.

NATIONAL EGOTISM

The newspapers in all countries were controlled by their foreign offices, and were stuffed with propaganda for their narrow national interests. The French press was satirical about the dream of a League of Nations, perturbed about their own security, and critical of their allies in the war, whom they were already accusing of treachery to France. Wilson was refusing to agree to French control of the Saar Valley, for the sake of coal so desperately needed. Clemenceau had threatened to leave the conference. Lloyd George was supporting Wilson

in undermining French interests and securities. England had set up an Arab chief, the Emir Feisul, who claimed dominion over eleven million Arabs, including those in Syria, which France claimed as her own. He would be a puppet of England, who wished to thwart the claims of France. So the French journalists wrote, with acid in their pens. Italy, which had done homage to President Wilson, was losing all faith in him. Their delegates had reported that he refused to see the justice of their claims to Dalmatia and Istria and Fiume, which had been promised by the Treaty of London and which should be theirs, anyhow, as a poor price for all they had done and suffered in the war. Why had their old men dragged them into this death trap, if now they came back from Paris with empty hands?

Wilson was getting worried. All these questions could not be settled in a hurry, and Lloyd George was trying to rattle him into quick decisions. . . . And there were moments when he had the touch of a ghost on his shoulder, when he forgot to listen to the talk at the Conference table. No one in Europe had questioned his credentials, but the American Senate was threatening. His Republican enemies were at work. There were three men, Knox and Lodge and Borah, who were very dangerous. . . .

There was one problem in connection with the Peace Treaties which was a little embarrassing to such an idealist as President Wilson and to others, like Mr. Lloyd George, who professed the noblest motives for their decisions. It was the question of the manner in which the captured territories of the Germans in Africa and the Turks in Asia were to be administered by the victors, who, as it happened, were mainly within the British Empire. There was no question of restoring them either to the Germans or to the Turks. British troops had captured German Southeast Africa, Palestine, and Mesopotamia. New Zealand had taken Samoa; Australia had captured New

Guinea. General Smuts had received the surrender of German Southwest Africa after hard fighting.

MANDATED TERRITORIES

It was General Smuts who suggested the blessed word "mandates." Great Britain would be given a "mandate" to administer these new possessions under a kind of trust invested in the League of Nations. The only exception General Smuts made in this mandatory principle was the German territory in South Africa which, having conquered, he intended to hold for his own people. The delegates from the other British dominions were also firm in their intention to "stick" to what they had gained. After some heated discussion among these peace-makers, Mr. Lloyd George gladly accepted the principle of mandates which appealed very much to President Wilson. So the cynics and the satirists had a new word for their wit when they learned that Great Britain was using it as a means of bringing new territories under her "protection" which would make her the greatest Oriental power in the world. India was hers. She held Egypt. Now her rule would extend over Palestine and Mesopotamia.

Even then British imperialists were not content. Ignorant of their poverty, save for England where nearly two million demobilized men were workless; knowing nothing of the war-weariness of their own people, although it stared them in the face; believing that, in spite of immense losses in blood and treasure, England should still extend its empire over the Oriental world; these old-fashioned gentlemen, to whom the war had taught nothing, were seized with a kind of megalomania, a splendid madness, with a vision of an Eastern Empire such as came to Alexander when he conquered all the known world. While the Peace Conference was sitting and while Persian delegates were knocking vainly at the doors of the Foreign Office, the officials in London were negotiating a

treaty direct with Persia to obtain political and economic influence in that country.

Meanwhile Syria was to be held as a mandate of the French, who insisted that their benevolent rule was ardently desired by the Syrian tribes, although there was some very sharp and ugly fighting when French troops—with Senegalese battalions—appeared with messages of love. The Arabs had believed a young man named Lawrence when he promised that they would be given their independence by Great Britain for their war against the Turks. Now they knew that they were to be parceled out or at least "protected" by England and France. What had happened to the "self-determination of peoples?" That principle was ignored when it was claimed by primitive races. Perhaps it would have been better if it had never been proclaimed. It Balkanized Europe instead of uniting it into a close federation of states coöperating for mutual welfare.

THE RUSSIAN TERROR

There was a specter, apart from President Wilson's private ghosts, which haunted all the delegates to the Peace Conference and stood as a grisly menace to all their plans, behind the velvet curtains of their private chambers and the gilded chairs on which they sat. It was the bogey of Bolshevism—that Red Terror that was stalking through Russia and creeping into the minds of sullen and starving men everywhere. Lloyd George saw this specter beyond the windows through which the sunlight glinted in the spring of 1919. He warned old-man Clemenceau that if he pressed Germany too hard the German people might take the way of Bolshevism as the only alternative to another kind of ruin. It was true that the bodies of the Spartakists had strewn the streets of Berlin, but what if the Germans as a nation saw red, because of despair and bitterness?

In any case there would be no certain peace in Europe as

long as Russia, with a hundred and twenty million people, were left outside the settlement. Was there any chance of getting Lenin and his Soviets to come into the sphere of peace? At this time they were not secure in Russia. There were many counter-revolutionary forces in arms against them on all sides, supported in material of war by supplies from England and France. But they held central Russia, and a man named Trotsky was organizing their Red armies with iron discipline and military genius. Supposing they were invited into the peace parlor? Supposing they could be persuaded to disarm and join a League of Nations which would not reimpose old tyrannies but would safeguard the liberties of all people and coöperate in human progress of free democracies?

These questions were asked in a low voice by President Wilson and Lloyd George. They were very dangerous questions, because of the intense hatred in all civilized countries for Bolshevism and its reign of terror. But in the interests of world peace. . . .

President Wilson sent a secret emissary named Bullet on a mission to Russia, and afterward repudiated him. Lloyd George sent a man named Bruce Lockhart on a similar mission of inquiry. Representatives of Soviet Russia were invited to the island of Prinkipo near Constantinople, but they never arrived, and that chapter of history was hushed up because public opinion in England, France, and the United States was very hostile to these approaches.

Instead there came a visitor to the League of Nations. It was Winston Churchill, recently appointed Secretary of State for War in Lloyd George's Coalition Government—the most wonderful, the most daring, impetuous, and unlucky genius in English political life. He arrived late one evening, as he describes in his brilliant book *The World Crisis.*

It was on the very evening that President Wilson was leaving

on a brief visit to the United States. The conference had been sitting long, and the President had already left his chair, when Churchill arrived into that room of mirrors and Gobelin tapestries and glittering candelabra. Marshal Foch was there, more like a professor than the greatest general of the war, and Clemenceau in his black skull-cap, and other plenipotentiaries.

They looked up when Churchill raised his voice and spoke with a slight lisp.

"Could we not have some decision about Russia? . . . What was the policy? Was it peace or was it war? Was the President going back to America leaving this question quite unanswered? Was nothing to go on in Russia except aimless, unorganized bloodshed till he came back? Surely there should be an answer given?"

Winston Churchill's questions must have brought a cold breath into that warm room with its Gobelin tapestries.

It was President Wilson who answered.

Russia, he confessed, was a problem to which he did not know the solution. There were the gravest objections to every course, and yet some course must be taken sooner or later. He mentioned that invitation to Prinkipo. If it came to nothing—and it came to nothing—he would do his share with the other Allies in any military measures which they considered necessary and practicable to help the Russian armies now in the field.

With that statement of uncertainty, with that confession of bewilderment and weakness, he left the room.

THE TRAGEDY OF WILSON

On February 15th President Wilson left the conference for a brief visit to America, to talk to those enemies who were intriguing against him. He left Colonel House in charge, with his wish that during his unavoidable absence the territorial and

economic questions of the Treaty should not be held up. In the United States the charge has been made repeatedly that advantage was taken of his absence by the British and French delegations to settle important points of the treaty without his knowledge or consent, but all that was done was to expedite the report of the Commission dealing with the naval and military terms to be demanded of Germany, and, under the experienced guidance of Lord Balfour, to put in order the main points to be considered after so much confused conversation.

When President Wilson returned, something had changed in him. He was irritable and moody and turned a frozen face to Colonel House, who had served him so loyally. He was an anxious man, less inclined to lecture Europe on moral issues, and secretly troubled by the cold, hostile reception he had had in Washington from the Republican members of the Senate. They hated his League of Nations, which seemed to them an entanglement in the European jungle and likely to violate the Monroe Doctrine. Supposing his precious League were to interfere with any American dispute with the Latin republics of South America? . . . Besides, he had not called the Republican party into council in the settlement of world peace. He had played a party game. Let him play it alone! The American people would have something to say about it later. They wanted their soldiers back, and reparation for their losses, and the repayment of debts.

One sees now the tragedy lurking behind the figure of that man who, with absolute sincerity, and not without nobility, though limited by narrow qualities of character in human relationships, desired to fulfill his high mission as a peace-maker, inspired only by justice and the principles of liberty. There were enemies among his own people who might stab him in the back as he faced the world with his great gift to humanity —his League of Nations. Could he be sure of his people, if he

spoke to them above the heads of the Senate? They, too, were getting impatient, losing their zest for service, eager to get back to business and forget all that war fever which had inflamed them. Well, he must try to pick up the threads of these interminable arguments in Paris. He must yield a little here, compromise a little there, because this Peace must not be delayed much longer. Perhaps, after all, Clemenceau and Lloyd George knew more than he did about European races and conditions. . . . Mr. Clemenceau was still very obstinate.

SILESIAN COALFIELDS

The first crisis arose over Upper Silesia, the richest coal and iron district belonging to Germany, apart from the Ruhr. It was to be given to Poland, in addition to the Polish corridor through East Prussia leading to the city of Danzig, which was a German city.

Lloyd George regarded this as grossly unfair to Germany, although publicly he had promised (with reservations) to make Germany pay to the uttermost farthing. After risking his soul in the election—a dirty business—he was now on the side of the angels. He threatened to go home if such a thing were included in the treaty. President Wilson supported Clemenceau on the side of Poland, though now it is hard to say how he reconciled this support with his famous words, "Every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned." . . . "Peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about as if they were chattels and pawns."

He remembered those axioms when Mr. Clemenceau demanded the French domination of the Saar Valley with its German population. And then Mr. Clemenceau threatened to go home. He himself threatened to depart in the *George Washington* when he was asked to agree to further concessions

which seemed to violate the principles which by some freak of mind he kept in different compartments of his brain.

THE CLAIM TO DALMATIA

There was another crisis about the Italian claims to the Dalmatian coast. The President had decided to be obstinate about that. He would show these Italians that he would be unyielding on a point of justice. . . .

He sent for Signor Orlando and spoke to him with a certain severity.

"I am unable to reconcile my principles with the secret treaties," he said, "and as the two are incompatible, I uphold the principles."

Signor Orlando begged to point out that he did not base his arguments on the secret treaties, but upon just claims, which he proceeded to reiterate without convincing Mr. Wilson. It was on April 23rd that the Italian delegation waited for the President's final answer to their reports. But before it came they received a copy of the Paris *Temps*, which they read with anger and consternation. The American President had addressed the Italian people over the head of their government. It seemed to the Italian representatives a violation of all international decency. "Does this man—this schoolmaster—" they asked, "believe that he is Emperor of the World?"

Orlando, impetuous, fiery, flamboyant, when moved to emotion, went with Sonnino, his colleague, a colder and craftier man, to see Lloyd George, who had asked for them urgently. But there they found President Wilson himself with Clemenceau. Orlando burst out in a passion, his eyes blazing at Wilson's masklike face.

"You have challenged the authority of the Italian Government. You have accused the plenipotentiaries of misleading the Italian people. It is for the Italian people to decide between

you and their own leaders. I shall have to place this question before their representatives in Parliament."

"It is your duty," said Mr. Wilson, dryly.

Orlando spoke rapidly, but it is possible that Mr. Wilson heard only his last sentence.

"Meanwhile the Italian Government withdraws from the Peace Conference."

They withdrew for a fortnight or so—they were anxious to get an American loan—and there were days when it looked as though no one would be left to make peace. It was only the influence of a little man named Tumulty, the President's private secretary—afterward dismissed by the man he had served and loved—who prevented him from leaving again in the *George Washington*, which waited with steam up.

THE TREATY AT LAST

But gradually after these arguments, these nerve storms, these irreconcilable differences of opinion, there emerged the first draft of a peace treaty, and it was Clemenceau's views that had prevailed.

That old man had dozed now and then during the discussions, but he was always awake when some point was made which seemed to threaten the security of France. Foch had lost his demand for the left bank of the Rhine—Clemenceau had conceded that in return for the guaranty of the French frontier by Great Britain and the United States—but Germany was to lie prostrate, disarmed and defenseless. All her material of war was to be destroyed. She was to be allowed an army of a hundred thousand men for maintaining peace within her own frontiers. Austria and Hungary were to be dismembered, in favor of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, and Italy. A million Hungarians would be transferred to Rumania in Transylvania. Four hundred thousand Austrians would be under Italian rule in the South Tyrol. There would be the

Polish corridor through East Prussia. There would be many minorities under alien rule. In spite of all fine phrases, people and provinces were to be "bartered about from sovereignty to sovereignty as though they were chattels or pawns."

LLOYD GEORGE IS GENEROUS

It was Lloyd George who protested against some of these settlements. He had played to the gallery in England. He had appealed to the mob mind. He had fought his election on hatred for Germany and not on the ideals of a noble peace. But now in the Conference he pleaded for a peace which would not provoke a fresh struggle because of its injustice and arrogance. He was strongly averse to proposals which would put German subjects under the control of Poles who had never formed a stable government of their own. That, in his opinion, would lead inevitably to a new war in Eastern Europe For the same reason he objected to transferring Hungarian communities to new states. As regards the economic clauses of the treaty, he believed that the payments of reparations ought to disappear with the generation that made the war. He did not think it fair to impose a permanent limitation of armaments on Germany, unless the victorious nations would impose a similar limitation on themselves. He pleaded for more reasonable terms of peace which would give Germany an alternative to anarchy and future war.

The memoranda in which Lloyd George expressed these sentiments, which were generous, far-seeing, and very wise—though previously he had surrendered to the ignoble vulgarities of mob oratory—were extremely annoying to Clemenceau, who replied with scathing irony. It was all very well for an English Prime Minister to talk like that! The German Fleet was to be sunk, but potentially the German army would remain. Great Britain was getting new territories which would be of permanent value, by the surrender of the German colo-

nies. But the agreement offered to France for defense of her own territory was only temporary.

President Wilson agreed with many points made by Lloyd George. They represented his principles. Certain concessions were made by Clemenceau, at great risk to his political reputation. It was agreed that there should be a plebiscite in Upper Silesia, to decide what part of it should go to Poland. The Italian claims to the Dalmatian coast were definitely refused. And at last the Germans were called upon to sign a peace treaty which did not conform very closely to those Fourteen Points upon which they had surrendered. It called upon them to acknowledge a war guilt which in their souls they repudiated. It forced them to surrender all their power, all their pride, and many of their people, by terms so harsh that they could never fulfill or forgive them.

ABUSE OF THE TREATY

Throughout Germany there was a sense of stupefaction which was followed by an outburst of fury. Thousands of meetings were held with banners and boards demanding the Fourteen Points. Wilson, who had been hailed as a just peacemaker, was denounced as a hypocrite and a liar. And even in England and France, not inclined to show much mercy to the German people, there were many thoughtful men and women who could not reconcile their conscience to such a peace as this, so ruthless, so crushing, and so likely to produce future wars. They had looked for something more generous, so that even the defeated nations would acknowledge its justice. They had hoped for new foundations in Europe upon which all nations might build a new era of liberty, prosperity, and lasting peace. Here they saw only a patchwork of new frontiers drawn, as it seemed, by drunken hands across the old map of Europe, creating new enmities, intolerable grievances, and a hundred causes of future strife.

But there were not many who thought like that. The French people as a whole were not satisfied. The French militarists believed that Clemenceau had betrayed Foch and left France without security. They had no faith in the League of Nations. They were sure of it when President Wilson was repudiated by the American Senate, and when the American guaranty of their frontier was refused. The Italian people were aroused to fury. By all their ancient gods they would take Fiume. France and England had repudiated their pledges and treated Italy, they thought, with shameful treachery. Germany, like a wounded animal, looked around for some way of escape from this doom decreed by her enemies. Austria saw herself condemned to death. Hungary was to be amputated, limb from limb, and two and a half million of her people were to be put under alien rule. Only the new nations, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, were moderately satisfied, and inflamed with a sense of national egotism which boded ill for their minorities.

Germany signed that treaty in the Hall of Mirrors. Her representative, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, did not rise when he was asked to sign, and it was reported as an insult. But he was too ill to rise, and seemed to be drained of all strength, utterly overwhelmed by a document which put such crushing burdens upon the German people.

THE IMPERFECT PEACE

Passing judgment upon the peace-makers, now, after a lapse of years and a miraculous recovery of Europe, it is fair to admit that they were not evil-minded men who had deliberately concocted an instrument of cruelty and injustice. On the contrary, each of them had desired to make a good peace which should be lasting in its results and liberate many peoples from old oppressions. They had done so in regard to Poland and the Baltic States. It was inevitable that those strange, turbulent races within the Austrian Empire should establish separate

nationalities. A gathering of angels round the table could hardly have drawn frontiers which should have left no minorities on one side or the other. These men were not angels. But they were not monsters of iniquity, nor corrupt nor brutal-minded men. They just found the task too difficult, and as they sat round the Conference table each of them heard beyond the windows the clamor and the shouts of their own peoples. They were politicians as well as statesmen, and nationalists as well as the arbitrators of a new world in the making. Clemenceau thought of France first and last—her security, her need of new allies, an iron ring round Germany, weak now but one day strong again and certainly revengeful, according to his view of human nature, which was cynical. Lloyd George thought of British voters and that cry of "Make them pay!" He thought also of the British Empire, so great in history, greater still if he served the interests of his own folk. All the other plenipotentiaries thought first of their national interests and aspirations, and last of the ideal justice which eludes the grasp of human nature. Only President Wilson was free from national claims across other people's frontiers, but somehow his mind was stunned by all these voices calling to him with rival claims. He did not think clearly or quietly. He lost grip on this complicated problem. He could not apply his "principles." He lost touch with them, and clung on to his vision of the League of Nations as a life-belt for his conscience in this stormy sea of human passions. He staked his life upon it, and lost it, though he saved the League for Europe. They were not big enough, these peace-makers, for a task that gave them the chance of drawing the human tribes closer and banishing war between them, and raising them up to a higher vision of civilization in which nations once at enmity might coöperate in human progress, with liberty for the individual and a greater share of the world's gifts for peoples still in misery. They thought of divisions rather than of

unity. They were old-fashioned, traditional, limited. They did not dare any great spiritual adventure for peace sake. They had no touch of magnificence. They made a peace lower than the best instincts of European intelligence, though higher than the worst. They did their best, honestly and honorably, I am fain to believe, but with a tragic carelessness of detail and many compromises, and the gambler's faith in luck. They knew that there were bad spots in their treaty, but they hoped that they would not break out with any violence. They were deeply ignorant of the economic consequences of this peace—as John Maynard Keynes took trouble to point out—and when they regarded their work they were—afraid.

The world was smoldering after the great conflagration of war, and this peace had not put out the hidden fires. Any wind might fan them into flames again.

CHAPTER V

THE WHITE ARMIES

THERE was no peace in Russia.

Even now, and perhaps for all time, a veil of silence and of ignorance hangs over the history of those five years which followed the revolution, for no man can ever tell the real story of all that horror of anarchy and executions, revolution and counter-revolution, victories and defeats by Red armies and White armies, massacre and pillage and famine, atrocities worse than beastlike, tragedies innumerable, plague and death, and long agony to a hundred million human souls. Books have been written about it, but they leave a sense of mystery. It is impossible to describe or understand. Often I have sat with Russians who were in the midst of all this. I met them in Constantinople, when they had just escaped from the Red armies, and on the island of Prinkipo, which seemed a paradise to them at first, after years of tragic memory. I met other Russians in Moscow who had been on the other side—the Red side. I said, "Tell me what happened!" but they could not tell. They could tell only a little of what happened to themselves—their escapes, their sufferings, and that in a confused way, with sudden silences, leaving great gaps in a narrative which gave no general picture of enormous history.

In Paris, in Berlin, in London, I met men who had been high officers in the Russian army under the Czar. Now they were serving in offices and shops, as poorly-paid clerks, or in cabarets where Cossacks were dancing with knives in their mouths and gypsies were singing their harsh, haunting songs to amuse American tourists.

STORIES OF TERROR

In a suburb of Paris, in a house that had once belonged to some railway workers, I met General Lukomsky, who was once chief of staff to Kornilov, the leader of the first White army. He was still wearing an old water-proof coat in which he had gone, disguised as a merchant, through Bolshevik Russia on a counter-revolutionary mission. He had kept two little pills in that coat, wrapped up in a bit of paper. They had been given to him by an army doctor, in case he should desire a quick death one day rather than be shot in the back of the head or torn to pieces by a mob. He was arrested at a station in which his train stopped, and dragged out by the local Bolsheviks.

"You are one of Kornilov's officers," they told him.

"Kill him!" shouted the mob. "Make quick work with the old dog!"

But a local leader was doubtful about killing him there and then. There was a more important man near by who—strangely enough—liked to try his prisoners before shooting them. The general was put into the local inn, and the mob howled round the doorway, and one man with a rifle thrust it through a hole in the door, and was annoyed when the general would not stand in front of it. It was time to take those two little pills. They were very strong. Two minutes would be enough for death. General Lukomsky said a few prayers for his wife and daughter, who afterward made tea for me in Paris. He swallowed the two pills and waited for death. He waited two minutes, and felt a throbbing in his head and a sense of suffocation. "This is death," he thought.

But it was not death. The pills did not work. . . . He had many strange adventures and a miraculous escape before I met him afterward in Paris—a quiet, stalwart, shy man, with a

little beard and brown eyes which looked kindly at me, and did not seem haunted by frightful memories.

"Tell me," I asked, "what happened at that time?" . . .

There was a young man named Tereschenko who sat with me in a Russian restaurant hour after hour, while a Cossack danced with knives in his mouth—he had been a great officer under Kaledin, the chief of Cossacks—and while the gypsy singers sang their harsh and haunting songs. "Tell me," I asked again.

With another man, and under another name, he had written a book about these things, *Les Chevaliers Mendiants*, which draws one corner of the veil hiding that history. Hour after hour he talked, with every now and then a spell of silence when he thought back to the things he had seen, and stared through the window blinds as though he saw ghosts beyond that Russian restaurant. . . . And there was a painter I met, called "Yellowboots" by his English friends, who talked above the music of an orchestra, telling me frightful things that froze my blood. And there are great ladies I know, now making frocks in London and Paris, or serving in tea-shops, who sometimes give a glimpse of what happened in Kieff and Odessa after the revolution, or in a place called Novorossisk, a port on the Black Sea, where one day screams rose from women who had been brave till then.

There was no peace in Russia after the Treaty of Versailles, and it was the Devil's playground. . . .

One can hardly attempt to disentangle any clear thread of narrative from the bloody plot which was woven by the Furies when Russia—that vast country of interminable distances with many races, half civilized and half savage, slightly westernized and deeply Oriental—fell headlong into anarchy, after the enormous strain of war and the overthrow of the Imperial Government.

When Kerensky had failed to hold the army by oratory,

and the soldiers refused to fight any longer, after four years of massacre, revolting against their officers and abandoning all discipline, the Germans had made the peace of Brest-Litovsk with Lenin and Trotsky. Then they had transferred their best divisions to the Western Front, for a final offensive against the French and British, and with the rest of their army in Russia invaded the Ukraine, which remained independent and at that time hostile to Bolshevism, though seething with revolution.

The Czarist army no longer existed. Many of its officers were kicked to death. Others were dragged out of trains on their way to Moscow or Petrograd and shot or bludgeoned. A few joined the Red army. Most of them were in hiding, or escaping to any port from which they could get a ship, or find their way in disguise to the Crimea, or Siberia, or the Don country where the Cossacks were anti-Bolshevik and traditional in their hospitality to wandering friends.

THE RAGGED REGIMENTS

One of those who escaped to Rostov on the Don was General Alexieff, who had been chief of staff in the Imperial army. He was an old man and tired, but he had six million rubles in a portmanteau, and a carriage drawn by lean horses, and an Imperial flag which he raised on the Don, hoping that he could raise an army to fight against the Germans who were invading Russia and against the Bolsheviks who had killed many of his friends. It was an old man's dream, but heroic, if we still believe in heroism, though used against a revolution inevitable because of ancient tyrannies and age-long suppression of liberty.

To Alexieff came another general whom even Lenin feared and admired because of his genius and formidable will power. He was a little, elderly, bullet-headed man with more than a touch of Mongol in his blood, as one could see by the thin

hairs of his mustache and beard, and the lines of his cheek-bones. He was not a Royalist or a Republican. He cared only for Russia, which he had tried to save from German invasion as Commander-in-Chief under Kerensky in the last phase, when he had tried vainly to restore discipline. During the war he had defended the Russian retreat against Mackenson. He was a little old eagle, fearless, ruthless in war, yet kind and human to the men who served him. Even now his name had a spell in Russia, and there was a sense of fear in the Kremlin among the communist leaders when they heard of his escape. They put a price on his head, but he was beyond their reach at Rostov, on the Don, and afterward at Novotcher-kask, where, with Alexieff, he called for volunteers. There were only six hundred of them at first, all ex-officers of the Imperial army, no longer in uniform but dressed as they had escaped from the Reds, in broken boots and ragged shirts. Some of them wore galoshes and patent-leather shoes, and even women's cloaks. There were boys of fourteen and sixteen among them, the sons of noble families and university students, and cadets.

"Gentlemen," said old Kornilov, facing them with a somber laugh, "you are not many, I admit! I thought the Russian army had three hundred thousand officers. Where are the rest? . . . Never mind. We are enough to save Russia from dishonor."

They had six guns drawn by lean horses which they had captured from the Bolsheviks, and one armored car, and an ambulance or two in charge of Sisters of Charity who had volunteered to nurse their wounded. Later they were joined by three hundred mounted Cossacks who rode in to salute Kornilov with great honor. It was the small beginning of an army which, before a final tragedy, captured the best part of Russia and drew near to Moscow—so near that Soviet officials began to pack up and saw death ahead. But it was a long time

before all that happened, and in the beginning they were less than two thousand when all the volunteers had straggled in.

THE DON COSSACKS

In the Don region where Alexieff had raised his flag, the Cossacks were not like the ordinary Russian peasants of the Volga and the North. They were prosperous farmers with a high free spirit and a wild chivalry, half savage and half heroic. They rode good horses and were like centaurs when they galloped over the steppes. They could ride standing, or jump down at full gallop and vault into the saddle again. They had a parliament, and their great leader was the old *ataman*, or chief, Kaledin, who had commanded the Cossack cavalry in the war. The older men still honored him as a great warrior and a wise counselor and a true Cossack. But there were younger men who had become infected with the new ideas that had crept out of Moscow. The spirit of revolution stirred in them, though they were not Communists. They were angry with Kornilov for coming into their region with his ex-officers of the Imperial army. It would lead, most likely, to a war with the Red army, and the Don would be the battle-ground. Let them clear out and cut the throats of the Reds elsewhere, if they must cut throats. After stormy discussions among these younger men, the Cossack Parliament sent this ultimatum to Alexieff and Kornilov. They must leave the Don with their ragamuffins. Kaledin was outvoted, and when this old *ataman* heard their decision to turn against his friends, to betray those who had relied on Cossack honor, to ally themselves with Bolshevism, which he believed to be the spirit of Satan let loose in Russia, he embraced his wife and went away and put a bullet through his heart.

Kornilov led his ragged army toward the province of the Kuban, which was overrun with Bolsheviks. They made their way across the steppe, and Alexieff, old and tired, drove with

them in his carriage, with that treasure of six million rubles in a bag at his feet. The capital of Kuban was Ekaterinodar, and that city was held by thirty thousand soldiers of the Red army. On the way were villages in which there were outposts of these men, and local sympathizers. Kornilov attacked these villages and captured them. No prisoners were taken on either side. The White officers shot themselves rather than fall into enemy hands. They spitted the Red soldiers on their bayonets, in revenge for the murder of their fathers and brothers.

CIVIL WAR

There is no war so cruel as a civil war, and no civil war was ever as cruel as this, in modern times. In the villages were wretched peasants, half starved because the Reds had commandeered their foodstuffs, and terrorized because, if they gave aid to ex-officers of the Imperial army, the Bolsheviks would hang them to their own apple trees, and if they welcomed the Red soldiers and set up local soviets, the others would hang them just the same. They were simple, ignorant folk, unable to read or write, so that they had never read Karl Marx, who seemed to be a prophet of the Jews. They knew very little of what was happening in Moscow, except that a man named Lenin had stopped the war against the Germans—they were glad of that—and had imprisoned the Little Father and his family, and didn't believe in God or the saints. They believed in God and the saints, and crossed themselves before their *ikons*, although they coveted their neighbors' goods, being but poor peasants and human, and they saw no harm in killing the aristocrats and the bourgeoisie to get more land.

After reconnoitering the country round Ekaterinodar, Kornilov decided to withdraw until he could get stronger reinforcements, and his small army went toward the mountains of the Caucasus. They passed through Circassian villages which were silent and deserted, except for wolf-like dogs which

snarled over the dead bodies of men and women. The Reds had been there, massacring the population, which had refused to accept their new doctrine of Communism. Down the mountains rode a body of Circassian horsemen, carrying a flag with a white crescent. They offered their services to Kornilov, to avenge their murdered relatives, and he was glad to get such well-mounted cavalry. They were Moslems, and at night their *imam* used to chant the praise of Allah and of Mohammed his Prophet.

Later, about two thousand Cossacks of Kuban, under the command of Pokrovsky, sent word that they were ready to join Kornilov's men in an attack on Ekaterinodar. With this promise of help, Kornilov turned back again to the Kuban, determined to attack that stronghold of the Red forces. Back again they trudged across the steppe, with the Circassians riding ahead.

THE CAMPAIGN OF ICE

Winter had come, and snow fell, spreading its white mantle over the country. Then a bitter wind blew, and the snow turned to rain and sleet, and these ex-officers of the Imperial army and these cadets of noble families were nearly frozen to death. They struggled through a driving sleet which froze upon them so that they seemed to be incased in ice. In order to join the Kuban Cossacks, they had to cross a river up to their necks, holding their rifles high above their heads, and it was one of their leaders named Markov, "the bravest of the brave," as they called him, who was first to plunge into this icy stream, calling upon his comrades to follow him. "It is rather damp!" he shouted to them. Some of them clung to the stirrup leathers of the Circassians. Here and there on the other side a young man, exhausted, half starved, stupefied, lay down in the snow and would have died there if he had not been kicked up by his comrades or slashed by a Cossack whip. On the other side of

the river was a village held by Red troops, off their guard that night because they did not believe that there would be any attack upon them in such foul weather, through that storm of sleet. They were undeceived when Markov and these ice-clad men surged into the village street, smashing down the doors with the butt ends of their rifles, and bayoneting the Bolsheviks before they had time to get their machine guns at work. It was a human rat-hunt.

THE CAPTURE OF EKATERINODAR

There were about four thousand five hundred men now under the command of Kornilov when he linked up with the Kuban Cossacks. The Bolsheviks in Ekaterinodar were strong in field artillery and had two armored trains. Kornilov took up his headquarters in a cottage on a little hill to the west of the city, and from that position commanded the attack which lasted three days, with terrible ferocity on both sides. The Bolsheviks had been reinforced by sailors from Novorossisk, and these men made a series of sorties upon the White army, supported by artillery fire until they were repulsed by Kornilov's volunteers.

There was fierce hand-to-hand fighting in the suburbs, and the White army gained an entry into the town, where the doors were barred, and furniture lay piled across the streets as barricades. The casualties were heavy among the White officers and the young boys who had joined them, but they were inspired by passion and continued their assaults until the Reds were beaten back to the Center and decided to evacuate the town itself.

Their own officers had observed Kornilov's headquarters in that cottage on the hill. Through their glasses they could see the last Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies in Kerensky's time of power. He stood outside in the open, giving orders to his staff—a little figure with bow legs, in a black

coat. They sent a message to their field-guns, and shells began to search the ground round the cottage on the hill. If they could hit Kornilov it would be worth an army corps to the Red army. It was his spirit which had inspired this counter-revolution in the south. They hit him at last. A shell exploded close to him and he staggered and fell. As he lay dying, his officers about him wept, and one of them, named Denikin, kissed him when he lay dead. It was this officer who succeeded to the command of the White armies of the south, and his first task was to retreat from Ekaterinodar when reinforcements were poured down by Trotsky. After tragic casualties the place was too hot to hold, and there was no time to linger. For lack of transport some of the wounded had to be left behind in charge of a doctor and the Sisters of Charity.

"You will be all right, my poor comrades," said Denikin. "Have courage!"

They were not all right. When the Red troops came back into Ekaterinodar they shot the wounded and bayoneted the Sisters of Charity and the medical officer.

REDS AND WHITES

There was no mercy between Reds and Whites, no chivalry, no compassion. They were all Russians, but on one side were men whose fathers and brothers had been executed in batches and whose mothers and sisters were in hiding like hunted creatures unless they had had the luck to escape from Russia in the early days of the revolution. The White army was not recruited entirely of royalists. There were many officers among them who believed in a Republic for Russia. But they believed in the old traditions of civilization, in their caste, in discipline for the ignorant masses, in the leadership of the intellectual class. They had lost everything, their great estates, their old houses, their inherited wealth, and they too would be like hunted beasts unless they could destroy these forces of anarchy

which were overthrowing religion, order, and authority. One can understand their passion, their hatred, their ferocity. One can even grant them a nobility of purpose, remembering Russia before the revolution, the charm of its women, the beauty of its life, the hospitality, the friendliness, the ease, the intellectuality of Russian society in well-to-do circles before this time of darkness and brutality.

And on the other side were men who remembered other aspects of Russian life—long ages of serfdom which had kept the people in beastlike ignorance, in filth and misery, without liberty, at the mercy of rulers who shot them dead or had them flogged with Cossack whips if they dared to claim any rights. They remembered the war when they were driven like sheep to the shambles by high officers who stayed at the rear, drinking and playing with their women. They remembered attacks when they had advanced without rifles or ammunition against the sweep of German machine-gun fire and storms of high explosives until they had turned and said: "Our enemy is not in front of us; we do not hate these German soldiers who were trapped like ourselves in this bloody war. Our enemy is behind our backs, in Moscow and Petrograd. We want to go back to our farms in peace. . . ."

And then Lenin had talked to them—that little man in a bowler hat with shrewd, humorous, cynical eyes. He had given them a new vision of life, when the people of Russia should be the dictators of their own destiny, when there would be no rich, making their wealth out of the misery of laboring folk, and no poor, but all would be alike under this new system called Communism. Lenin had proclaimed the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat"—wonderful words!—and he had denounced religion, which had kept them stupefied, he said, and he was going to drag everything down that had belonged to the old way of life, and build a new world in which everyone would be prosperous and peaceful and free and fine, with

a new thing called electricity to do away with work, and with free love for men and women, and free food and music and education, and all things that men need for their bodies and minds, in return for a little service to the state.

It sounded very good! There was some delay, of course, in setting up this new world. At the moment everything was very much worse than before. But that was because of these bloodthirsty "Whites" who wanted to spoil this dream and thrust the Russian people back into their degradation, and rob them of the land which was now theirs, and keep them under the heel of old autocrats with big beards and golden epaulettes and many mistresses, and Cossack whips for student boys and girls who had the vision of liberty in their souls. These "Whites" were conspiring everywhere and raising new armies. The revolution was in danger. Death to the "Whites"! . . .

One can understand the passion of hatred, the lack of mercy, the utter ruthlessness which divided the Whites and the Reds in this civil war. They were divided by ideas, which could never be reconciled. And yet one cannot understand, even now, the vicissitudes of this warfare when, over vast tracts of country, whole provinces changed from one side to another, and armies melted away on one side and the other, and victories were followed by retreats. . . .

DENIKIN'S ARMY

General Denikin, who succeeded Kornilov, had but eighteen hundred men with him after the heavy casualties at Ekaterinodar, and other misfortunes, but the tide of fortune changed for him when the Cossacks of the Don who had expelled the Volunteer army, chased out the Bolsheviks from their province, recalled the Whites, and declared war against the Reds. Eight days after the Armistice on the Western Front, twenty thousand British troops landed at Batum and occupied the whole of the Caucasus between the Black Sea and the Caspian, form-

ing a defensive line to protect Georgia, Azerbaijan, and Armenia from the Red Terror. Before another year had passed, Denikin had a great army, supplied with arms and ammunition by England and France, and this narrow-minded soldier of the old school, intolerant of all but the old Czarist ideas, quarrelsome with his friends, merciless to his enemies, and not great enough to deal with this Russian maelstrom, was for a time in a position of dictatorship in Southern Russia.

THE CZECHO-SLOVAK LEGION

Meanwhile, strange dramatic acts were happening in other parts of Russia. The most extraordinary of all was the adventure of the Czecho-Slovaks. Before the Revolution thousands of these men had refused to fight on behalf of Austria-Hungary, their old oppressors, and had deserted into Russia, offering to serve as a separate corps in the Russian armies. Their offer was accepted, and they were joined by a number of Czecho-Slovak prisoners in Russia. After the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk betweeen the Germans and the Communists, the Czecho-Slovak corps, numbering sixty thousand men, wanted to go home, and Trotsky, commanding the new Red army, was anxious to see the last of them, as they were hostile to the Bolsheviks. But the Germans were not at all glad to let these men out of Russia to reinforce their enemies in the west, and they did some dirty work with Trotsky which made him countermand his orders for transportation. When the advanced guard of Czechs reached Irkutsk on their way to embark, they were ordered to disarm by strong detachments of the Red army. They gave up their rifles, but were no sooner disarmed than they found themselves under machine-gun fire. This treachery infuriated them and, unarmed as they were, they fell upon the Red soldiers and routed them. Then they armed themselves again and cleared out the Bolsheviks from Irkutsk.

News of what had happened was sent back to their com-

rades who were scattered all through Russia from the Volga to Vladivostok, and their leaders demanded instructions from an old gentleman named Professor Masrayk who, as an exile in London and afterward in the United States, was championing the claim of Czecho-Slovakia to be an independent nation. His answer to them was to stay where they were and to put themselves under the command of the Supreme War Council of the Allies—England, France and Italy. So they stayed—a strong anti-Bolshevik line through Russia. Their situation was discussed at the Peace Conference in Paris, and Lord Balfour, among others, agreed with Winston Churchill and President Wilson that it was the duty of the Allies to send them material and military support.

KOLTCHAK IN SIBERIA

Two British battalions under Colonel John Ward, a Labor Member of Parliament, and Colonel Johnson, landed at Vladivostok with a mixed force of French, Italians, and Japanese. Another force of about eight thousand men, mostly British, landed at Murmansk in the White Sea, and cleared the surrounding country of Reds. The Czechs in Vladivostok linked up with their comrades in Central Siberia, and Admiral Koltchak, former commander of the Black Sea Fleet, was put in supreme command of these forces in Northern Russia.

By May of 1919 Koltchak gave orders for a general advance, and an army of a hundred thousand men under General Gaida marched forward through Northern Russia to a depth of two hundred and fifty miles, with the Red armies retreating before them and leaving behind them a region of misery and fear and desolation, made more hellish by the relentless executions of Red leaders and Soviet officials under the orders of Koltchak.

It was at that time that Lenin's followers in Moscow became nervous of the fate in store for them and began to finger their

throats with an apprehensive touch. Lenin, according to one observer who interviewed him at the time, was the only man who did not lose his nerve.

"We are in the mud," he said, "but luck has been on our side in the past and perhaps it will turn the tide again in our favor."

UKRAINIAN INDEPENDENCE

Bolshevism at this time was losing ground everywhere and vast districts of Russia were outside the Soviet system and authority. The Ukraine refused to recognize the dictatorship of Lenin which was otherwise called the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat." A man named Petlura—an ex-journalist like Mussolini—was the leader of the Ukrainian independence when the Germans evacuated that country after the Treaty of Versailles and were succeeded for a time by two French divisions and two Greek divisions supported by a French fleet at Odessa. The spirit of independence and the revolutionary fever which was smoldering throughout Russia, whatever government or armies were in temporary power, were not at all friendly to these foreign troops, and in April of 1919 they were withdrawn after a serious mutiny in the French fleet and signs of restlessness and revolt among the French battalions, who, now that peace had come with Germany, had no stomach for this war on Russia. They wanted to get back to Paris and to Bordeaux and to little villages where their women were waiting for them. And they asked grim and sinister questions.

"Is not France a Republic? Did we not have our own Revolution which was not made by rose-water? Why should we be fighting to restore the old régime in Russia, or against peasants who want their own land? Did not President Wilson say that all people had a right to determine their own form of government? Did we not fight the war against the Boche to defeat militarism everywhere, and to give freedom to the working

folk of life? Perhaps a Red revolution would do a bit of good in France! It might be well to hang up some of our own profiteers and those filthy people who made politics while we were in the trenches."

Those words, or such as those, were reported back to Paris, and the French Government decided that Bolshevism was a disease which was best treated by a *cordon sanitaire*. The German divisions in Russia had been infected by it. French divisions had better be cleared out of Russia before they were stricken by this plague. So the Ukraine was left to defend itself against Trotsky's tigers, and Petlura became the champion of its independence and a successful leader who resented the claims of Denikin to military and political dictatorship, and even came to blows with the White armies under that general who believed in the old frontiers of Russia and would admit of no separate independence.

ADVANCE OF GENERAL WRANGEL

Denikin was a stiff-necked man who quarreled with any Russian who did not see eye to eye with him on these political questions. He quarreled with a remarkable man named Wrangel, descended from Swedish ancestry, who was his best general and advanced at this time along the Volga, taking many thousands of prisoners. He was exiled to Constantinople, where I saw him many times sitting in the Pera Palace Hotel, a tall, powerful figure in Cossack uniform, visited from time to time by Russian women who kissed his hands.

In his *Memoirs*, published in 1930, General Wrangel tears the veil from some of the mysteries of this atrocious history. He reveals the narrow policy of Denikin—"this insane and cruel policy," he calls it—who, because of his fanatical belief in an "indivisible Russia," persecuted any officer or official who had fought for the independence of the Ukraine, Georgia, and

other states, so turning into enemies those who had sought the friendship of the White armies.

"We had not brought pardon and peace with us," writes General Wrangel, "but the cruel sword of vengeance."

Again and again he warned the Commander-in-Chief of his fatal policy of dispersing his troops over vast areas, while the Red armies, directed by Trotsky, adopted the sound strategy of concentration.

And through all the pages of his terrible book he shows ruthless cruelty, the utter callousness of human life with which each side dealt with its enemies of its own race and blood. When he entered the town of Stavropol with his Cossack cavalry the streets were littered with corpses, dead horses, and overturned wagons. There had been an orgy of anarchy among the Bolsheviks before their retreat. In the courtyard of a house where he billeted there lay dozens of corpses with their fingers cut off and their eyes gouged out. And next day his Circassians broke into a hospital where the enemy's wounded were lying and massacred seventy.

After his attack on Tsaritzin when he captured forty thousand prisoners he found the town in a dreadful state. Most of the citizens had been massacred by the Reds, and twelve thousand corpses had been thrown into a gully. "By the spring all these putrefying bodies had poisoned the town." There was a raging epidemic. Although more merciful than other generals, Wrangel himself lined up three hundred and fifty officers of the Red army whom he had taken prisoner and had them shot.

He describes the frightful condition of the prisoners whom he had captured in a retreat of the Red army:

"Ragged, starving, with bare bleeding feet, thousands of these poor creatures dragged themselves along with an escort of only a few Cossacks. Two Cossacks were enough to guard several thousand prisoners, ill or wounded as most of them were. They marched along, stumbling and falling, getting on

their feet again with the greatest difficulty and attempting to go on, then sinking down never to get up again. . . . In one station I was shown an ambulance train; there were forty-four carriages full of dead bodies, and not one man alive among them. One carriage was devoted to Sisters of Charity and doctors—all dead, of course." It was worse than war on the Western Front.

It was in the spring of 1919, six months after the Armistice with Germany, that the advancing tide of the White armies in Russia reached their farthest limit of success. There is no doubt, I think, that Bolshevism would have been overthrown for a time—no foreign army could ever have held this vast country—if the Supreme War Council in Paris, which in its membership was much the same as the Big Five of the Peace Conference, had decided to send an allied army of say fifty divisions to the support of Koltchak and Denikin, and to give in other ways full military support to these counter-revolutionary forces. But they hesitated, fumbled, and in the end withdrew. Winston Churchill, as I have already told in his own words, made a dramatic appeal to the Peace Conference which was heard with sympathy by President Wilson, and promises were given to Koltchak in return for vague pledges of a political character which he accepted in the letter but not in the spirit. But the truth is that Winston Churchill was alone, or almost alone, in his inexhaustible capacity for military adventure, in his unweakened will power to extend British authority over a naughty world, and in his single-minded desire to crush this Red Terror which be believed was menacing our Western forms of civilization. From the very first the political leaders of England, France, Italy, and the United States were half-hearted in their support of counter-revolution, even though they detested Bolshevism. Public opinion in all those countries was, with the exception of small minorities, utterly hostile. It was not only war weariness which made these

peoples resent the use of their younger manhood, so recently reprieved from the World War, as expeditionary forces in Russia. It was also the traditional liberalism of the nineteenth century which disarmed them morally in the presence of a revolution, hideous and horrible perhaps in its cruelties—they were not sure of the truth—but justified, they truly believed, by centuries of oppression, and by other cruelties under Russian Czardom.

The stories of execution and torture were blood-curdling, and later the whole world shuddered at the murders of the Imperial family. But people remembered tales of the Siberian prisons, of floggings and brutalities to young students, young women as well as men, who had been the leaders of intellectual reform. The Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg had many grim horrors in its records. Russian history was one long narrative of misery and cruelty. Some revolution had been inevitable. This revolution seemed to be infinitely worse than the French Reign of Terror in 1793, but it was for the Russian people to work out their own destiny and not for England or France to interfere by force of arms. That expression of opinion became loud in those countries. It was too strong for Winston Churchill, who is still bitter about it. The French were already recalling their men. Under pressure in the House of Commons Churchill had to pledge himself to withdraw British troops as soon as possible from Murmansk and Archangel, and not to give further military support to either Denikin or Koltchak.

FAILURE OF THE WHITE ARMIES

There are Russians still who say that France deserted them, and that England betrayed them. There is an easy answer to that. It was not lack of foreign aid which caused their downfall. There was a time in the spring of 1919 when these White armies had the game in their hands. It was their own lack of

spirit, efficiency, and morality. Their spirit failed them. Their morale was rotten. They were as ruthless as the Reds. They had no more mercy. And Fate itself was against them. They were fighting against dreams and fears and despairs—dreams of liberty in this new religion of Communism which, as many of us think now, is the doom of the individual and a form of mass servitude worse than any tyranny of the past—this Robotism of the Soviet State—and fears of new hangings and new massacres, and despairs because of all this bloodshed and filthy horror.

As they advanced, their armies became sullen and dispirited. In the enormous distances of Russia they dissipated their strength and their lines became thin and straggling. Red troops appeared behind them or broke through the gaps. Districts which had given allegiance to them rose against them. Men disappeared toward the enemy, who were also Russians. A retreat began at the very moment when success seemed most certain. The general staff tried to close up its lines, but there were no lines. Russian soldiers hid themselves in villages and stayed behind, or they wandered off to their own districts or used their transport for their families fleeing from the Red advance. Koltchak's army retired in this way, bewildered at first and then panic-stricken, and then in a disorderly rout, with Red armies in pursuit. Even the Czecho-Slovaks, who had been disciplined men and formidable in fighting value, seethed with revolt. They too set up Soldiers' Councils and refused at last to obey commands, and retreated, and would fight no more. Koltchak himself, seeing his army broken, demoralized, and useless, put himself into the hands of these Czechs, under a French officer named General Janin, at Irkutsk, to which they had retreated. A Red army corps was closing in on this town, where the local authorities, previously anti-Bolshevik, had gone over to the Soviet State, owing to a very natural fear of coming events. Koltchak had been promised

a safe-conduct and a passage to the Far East by General Janin, but he had in his possession a great chest of gold, the treasure of his former army, which was claimed by rival groups at Irkutsk and was greatly desired by the Bolsheviks, who were hurrying to seize upon it.

There was fierce wrangling about this treasure, which Admiral Koltchak refused to surrender. The Czechs were impatient to depart from Russia at last, and General Janin believed that without the assistance of the local government they were in grave danger of capture. The whole story is confused, except at the end of the episode, when two Czech officers came to Admiral Koltchak and informed him that General Janin had ordered them to hand over the admiral and his staff to the local authorities. Koltchak knew that this was a sentence of death. He did not show any fear, but he cried out in anger that it was an act of treachery. That night he was imprisoned in the local jail, and three weeks later, on February 7, 1920, when the Red army entered Irkutsk, he was shot in the back of the head. It was the end of the counter revolution in Northern Russia.

RETREAT IN THE SOUTH

This irreparable defeat of Admiral Koltchak liberated Bolshevik forces to advance against Denikin in the south. The Poles who had occupied Kieff were inactive, and the Finns, who had a large army ready to make a thrust at Petrograd, were discouraged by the Bolshevik success in Siberia. Lenin's luck had turned, and Trotsky, his War Minister, hurried his Red troops toward the southern campaign. Here again Denikin was defeated as much by his own lack of statesmanship and by the dissensions, quarrels, politics, and weakness of his own subordinates, as by the opposing forces. Royalists who wanted to raise the Imperial standards were in conflict with White Republicans. Petlura's Ukrainians were bitterly and

actively hostile to Denikin. Many "White" officers were drinking and love-making far behind the front. Staff work was abominable. The private soldiers were dispirited, ill supplied, weary, and undisciplined. The ardent spirit of the first volunteers, those ragged remnants under Kornilov, had died down. The civilian inhabitants over great territories were panic-stricken at the news of the retreat, and the roads were choked with refugees in every kind of cart and wagon piled high with furniture and domestic treasures. Women trailed along these roads with their children. Many of them had been great ladies of Russia in the past. Now they were nomads, like bedraggled gypsies, fleeing from the Red Terror. All that had happened in the north happened down south. It was another long agony for hundreds of thousands of civilians caught in this trap of civil war, entangled in the disorderly retreat of a large army, becoming more demoralized as the enemy pressed close behind. It was winter, and they staggered back through rain and mud and mists and misery. As one of them described this retreat, "The army was like a wounded animal losing blood as it ran. Courage was dead. Morale was dead. Loyalty was dead." The Circassian division rode away. The Cossacks of the Don departed. There were desertions of other troops. Then the snow fell, turning the roads into deeper mud as they were plowed up by the unending lines of carts and wagons, wagons and carts. Horses lay dead. There were human bodies black on the snow, some of them stripped of their clothing by the living. Women lay down with their children and died. Typhus ravaged these refugees.

After six weeks of retreat all the country of the south was panic-stricken and fleeing toward the sea. They were desperate to reach Novorossisk, where they might find a ship to take them away from this land of blood and agony where there was no safety, no peace, and no mercy. There was a foreign fleet at that port, French and British, with their quaysides protected

by barbed wire and machine guns. Naval officers stared through field-glasses beyond the town of Novorossisk to the surrounding hills. They could see little figures of mounted men. They were the Bolshevik cavalry under Boudenny, the Red leader. Presently some field artillery unlimbered and shells came crashing into a seaport crowded with these refugees and the last remnants of Denikin's army. It was then that the screams of women rose in a great wail, as English officers heard above the light wind. Orders were given on the French and British cruisers. The *Empress of India* opened fire on the Red batteries, and silenced them for a time. The *Waldeck Rousseau* opened fire, and there was a shriek of shells over the mass of refugees crowding down to the port. Many of them tried to jump on to the transports and missed their jump and were drowned. Women fought with each other to save their children. Camels wandered among the piled-up cases on the quayside, and a crowd of mounted Cossacks rode along and raised their arms in supplication to the battleships. Unless they could be taken on board they would be massacred to a man.

Denikin himself was among the wounded on the *Capitaine Saken*. He stood with his arms stretched out as though crucified, and as he passed a French cruiser he cried out in a voice of agony:

"Gentlemen, save my men!"

Fifty thousand men and great numbers of refugees were rescued from Novorossisk. Sixty thousand took refuge in the mountains, and I do not know their fate.

WITHDRAWAL FROM MURMANSK

These disasters convinced the Supreme War Council in Paris that it was useless now sending further aid to the White armies, and they were relieved that they could wash their hands of all this bloody business in Russia. It remained in the background of their minds as a menace to the whole of Europe

if the infection of Bolshevism were to spread westward, as it was doing in individual minds and in underground conspiracies, even in Paris and London and Berlin. Winston Churchill had spent many hours writing long memoranda to the War Council, giving masterly outlines of the situation in Russia and urging the immediate dispatch of fresh forces. They were waste paper now, except as interesting documents for his great book on the World Crisis.

It was a bitter pill to his soul when he had to give orders for the withdrawal of the British troops in Murmansk and Archangel, after the downfall of Koltchak. It was too much like the betrayal of friends in the face of the enemy. Four thousand volunteers were sent out to cover the retreat, and General Sir Henry Rawlinson, who had commanded the Fourth Army on the Western Front—a cheery, genial soldier of the old school who never for a moment had been disconcerted by the frightful massacre of youth on the Somme and was always sure of "beating the Boche," though there was no evidence at the time for his hearty optimism—went out to arrange this unpleasant business of evacuation. It was masked by a last attack in which many prisoners were made, and the British forces were then withdrawn with more than six thousand Russians who clamored for rescue, leaving behind many unfortunates who had no chance of escape from the vengeance of the Reds.

THE FINAL ROUT

The last stand of the counter-revolutionary forces was made in the Crimea. Denikin, who had lost the confidence of his followers, delegated his command to that tall officer, Wrangel, who had been exiled in Constantinople because of political differences with his chief. He was a man of great courage, energy, and charm of character, who had first come into notice during the war under the Imperial flag by leading a cavalry

charge against a German battery. As one of Denikin's generals he had marched along the Volga with irresistible *élan* until the tide turned into that disastrous retreat. Now he rallied the best troops and the most fearless officers for the defense of the Crimea.

It was too late. Trotsky, who had revealed great military genius as Lenin's War Minister, could play the winning game without anxiety, now that Koltchak and Denikin had both collapsed. He sent five of his best divisions and a great cavalry force under Boudenny to hurl Wrangel and his men into the Black Sea. It was not done without desperate fighting on both sides, but it was done.

There was no panic-stricken retreat this time until the last battle had been fought on October 27th, at Youchoun in the Crimea, where the White army had intrenched itself. The Reds had two hundred guns on a narrow front and they concentrated their fire on the front-line trenches, which were not deeply dug, until they were heaped with dead. Wrangel's artillery was feeble and he was short of shells. A great assault was made by the Bolshevik battalions, among whom were Letts and Chinese and Tartars and Magyars. They advanced in waves swept by machine-gun and rifle fire, but constantly reinforced by new lines of storm troops. The Kornilov regiment of picked men, mostly ex-officers, made repeated counter-attacks until many were killed. The cavalry squadrons commanded by Kalinine charged with great bravery, but were slaughtered by the heavy fire of the Red batteries and massed machine guns. Many "White" generals were killed, leading their men in a desperate effort to thrust back the Red advance, and the battlefields were strewn with dead and wounded. It was on the 27th that Wrangel gave orders for a general retreat to save the remnant of his army, now utterly broken.

It was then that panic began again. The Crimea had been

the refuge of safety to which many of the old aristocrats and noble families had fled on the outbreak of revolution and after the downfall of Kerensky. They had had their country houses here in the far-off days before the war, when, for their caste and class, life had been gay and lovely and careless, in this warm climate, in gardens filled with flowers and palm trees, where at night, under the stars, gypsies sang to them, or where they sat for hours with their friends, smoking innumerable cigarettes, talking as only Russians can talk, making love, dancing, idling. Even during the Revolution they seemed to have reached safety at last when they came to the Crimea after terrible journeys. It was cut off from the rest of Russia. All those horrors happening in the vastness beyond could never invade those flower gardens and these villas and these palaces overlooking the seacoast, like those on the French Riviera, where the grand dukes had come for their pleasure. So they had believed until the Crimea was invaded and that last battle was fought. Now there was nothing between them and Red Terror but a thin screen of cavalry falling back before the advancing hordes. It was worse than on the roads to Novorossisk when Denikin's army had retreated, because it was the end of all things. Thousands of families, with old men who had been great nobles of Russia, and young mothers who had been the pretty ladies of the Imperial court, and small boys and girls who had been sheltered from all the anarchy of revolution, and babies who knew nothing of men's cruelty, choked the roads leading to Sebastopol, Yalta, Theodosia, where they might find some kind of boat to take them out to sea. The retreating army moved slowly among these refugees. Officers stepped out of the ranks and went into the gardens of villas where their people had lived and called through empty rooms for mothers and sisters, and wept at the remembrance of happiness.

THE SCENE IN SEBASTOPOL

In Sebastopol there were seething crowds of terror-stricken people. The rumor came that Trotsky had given his armies free right, in return for victory, to do as they would for fourteen days in pillage and massacre. It is still asserted as a fact. People who had escaped from towns already occupied by Red troops came with the news that the massacres had already begun, directed by Bela Kun, who had been chased out of Budapest, after many atrocities.

The scenes which had happened at Novorossisk were repeated at Sebastopol. Hundreds of thousands of refugees swarmed on to the quayside with bundles holding their last little treasures. They had abandoned their carriages and farm carts and furniture. Soldiers flung their rifles into the sea. Women were weeping and wailing. Others stared at a proclamation by General Wrangel pasted up on the walls and read it with despair:

"The fate of the refugees is utterly unknown. No foreign nation has consented to receive them. In these conditions the Government of South Russia is obliged to advise all those who are not directly menaced by enemy reprisals to remain in the Crimea."

There were many battleships in the port, with a crowd of transport. Some of them were old ships belonging formerly to the Imperial Russian Navy. Others belonged to France and England. As rapidly as possible the refugees were allowed to embark and naval officers helped to carry their bundles and chests and even their babies, moved to pity by this tragedy and terror.

General Wrangel, in the black-and-red uniform of the Kornilov regiment, came down to the quayside with the last of his men. A lane was made for him among the refugees

and he stood and faced them with haggard face and mournful eyes, so tall that they could all see him.

"We are going toward the unknown," he said. "I have no idea of the fate in store for us. Prepare yourselves for the worst ordeals, for the hardest privations, and remember that the deliverance of Russia is still in your hands."

Then he turned toward Moscow and crossed himself, and knelt down with his forehead to the earth of that fatherland which was now to be abandoned. With that gesture of devotion he rose and strode down the quayside to a launch which took him aboard the *General Kornilov*. The bells of Sevastopol were tolling mournfully. As darkness fell the sky was fiercely illumined by red flames, symbolical of the Bolshevist fury so near to this city. The offices of the American Red Cross in a six-storied building had caught fire and its stocks were blazing. A British torpedo boat sent a radio message to the other ships that the first detachment of Bolsheviks were entering the city. The Fleet and the transports, crowded with refugees, moved out of the harbor, and many exiles looked back at Russia for the last time and wept.

THE RUSSIAN REFUGEES

I saw these refugees in Constantinople and in the island of Prinkipo not far away across the glittering waters of the Bosphorous. The corps of volunteers was interned at Gallipoli, and after a few weeks of demoralization were sternly disciplined by General Koutepov (recently kidnapped by his enemies in Paris), who knew that only discipline could save them from despair and disease. They kept their military formation, and when General Wrangel visited them some months later they were drawn up like a brigade of guards and their camp was a model. The Don Cossacks were interned at Tchataldja, the old line between Turkey and Bulgaria. The Cossacks of the Kuban were sent to Lemnos.

In Constantinople the poorest of the civilian refugees lived in tragic squalor in Turkish cellars and attics and warehouses, where they lay on mattresses huddled together without means of cleanliness or sanitation. Others who had hidden jewels in their clothes sold them to dealers and set up little restaurants and cabarets for the officers of the Allied Army—British, French and Italian—who were in occupation of the city. Many of the waitresses were ladies of noble family. Russian officers in ragged uniforms who came in for a bowl of *bortsch* kissed their hands before asking for food. Beyond the Pera Palace Hotel there was a large music-hall called the *Petits Champs*, remembered now by hundreds of British soldiers and American naval men, and Turks and Greeks, and all those types and races who met across the Galata bridge. The Russians took possession of it. Night after night they danced the old folk dances of their lost land in costumes of the past, made beautifully by women working at night in this tragic exile. There were princesses who danced for the first time in public at the *Petits Champs* in order to get next day's bread and soup for small children or sick husbands. They danced before young Turks who eyed their beauty with lascivious gaze, and before English and American sailors who became a little drunk on bad champagne and kissed their bronzed hands to these Russian beauties, and shouted at them to show their legs. Gypsy singers chanted their haunting songs. The Cossacks danced in black top-boots, with knives in their mouths. It was the first show of a kind which afterward became familiar in every great city of Europe, and later on in New York.

Over in Prinkipo there was a more idyllic life, in that island of flowers and luxurious plants which grew down to the waterside, within sight of the minarets of Constantinople away across the shining sea. There was peace at last for those who had trudged so many weary miles through Russia with terror behind them. The Russian character revealed itself. These

exiles made the best of beauty while it lasted. They danced to the *balalaika* on boards which they laid down on the grass. They rode on little donkeys and laughed delightedly. They made love under the trees, and talked and talked for days and months, as Russians love to talk, about life and death and love and passion and despair. They cursed France for deserting them and England for betraying them, though they were being fed by British rations. Some of them had diamonds hidden in their boots, or valuable furs which they had brought with them. Because they were Russians they made trips to Constantinople and gave little banquets at the Pera Palace Hotel and drank good wine and sold their diamonds to the dealer. While I was there one handsome-looking Russian presided at a meal like this and when the Turkish waiter brought the bill he took a fur tippet from his wife's neck and said, "Bring me the change!"

The life of exile in Constantinople lasted for about a year. Then they had to get on the move again. The Turks had no use for them when Mustapha Kemal cleared out the Christian communities after his victory over the Greeks. Many of them went to Berlin and set up new cabarets and new dance-halls and restaurants, and businesses of many kinds, and made a lot of money—some of them—until it withered away in their hands and became quite worthless in the time when German money was turned out from the printing presses in billions of marks which at last could buy nothing. To the Russian refugees it was reminiscent of the Denikin rubles which they had brought out of Russia and could not change for a glass of vermuth.

There are two million of them in exile, belonging mostly to the intellectual classes. Somehow or other, by desperate effort, by great courage, by many gifts of character despite all the weakness of the Russian temperament, many of them have made good and found places for themselves in many countries.

The women especially have been very brave and very patient in poverty and hardship. The world of fashion owes much to their needlework, done in little rooms of great cities for poor payment. More than half the taxi-drivers in Paris are Russians. The Renault works in that capital are entirely staffed by these exiles, who have become expert mechanics and still keep the names of their old regiments. There are large numbers in Jugo-Slavia, where their own kinsfolk, the Serbians, have opened all doors to them. Russian professors and scientists are scattered among the universities of Europe. There are many Russian artists in France. For a time Russian drama, music, and dancing were the rage in New York, which then became tired of these exiles and looked for something fresh and unusual. But these nomads adapt themselves to new conditions with great tact. They have an intelligence which is irresistible. Politically they are hopelessly divided as they were in Russia. But after all these years they do not forget Russia, which is to them the old Russia, with its old traditions and art and culture among their own class. They know nothing of the new Russia, or if they know they hate it all the more because of that Soviet system which has put the Russian people, as they believe, under a worse servitude than that of their old Czars. They remember the Red Revolution. Sometimes, sitting with one of those exiles at a restaurant table or in some dining-room, I see a dark look come over a man's face or into a woman's eyes. Or in the midst of light conversation—the chatter of a dinner table—a lady who has been laughing gayly shivers a little at some chance word—the mention of a date, some name that is spoken, some reference to things that have passed. She remembers perhaps a railway journey when she sat with dirty hands among lousy men, disguised as a peasant girl, and when her husband or brother was dragged from her to be kicked to death on a wayside platform. There are terrible memories in Europe of things that happened less than twelve years ago.

CHAPTER VI

THE MUTILATION OF HUNGARY

TRAGIC and frightful things were happening in Hungary while the Peace Conference was sitting in Paris, arranging, as many people hoped, a better kind of world, and they went on happening afterward, when that hope faded out into abominable disillusion . . . and the tragedy of Hungary continues.

Budapest is perhaps the fairest city in Europe. I thought so when I went there for the first time when Admiral Horthy had become Regent and order had been restored after anarchy. The capital of Hungary is really two cities linked by many bridges across the wide sweep of the Danube. Standing in Pest, on the river bank, with many fine streets and buildings behind one—a modern business city, ennobled by the Houses of Parliament which are worthy in architecture of that thousand years of history during which the Magyars have had a national assembly—one looks across to Buda, climbing the steep hills with many old and noble houses above the winding walks of public gardens and leading up to the spire of a cathedral which enshrines the famous crown of Hungary—St. Stephen's crown, with its hoop of gold and many jewels, which has been worn upon the brows of fifty-three kings who held sway over Magyars, Slovaks, Croats, Czechs, Ruthenians, and Transylvanians, and many other races.

DARK MEMORIES

At night, when a myriad lights are twinkling and stars are shining in the dark waters of the Danube, the scene has en-

chantment. From the Duna Pelota, once the Ritz Hotel, comes the sound of music and women's laughter, and it seemed to me when I was there that these Hungarians are among the most charming people in the world. Their hospitality to English visitors is embarrassing. They have exquisite manners in social life. But listening to their conversation, I became aware of dark memories, very recent, and of passion that leaped suddenly into smiling eyes, and of some hidden agony that sometimes was revealed to me at tea tables or in those public gardens up by Buda. I heard stories of inhuman cruelty which took the beauty out of Budapest, until one cleansed one's mind of them. I heard of the things that had happened when the war ended in Hungary. There was one name repeated with such hatred as one might give to the devil if he had come into one's home life and made a hell there. Bela Kun . . . Bela Kun. . . .

I sat at a luncheon table with some charming women and gay, good-looking men who had been officers in the Hungarian army during the war—our enemies then—though they were very kind to me as an Englishman. Suddenly they began to talk about the Jews. Until then they had been talking English, with astonishing fluency, but suddenly they began to talk German, though I cannot tell why even now. Those charming ladies lost their charm for a little while. Their eyes burned with an inner fire of hatred and loathing. One of them became white to the lips when she told what she thought about the Jews. . . . I like the Jews. I have a deep admiration for their race, their spiritual courage through centuries of persecution, for many fine qualities in their character, and for great genius among them. But when I knew more about what had happened in Budapest after the war, I could understand why Hungarian women have no love for Jews. Bela Kun was a Jew. His friends were Jews. They did atrocious things in this city on the Danube.

There were other people—quite a number of them—for whom my friends had no love, it seemed, but the Rumanians especially were linked with the Jews in this flame of hatred. And every day at luncheon, tea, dinner, for which I never paid, because of Hungarian hospitality, I heard denunciations of that Peace Treaty which had murdered Hungary, and put millions of its people under foreign rule, and robbed it of its ancient wealth. Count Teliki, a great scholar and gentleman, who was Prime Minister, showed me many fine maps and said: "See what the Allies have done to us. They have taken our forests, our factories, our mines, our rivers." I became, I confess, a little tired of this talk. How soon one gets tired of other people's grievances! And yet I had to acknowledge the injustice and the senselessness of this recent history. And I became aware of a passion, red hot, not only among the intellectuals, but among the people. I remember getting into conversation with some farming folk. One of them spoke German and I could understand him. He spoke, he said, for his own class. They were peace-loving folk—knowing too much about war. But there was something worse than war, and that was robbery and the loss of one's kinsfolk, and injustice to a whole race.

"There is not a lasting peace in Europe," he told me simply, as though saying that the sun would rise next morning. "The Balkan countries are restless. There will be war again. And when things like that begin, Hungary will be there. The old women from the farms will march with our men and sharpen their scissors to cut the throats of our enemies who have stolen our land and our property and our kinsmen."

They were not good words to hear so soon after a world war. Peace did not seem secure in this part of the world. It does not seem secure even now, if one knows what happened to Hungary. . . .

The Armistice with Germany began, as everyone knows, at

eleven o'clock on the morning of November 11th. But, as many people do not know—or have forgotten—the Austrians and Hungarians surrendered seven days earlier, at three o'clock in the afternoon of November 4th, when all hostilities were suspended between the High Command of the Italian army, acting for the Allies and the United States of America, and the High Command of the Austro-Hungarian army.

Budapest became a fever-stricken city, and the royalists saw doom closing upon them. Soldiers began returning by every train and on the top of every train, as in Berlin. Thousands of Russian prisoners broke camp and wandered sullenly through the city, looting houses on the outskirts. Red flags began to appear, and young officers in the streets were set upon by private soldiers who drew their knives and slashed off their badges of rank. There were isolated murders, but not yet any organized Terror.

COUNT TISZA

One great man was assassinated in his private house. It was Count Stephen Tisza, Prime Minister of Hungary during the war. All through his political life he had been threatened by many enemies, and had fought many duels with a cool, careless courage, like D'Artagnan. His greatest political enemy was Count Michael Karolyi, who had led the Liberal opposition and was now, after the war, the leader of revolution. Count Tisza is still accused of having been responsible for the war. It is a calumny which dies hard, but the records now show that from the beginning of trouble, after the murder of the Austrian Grand Duke at Serajevo, his counsel was on the side of peace and conciliation. He denounced the severity of the terms to Serbia. He stood out against the declaration of war. Afterward, when the sea of blood was flowing over Europe, he endeavored many times to make a separate peace, though that was suppressed by French and British censorship

and ignored by British statesmen. But one night, after the war, four men came to his house where he was with his wife and niece.

"You are the cause of the war!" shouted one of them. "Because of you millions of men have died. Now it is your turn."

They shot him as he stood there denying these accusations, and one of the bullets wounded the Countess Almassy, his niece.

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL

It was the death of Count Tisza which made things easy for Karolyi, who had been his political enemy. At least it removed from Hungary the one strong man who might have rallied the nation under this shock of defeat, though it is doubtful whether any man could have resisted the spirit of revolt which seethed in the minds of the returning troops, who saw that all their service and suffering had been in vain. Count Michael Karolyi proclaimed a National Council, and the Emperor Charles, called King in Hungary, handed over all authority to this strange man whose whole life is an enigma. His first order in Budapest was remarkable:

"The National Council orders that on occasion of the people's victory which has forever abolished war, the whole of Budapest and all provincial towns are to be beflagged."

The people's victory and the abolition of war forever were not obvious at that time. Already, Rumanians, Czechs, and Serbians were on the move toward the heart of Hungary, not waiting for any terms of peace which might be decided in Paris. In Vienna, at his Château of Schönbrunn, the Emperor was forced to abdicate—a youngish, sad, intelligent man—and wept as he signed the paper before him, and then went away with his wife and children, without any guard of honor or any salute from those who had once bowed low before him. Republics were proclaimed in Austria and Hungary.

To those whose faith in democracy is still unshaken, despite many shocks, there are no tears for the passing of emperors and kings and ancient dynasties, and the splendor of great courts. "This king stuff," as the Americans call it, is out of date in Central Europe, although here and there people who cling to old traditions see something of tragedy in the downfall of old aristocracies who stood for something noble beyond their names, who produced fine types, brave and generous souls, heroic men and women, great leaders and saints, and the fine flower of intellectual civilization, besides much that was brutal, cruel, and evil. I was aware of a great historical tragedy, not lessened by its inevitability nor even perhaps by its promise of greater liberty for humble folk when, one day after the war, I passed through the state apartments of the Hofburg in Vienna, whose polished floors had been swept by the silks of queens and princesses—some of them lovely and gracious apart from their rank—and was gazed upon by innumerable portraits of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century aristocrats, until in one room I found crowds of starving children waiting for bowls of soup given to them in charity by American relief officers. The palace of the great Austrian Empire had become a soup kitchen.

So the passing of the Hapsburgs, the downfall of an Empire long doomed to fall asunder, the poverty and suffering of Austrian and Hungarian aristocrats, are of no account except in the book of pity for individual souls, if the revolutions by which they fell—as in Russia—held for their peoples the promise of a happier life, a richer share of the world's good gifts, some nobler form of government. That was what millions of men and women hoped in those days after the war. That was the secret thought which checked assistance to the counter-revolution in Russia. But in Hungary, as in Russia, there was no nobility of leadership on behalf of the people, none of that warm human fervor for individual liberty and happiness, for

fine ethical ideals, for some vision of brotherhood and equality of reward, for the raising of humanity itself, which inspired the French revolution in its first impulses, despite all its later horrors.

KAROLYI AND HIS FRIENDS

Count Michael Karolyi, who became the first President of the Socialist Republic of Hungary, remains an historical enigma. There may have been a sincerity of faith in his soul for democratic rights and ideals, though he is accused of every mean and vile quality by his political enemies. I once met him in a London drawing-room, and tried to get some clue to him. One hates to allude to any physical infirmity which may handicap a man, but I could not ignore the hare lip and the cleft palate which made his speech extraordinarily difficult to understand. He had large nervous hands and a long face with melancholy eyes, puffed under their lids. Such a man might have been a great idealist or a man of heroic quality, but from all accounts I have had, there was always something bitter, secretive, and egotistical in his political career and personal character. Before the war he made friends with the enemies of his country, they say. Well, perhaps that showed a tolerant and liberal mind. He did not hide his hatred for Count Tisza, who undoubtedly had nobility of character. He was a convinced pacifist which nowadays is no shame against a man—and perhaps that is the real key to his character, accounting for his actions, and his weakness of inaction, and his final surrender to the forces of evil. It is the danger of extreme pacifism.

As soon as he came into power he allied himself with men of low quality. It was not that they were men of humble origin, but they had no real claim to leadership. They were men who had been hiding in the underworld of political con-

spiracy and talking red revolution to ignorant working-people and secret societies.

Count Karolyi appointed a man named Victor Heltai, *alias* Hoffer, to command the garrison of Budapest. He had once been a waiter in a low-class music-hall and he was such a ruffian that he had to be dismissed very quickly.

The Minister for Public Welfare and Commissary for Education was Kunfi, a Jewish schoolmaster who is said to have changed his religion three times for personal advantages. He was closely in touch with Moscow and tried to introduce Marxian teaching into the Hungarian schools, frankly avowing that he did not believe in democracy except as a step toward the Soviet state.

The President of the National Assembly was a priest named John Hock, who had outraged all faithful Catholics by his infidelities and degraded life.

The Minister of War was a little Jewish electrician named William Böhm, who had once mended typewriters in government offices—no disgrace to him—but who had no other claim to power than his Jewish relationship and his political creed as a social democrat.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Republican armies was a man named Linder, who drank much brandy to steady his nerves.

It was with Linder and an ex-officer who had cut off his own badges, and two Jewish journalists who were emissaries of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils set up in Budapest on the Russian model, that Count Karolyi went to Belgrade to settle the terms of armistice with General Franchet d'Esperay, acting on behalf of the Allies. When Count Karolyi, speaking with that horrible impediment, introduced his associates, the French general pulled himself up sharply and was very arrogant. He did not like the look of these men representing the Hungarian race.

"You are a Jew?" he asked one of them, and to another, "You are also a Jew?"

To the ex-officer without badges he spoke a few words of cold contempt.

"So you have fallen as low as that?"

He was ruthless in his refusal of all conditions, and reminded this deputation that they were surrounded by hostile peoples who were already advancing into Hungary.

One does not approve of this contempt for a beaten enemy. But Count Karolyi was at least indiscreet in choosing such companions to settle the fate of a proud people. He was surrounded by revolutionary Jews.

THE GHETTO OF BUDAPEST

It is not difficult to understand why so many Jews appeared as leaders and instigators of Revolution. For centuries their race had been oppressed and downtrodden in Central Europe. They had been denied political rights and social esteem. They had been kept within their ghettos like lepers. They had been massacred in Russia and many countries. Is it any wonder that some of them were the enemies of established order, and that now, after the World War, they came out of their hiding-places to proclaim the downfall of old tyrannies, to seize the power which had been denied them, and to revenge themselves upon this Christian world—so un-Christian in its cruelties—which had despised and hated them?

In the Jewish quarters of Budapest there was a stirring and whispering of sallow-faced people still wearing the gaberdines according to ancient custom, thrusting their long thin fingers through greasy locks, smiling and raising their hands with Oriental gestures at the news that their young men—Pogany, Kunfi, Heltai, Linder, and many other pleasant gentlemen of their race—were among the new rulers of Hungary. But others looked anxious and stroked the heads of their children. Old

Jewish grandmothers rocked themselves in their chairs with little wailing cries, and young mothers—the Rebeccas and Rachels of Budapest—dark-eyed and mournful, were not without fear. These politics were very dangerous. Supposing the revolution failed? Communism? . . . the Dictatorship of the Proletariat? Was it not better to trade with Christians and live in peace and make a little money, and keep quiet? If anything went wrong . . . There must have been fear as well as rejoicing in Jewish minds when they heard one of their bright young men addressing great crowds of home-coming soldiers —Pogany who was President of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils—calling upon them to unite for world revolution which would sweep away the ruling classes who had sent millions of men to the shambles. Only by the Dictatorship of the Proletariat . . .

THE REFUGEE INVASION

Crowds of refugees streamed into Budapest day after day, month after month. They came in farm carts or in crowded trains, or on foot with perambulators and wheelbarrows. Rumanians were pouring through the passes of Transylvania, taking possession of the farms and houses, destroying the property of Hungarians, looting and pillaging the villages. Hungarian peasants and shopkeepers, lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, and landlords were escaping from this invasion, and arrived in Budapest without food or money. The Serbians had invaded the Banat district. The Czechs were overrunning all the country north of Budapest and were pillaging Pressburg and Kassa and many towns.

No less than seven hundred thousand refugees crowded into Hungary as it remained after the peace treaty. Great numbers of them belonged to the intellectual classes. Many of them were the officials of local administrations under the old Hungarian Empire, who had been expelled from their homes by

Czechs and Serbians and Rumanians. With their families, they amounted to more than a quarter of a million people, and they were utterly destitute. Thousands of these families roamed the streets, begging for shelter and food, reduced even to picking scraps out of the dustbins and sleeping in doorways and under archways, committing suicide in tragic numbers until an old man named "Uncle Robert" set up a suicide bureau and spoke words which somehow gave them comfort, and helped to feed them.

At the Peace Conference in Paris news came of these invasions of Hungary before the terms of peace had been settled. They were absolute violations of the Armistice and of international decency. But President Wilson was absorbed in drafting his Covenant of the League of Nations which was to give justice to everyone, and he was very busy with other great matters. So was Lloyd George. So also Clemenceau. And Dr. Benes of the new Czecho-Slovakia was a very charming man who seemed to be very reasonable in his views and a good European. In any case, what could be done? These peoples were very passionate. It would require strong forces to restrain the legitimate impatience of those races who had broken away from the old Empire, and there were no strong forces available after the weariness of war. Besides, as far as France was concerned, it was all to the good that Hungary should be weakened and that the new nations of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia should be strong and independent states, carved out of the Central Powers and friendly to France. Nothing was done to hold them in leash until the frontiers were drawn on the new maps.

THE COMING OF BELA KUN

Count Michael Karolyi had taken up residence in the royal Castle of Buda. He gave dinner parties there to his fellow

Socialists. His pretty wife, gay and high-spirited, drove about the streets, smiling to the mobs. But the government of social democracy was not sure of itself. There were dangerous forces threatening its existence. A man named Bela Kun had arrived, and he was working underground with Pogany, the President of the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council, and with the Communists who were hostile to the National Council.

This Bela Kun, whose real name was Berele Kohn, was the son of a Galician Jew who had crossed into Hungary with a pack on his back. Before the war Bela Kun himself had been a journalist and during the war had become a prisoner in Russia, until he came into touch with Trotsky, who used him for propaganda purposes in the prisoners' camps. Afterward he edited a paper in Moscow called *The Social Revolution* and then took an active part in the Communist administration of a small town, where (it is believed) he caused many people to be executed for counter-revolutionary acts. There is no doubt that he came to Budapest as an emissary from Moscow, to inflame the revolution and swing it over from Social Democracy to Red Terror. Cécile Tormay, who was an eye-witness of all this history in Budapest, describes the man as she saw him addressing the crowds from the steps of the Houses of Parliament.

"He had a common, fat face, and his eyes blinked while he preached against the existing order. His blubbering mouth opened and closed as if he were chewing the cud. He shouted in a hoarse, lifeless voice. He grew warm, and as he spoke removed his hat frequently, and wiped the perspiration off his baldish head with the palm of a dirty hand."

It was this man who became the leader of anarchy. He preached the class war in the soldiers' barracks, and addressed mass meetings of workless soldiers, sullen and exasperated by all the misery around them and by the hopelessness of their

country, thronged by starving refugees. It was easy work to inflame their passion and to incite them to demand victims for this ruin that had come upon them.

On February 20th Bela Kun denounced the newspaper of the Social Democratic Party as a counter-revolutionary organ and urged the mob to destroy its printing presses. Keeping well in the background himself, he watched while a surging crowd of soldiers and women and the lowest elements of the city went shouting and screaming to the offices of *The People's Voice*, which supported the Government of Karolyi. The police had received warning and opened fire on the crowd, who retreated after riotous scenes, leaving their dead and wounded on the ground.

RED REVOLUTION

That night Budapest was a city of fear. The Communists held massed meetings. Shots were fired from dark streets. And up in the Castle at Buda Count Karolyi and his friends took counsel. They were losing grip of the situation. The whole of Hungary was in a desperate state. Down in Pest, across the Danube, the city was seething with angry, embittered people who might break out into wild violence at any moment. Bela Kun and his confederates were undermining the administration, dragging moderate men over to the side of Bolshevism, bribing others with Russian rubles. Karolyi had few followers whom he could trust. Tisza had been murdered. Was it to be his turn next? . . .

For once he showed a touch of resolution. At daybreak next morning the Communist leaders were arrested and thrown into prison. Bela Kun himself was beaten unmercifully by the police, in revenge for the attack on their comrades.

At that moment, if Karolyi had been strong, it is possible that he might have controlled the situation, but he quailed

before the disorderly actions of the population and the danger of his own position. Mobs marched through the streets, attacking the police stations and demanding the release of the Communist leaders. Karolyi was alarmed. He sent word that Bela Kun and his friends were to be treated considerately. His wife visited the man in prison and took him flowers.

On the 20th of March a French officer named Colonel Vyx, in charge of the French military mission in Budapest, communicated to Count Karolyi the lines of the new frontiers of Hungary as fixed by the Peace Conference in Paris. Karolyi read them and believed that he was doomed. It was the mutilation of Hungary. They had torn it limb from limb. The invaded territories were to be given to the Czechs, the Serbians, and the Rumanians. Over two million Hungarians would be separated from their kinsfolk. And no man or woman in Hungary would forgive a government which had submitted to this outrage upon their nation. Pacifism had not paid. Karolyi himself would be the scapegoat. The game was up as far as he was concerned, and his life was in danger from the Communists on one side and from counter-revolutionary groups which were being formed by Count Stephen Bethlen, his enemy, one of his many enemies. He must have had these thoughts, if one may judge a man by his actions, which is not always wise, because a man's thoughts are sometimes strangely different from his deeds. But on the night when he received those peace terms, he resigned his Presidency of the republic and sent for Bela Kun from prison.

The Communist leader—that gross, repulsive man—arrived in a motor-car, and the Socialists and Committee formed a Directory, which included Bela Kun, Joseph Pogany, the president of the Soldiers' Council, Sigismund Kunfi, Commissary for Education and an avowed follower of Lenin, and others

who favored the Communist revolution. Hungary was under the Red Flag.

The first acts of the new Directory were to set up tribunals for the trial of counter-revolutionaries, to organize a Red army, and to form an alliance with the Soviet Republics of Russia. The class war was savagely pursued in Budapest, and the prisons were choked with people arrested merely for being members of the old gentility or suspected of hostility to Bela Kun and his fellow communists. Their houses were looted and their property confiscated.

The number of executions increased week by week, and there was a reign of terror on both sides of the Danube. Religion was banished from the schools, and in its place pornographic lectures were given to school children. It is probable that some of the stories I heard in Budapest of the atrocities committed by the Communists were exaggerated or false. Atrocities are always exaggerated, and often false, as I had learned during the war. There are limits even to the fiendish qualities that lurk in human nature at its worst. But when all allowance is made for the passionate hatred of those whose relatives and friends were killed or ill-treated, there still remains enough to damn the name of Bela Kun.

THE DANGER OF WAR

Karolyi, as a pacifist, had submitted to the humiliation of his nation, and had ordered all Hungarian troops to disarm. But the Red army which had come into being after the revolt of home-coming soldiers against officers and rulers who had sent them to war, forgot the oratory which had brought them over to the side of revolution, and marched against the invaders of their country. Racial passion was stronger than political creeds. Thousands of men who had no politics and knew nothing of Karl Marx or Communism, recruited in the ranks of the Red army in order to thrust back the Czechs, Rumanians

and Serbians who had pillaged their people and thrust them from their homes and farms.

The news of what was happening reached Paris and alarmed the Peace delegates. Their carefully drawn frontiers on their nice new maps might be smudged out by the passion of peoples resisting their decisions. War might flame across those mountains which were beautifully indicated in color by their geographical experts. General Smuts was sent, not as a soldier, but as a statesman, to report on the situation and if possible to arrange an understanding agreeable to the Allies with the new government in Budapest which was in the hands of a man named Bela Kun, whose dossier in the Intelligence Department of Paris was quite unpleasant.

General Smuts accepted this mission and arrived in a special train at Budapest on April 4, 1919. He received Bela Kun and other members of the revolutionary government in his saloon carriage, listened to their excited protests against the invasion of Hungary, and returned to Paris wiser than he went—if that were possible to a man of fine intelligence which did not seem to avail him in a Peace Conference whose delegates drifted into acts of international immorality. I think the judgment of history will be wrong if it writes them down as cynics. President Wilson was not cynical. Lloyd George wanted to do well, to be fair to the beaten nations—subject to British interests, which, of course, were holy in their righteousness. Only old Clemenceau was an unbeliever in noble sentiments and fine phrases. He believed only in the safety of France at all costs, by all means, and without illusion. It was ignorance mainly which led such men as Wilson into indefensible acts, violating the elementary principles of international morality. . . . Or could it have been cynicism when they offered recognition to Bela Kun's government if he would retire before the invaders and then threatened to advance on

Budapest with French and Rumanian troops if the Red army was not withdrawn? No, even now I believe that President Wilson and Lloyd George had been duped by the Czechs and Rumanians, and were convinced that the Hungarians had no claim to territories in which millions of their race had lived for centuries. The figures had been falsified. Essential facts had been hidden. In any case, these "minorities" would be protected by the League of Nations.

"Très bien," said Monsieur Clemenceau.

THE RUMANIAN OCCUPATION

On July 31, 1919 the Rumanians marched on Budapest and occupied the city. Bela Kun and the Soviet Ministers fled and Hungary was relieved of that gang of ruffians, but fell among thieves more ruthless than those. I heard detailed accounts of the looting of Budapest from many people, and they are vouched for by historical evidence. The Rumanians gave themselves up to pillage. There was nothing that escaped their greed. They were industrious and hard-working in their brigandage. They made a business of it. It was organized and directed by Rumanian officers and officials. The railway sidings between Budapest and Bucharest were laden with loot. The trucks carried away furniture, office fittings, machinery, food stores, fuel, and the heaviest material. Transport wagons were loaded up with pictures, clocks, tapestries, typewriters, musical instruments, domestic ornaments. Rumanian soldiers entered house after house, searching for jewelry, watches, and other pleasant trifles. The hospitals were denuded of linen and mattresses. Nothing has ever been returned of all that, nothing has been paid for damage, and the Supreme Council in Paris, whose members belonged mostly to the Peace Conference, did nothing to check this army of bandits. They were not cynics, I have said. But they were very careless! It was more than three months later, on November 13th, a year after

the Armistice, when the Rumanian troops evacuated Budapest at the request of the Allies.

THE NEW DICTATORSHIP

A new body of men rode into this city on the Danube. They were led by a naval officer who was Admiral Horthy, once in command of the Austrian fleet. His adherents were groups of ex-officers who had formed themselves into a counter-revolutionary army, not very formidable, at the time of Bela Kun. Count Stephen Bethlen, afterward Prime Minister, and a very attractive man, as I know, in private life, had been one of the leading spirits of this movement. Previous to their entry there had been a provisional government, with the Archduke Joseph as Regent, but he abdicated from this position under pressure from the Allied Council, and Admiral Horthy succeeded him under the same title, proclaiming that he held his office until the return of the monarchy, forbidden at this time by France and her allies. On June 4th the Treaty of Trianon, which completed the sacrifice of Hungary, was presented to the new government and in their weakness they signed.

There was one scene which one would like to leave unwritten, but which is written in blood. The Jews of Budapest who had been favored by Bela Kun, who had wagged their hands when their bright young men had come into power, were not left with little treasures taken from other people's houses. Outside the Duna Pelota, which was once the Ritz, looking across the chain bridge which spans the Danube to Buda with its twinkling lights above the gardens—so fair a view!—there rose the screams of men in terror and the sound of shots above the music of an orchestra. It was an act of revenge by Hungarian officers for many cruelties inflicted on their mothers and sisters, for murders and robberies and outrages. It is very likely that the innocent suffered for the guilty.

Life is like that, in Hungary and elsewhere, in a world of cruelty and passion. . . .

I saw Admiral Horthy in procession to the House of Parliament, that noble building on the banks of the Danube. Some of the officers who had ridden into Budapest with him were in Hungarian uniforms, with loose-sleeved dolmans edged with fur and shakos with high white plumes. Thousands of school children came scattering flowers in the old costumes of their race. Bands were playing Hungarian marches. There were shrill fanfares from silver trumpets. And a little lady by my side said: "We shall never forget. . . . Never! There are things we can never forgive. Never! We belong to a fighting race. . . . This peace cannot last. We shall get our people back, and our lands, if we have to fight with our finger nails."

That talk of fighting to get back their lost possessions has not been followed by action. Hungary was powerless against the races who encircled her, supported by the Great Powers. There was no money to carry on this impoverished state without an international loan, which was guaranteed by the League of Nations on condition that peace was maintained and the new frontiers recognized. Hungary had been starved into submission.

THE EX-EMPEROR

On March 26, 1921, Charles Hapsburg, ex-Emperor, entered Hungary in disguise and made an attempt to regain the throne. He had been told by his adherents that the people yearned for him and that France would recognize a *coup d'état*. It is difficult to know whether he was wanted by his people. No doubt great numbers of them would have acclaimed him, but masses of them were indifferent and even hostile to the return of the Hapsburgs. They had tasted the bitterness of Red Revolution, and Hungarian peasants had no illusions about the blessings

of Communism. But they were reconciled to a Republic which left them to get on with their work in the fields. That war to get back Transylvania and other provinces would have to wait. Their sons would have to do that job, or their grandsons. They wanted to raise their harvests for the children's bread. After all, they wanted peace.

It was utterly untrue about France. There was a sensational agitation in Paris at the news of this attempt to restore the Hapsburg dynasty. The Council of Ambassadors sent stern messages to the Hungarian government, and Charles left the country at the request of his friends. He made a second attempt on October 21, 1921, and declined to abdicate at the bidding of Count Teleki, the Prime Minister, and his Cabinet. Thereupon he was arrested and handed over to the British Danube flotilla and sent to Madeira, where he died on April 1, 1922, broken-hearted and poverty-stricken, in the arms of his beautiful Queen Zita. The handsome boy Otto is the heir to the Hapsburg line, which reaches far back into the mists of ancient history, and once ruled many kingdoms of the world. Now their family relations are scattered through Europe and the United States, earning their livelihood in obscure positions, as clerks, and needlewomen, and shop assistants, and teachers of music and dancing.

This new world after the war has no use for exiled royalties, nor for old traditions of romantic loyalty. People remember the tyrannies and the cruelties and the debaucheries and the wars of succession which were caused by these ancient monarchies. They forget the saints and the heroes. The mystical glamour of a crown has no meaning for them. Life is different now. The future belongs to the young realists who are making a different kind of civilization without sentimental illusions and without belief in the divine rights of kings or any special quality belonging to the Blood Royal. Let that be written, they say, in the fairy tales and the colored history books. . . .

But they do not forget the call of the blood of their own race and kinsfolk. Hungary has kept the peace, but the fires of passion aroused by the Treaty of Trianon which drew their new frontiers are still smoldering, reading to break out into a flame of emotion or indignation at any reminder. It did so, in emotion, when Lord Rothermere, the great newspaper proprietor in England, championed their cause and denounced the Treaty. When his son made a tour through Hungary he was received as though he were a national hero, and flowers were strewn before him. A curious little episode in history since the war, strangely ironical! It was Lord Rothermere's brother and his paper, *The Daily Mail*, who raised the cry of "They will cheat you yet—those Huns!" when Lloyd George fought his khaki election and won it on hatred for Germany and her allies.

It was Lord Rothermere's brother and his paper, *The Daily Mail*, who "gingered" up Lloyd George when he wanted to be fair and even a little generous to the vanquished nations. They threatened to destroy him if he yielded anything of all those impossible demands for German reparations which amounted to more gold than existed in the world. "They will cheat you yet—those Huns!" . . . Strange that Lord Rothermere, of all men, should be a pleader for justice to Hungary.

THE HUNGARIAN MINORITIES

In a book called *The Tragedy of Trianon*, by Sir Robert Donald, there is a detailed study of the way in which the Hungarian minorities have been treated by the peoples who took possession of their territories with consent of the Great Powers. It is very sad reading. These countries like Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, given independence after the World War in the name of liberty and "self-determination" and justice, might have been inspired by generosity toward communities who had come under their rule by an entanglement

of races difficult to unravel, and by inordinate claims which no doubt they believed to be justified by history, with some special pleading before judges who were not in possession of all the facts. One would have thought, in one's simplicity, that these people who complained of being oppressed by the old Empire would have been wisely tolerant to races who now came under their own dominion, avoiding the hideous mistakes of history which caused their own grievances and revolts. Does human nature never learn?

So far from being tolerant, there is absolute evidence that the Czechs, pledged to honorable treatment of minorities by their leader, Dr. Benes, before the League of Nations, have denied the most elementary rights to the Hungarians within their borders. Sir Robert Donald, who gained first hand information, produces a most damning indictment of their oppressive measures. In many towns utterly Hungarian in population and culture, universities, schools, and colleges have been closed or "Czechized." Hungarian children have been prevented from learning their own language. Famous libraries have been seized and their books destroyed, Czech laborers have been imported to do all public works, and Hungarians have become unemployed.

Thousands of Hungarian citizens whose houses, businesses, and avocations were in the territory acquired by Czecho-Slovakia were forced to appeal for citizenship in the new state in order to avoid expulsion. But having lost Hungarian citizenship, they found that they could not pass the tests and conditions which entitled them to Czech citizenship, so they lost their means of livelihood. Post-office officials, for instance, were expected to acquire a knowledge of the Czech language in a few months—an utterly impossible feat!—and failing to do so, lost their places and pensions.

Priests, lawyers, doctors, who for the best part of their lives

had worked in these towns, were deprived of citizenship on some technical reason relating to domicile, and were expelled.

Rumanians produced a Land Reform which enabled them to seize hundreds of Hungarian churches in Transylvania, whose income for church and school buildings were derived from their land. It was a deadly and deliberate blow against Hungarian culture.

Wholesale bribery and corruption of Rumanian officials caused the transference of Hungarian farms to Rumanian farmers.

In order to strengthen Czech claims to Hungarian villages, a system of colonization has been adopted, and the government has subsidized groups of their own people to occupy these places, providing them with houses, horses, and seed, whereas the poor Hungarians are poverty-stricken and unaided.

The Jugo-Slavs have adopted the same policy as the Rumanians in seizing Hungarian churches or depriving them of all income by expropriating their land.

Since the illegal invasions of Hungary after the Armistice, these countries who were favored by the Peace Conference have carried on a relentless policy of expelling, suppressing, and penalizing their Hungarian minorities, and have betrayed the ideals to which they pledged themselves in high-sounding phrases and noble sentiments in their books of propaganda and public speeches.

The hearts of the Hungarian people are filled with bitterness twelve years after the war. They have four "Alsace-Lorraines." They keep them in perpetual reminder. In every tramcar, on the walls of every school, in restaurants and churches and dance-halls, over the fireplace in every Hungarian home, there is a map of the new Hungary with the lost territories in black, surrounded by a crown of thorns. Underneath is the question:

"Can it remain like this?"

And beneath that question is an answer:

"No. No. Never!"

If one day there is not a peaceable revision of those frontiers by some new grouping of European peoples, perhaps by the removal of all frontiers in a new United States, there will be the tramp of marching men through many passes and the flames of war will redden the sky above the hills of Hungary, with villages burning like torches and people fleeing once more from terror, with revenge advancing upon them.

CHAPTER VII

THE GREEK TRAGEDY

THERE are many pages that one would like to blot out of the book of recent history—if only it were possible to reënact the human drama and alter the plot which is written in the irrevocable past—and among them, most tragic, most pitiful, outside the Russian melodrama, is the downfall of Greece, after high ambitions and splendid hopes. There is no credit in this story to those who fostered those ambitions, used Greek armies when their own were tired, and then, not deliberately, but weakly, with a sense of impotence, and mental weariness and lack of definite purpose or decision, betrayed them. The statesmen of England, France, and the United States must share that touch of guilt.

President Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George favored the landing of Greek troops at Smyrna of May, 1919. It was already agreed among them that Greece should administer Smyrna and its hinterland in Asia Minor, at least until there could be a plebiscite of the inhabitants, who included hundreds of thousands of Greeks descended in pure blood from those who were here in this soil in the golden age. The soil itself held, and holds, the historic proof of their ancestry and empire. The spades of Greek peasants still dug up the sculptured gods and goddesses, the broken cups, the gold coins, the women's bracelets, the children's toys, of that civilization which gave light to the early world, and from which much beauty came into the minds of men. Greece was to have, in addition, most of the Ægean islands, and Eastern and Western Thrace,

where also were good Greek types still with the straight line from brow to nose, as I have seen them in the fields.

It was Venizelos who was accorded these rewards by the men in Paris who were, they thought, in charge of destiny. This bearded Greek statesman, with the head of a philosopher by Praxiteles, had resisted the pro-German leanings of King Constantine during the war, had liberated Crete from the Turks, and had brought Greece on to the side of the Allies at a critical time, by immense courage, unflinching will power, and an absolute faith in the ultimate victory over Germany. "England has always won the last battle," he said. His wisdom, his suavity, his loyalty, appealed greatly to the representatives of the great powers. Wilson remembered his early studies of Greek history. The glory of their past stirred his mind with a vague benevolence toward their present hopes. Lloyd George was not untouched by the same sentiment of this old debt due to the heirs of the Greek tradition. He had a vision of a Greek renaissance—the old spirit coming back, their beauty new born in a new world, the call of the blood, freed from Turkish tyranny.

The Turks had been utterly defeated, in spite of their defense of Gallipoli. British armies had smitten them in Palestine and Mesopotamia. It was time they were thrust out of Europe and that their blight over subject peoples—Arabs, Jews, Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians—should be lifted at last. Wherever the Crescent had gone, there progress had ceased under a frozen and rigid faith. Even Constantinople should be taken from them and San Sofia become a Christian church again after five hundred years as a Turkish mosque. So at least thought Lloyd George and Lord Curzon, and many others, including my insignificant self. But it was difficult to know what to do about Constantinople. It had been promised to Russia when she was one of the Allies. Now, under Soviet

rule, it would be letting the devil in. Perhaps, if the Greeks fulfilled their promise of greatness . . . ?

THE LANDING AT SMYRNA

By permission of the Peace Conference presided over by President Wilson, twenty thousand Greek troops landed at Smyrna on May 15, 1919, opposite the Grand Hotel Splendid Palace—magnificent name!—where once I stayed. They landed in small boats from the warships, and Turkish porters came down to drag them in, hoping to curry favor and perhaps earn a little *baksheesh* in hard times. Instead, they were bayoneted through their stomachs. There was a miniature massacre. These Greek soldiers were inflamed with hatred for the Turk, and though one cannot pardon this atrocity, one can understand their hatred. For centuries the Greeks had been under Turkish rule. Athens itself had once been a Turkish camp. During the war just ended for French and Germans and Italians and British and many other nations—but not for Greece—the Turks had committed massed atrocities upon a race of Christian people—the Armenians—among whom some of these Greeks had relatives and friends. History has not dwelt upon those horrors. Western nations have turned their faces away from them, not wanting to know. No one, as far as I know, has written a detailed narrative of that deportation of a million and a quarter of Armenians in Asia Minor in 1915, when men, women, and children were driven behind the whips of Kurdish cavalry for hundreds of miles into a far exile, which few of them ever reached. The men were massacred in batches. Old women and young girls, and mothers with their babes, trudged on until they fell exhausted and died on the roadside. Bandits attacked them and carried off their prettiest women. They died of hunger, thirst, and disease. The survivors became drudges—and slaves—in Turkish farmsteads, unless by some miracle they escaped, like one of them I met on a boat from

Constantinople to Smyrna. She told me the tale of that journey through Asia Minor, and froze my blood by her quiet narrative, without tears, with no lamentations, but with a dead look in her eyes. She told me of a Turkish officer who sat smiling and smoking cigarettes on a pile of Armenian corpses, among whom was her brother. . . .

The Greeks knew these things. They had five hundred years of Turkish history in their minds and souls. But it was a wicked and damnable thing to bayonet those defenseless and friendly Turks on the quayside of Smyrna, in full view of English and Americans drinking tea on the terrace of the Grand Hotel Splendid Palace. Fate recorded that incident in letters of blood, and the Lord said *Vengeance is Mine.*

The Greeks advanced into the hinterland, driving in the Turkish outposts and capturing the Smyrna-Aidin Railway. They billeted some of their men in the villages of Budja and Burnabat, where dwelt some English communities long established there as traders, sending their boys to English public schools, teaching their girls to play tennis, as at Surbiton, while long camel caravans from Angora and Brusa crawled past their country houses in the Georgian style, filled with plush-covered furniture and chairs with "anti-macassars" and stuffed bears once killed in the Turkish hills. They were all pro-Turks, those English, and in one of those houses with a stuffed bear in the hall, and an old lady in the drawing-room who asked me whether I would take two lumps of sugar in my tea, a grave English gentleman who knew a soldier named Mustapha Kemal—it was the first time I had heard that name—warned me that a Greek tragedy was being rehearsed behind the scenes of destiny.

"What are men like Lloyd George doing?" he asked. "What is in the mind of that man Wilson in Paris? Do they not know that Greece cannot hold this country? Does nobody tell them that the Turks will submit to anything but this? They will die

to the last man rather than yield Smyrna to the Greeks. Dreadful things will happen hereabouts if the Greeks are incited to extend their Empire beyond the limits of their strength. Vanity is not enough. Who will pay?"

The friends of Greece—Lloyd George chief among them—had not been without warnings. Winston Churchill, then at the British War Office, was one of those who was anxious about this policy of using Greek troops to enforce a Turkish peace. Somewhat like Charles II, "who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one"—the epigram is exaggerated—he had an uncanny vision of the dangers ahead. When Lloyd George was exhilarated by a Greek advance in Asia Minor, and by their occupation of Adrianople in Thrace—very close to Constantinople—Churchill wrote to him that it was "a fearful responsibility" to let loose the Greeks and reopen the war. "Wars fought by proxy," he said, "are often very dangerous for the proxy." In his masterly book, *The World Crisis*, he quotes one of his memoranda written at this time:

"With military resources which the Cabinet have cut to the most weak and slender proportions, we are leading the Allies in an attempt to enforce a peace on Turkey which would require great and powerful armies, and long and costly operations and occupations. On this world so torn with strife I dread to see you let loose the Greek armies—for all sakes and certainly for their sakes. Yet the Greek armies are your only effective fighting forces."

Later he advocated the evacuation of Smyrna.

"If the Greeks go off in another half-cock offensive the last card will have been played and lost, and we shall have neither a Turkish Peace nor a Greek army."

These words held a prophecy afterward fulfilled in dire tragedy. One must pay a tribute to Churchill's keen insight and far-seeing judgment, which were utterly disregarded.

They expressed the views of nearly everyone I met at the time in the British military missions in the Near East.

THE CITY OF REVOLT

On March 16, 1919, Constantinople had been occupied by British, French, and Italian forces, in order to keep order in a city seething with revolt and conspiracy. The government was still nominally under a Sultan who was also Caliph of the Moslem world, and his Prime Minister was a man named Feris Pasha, who behaved obsequiously to the Allied representatives and secretly sent money and intelligence to that general named Mustapha Kemal Pasha—his name was better known now—one of the defenders of Gallipoli and the leader of all the Nationalist Turks gathering under his standard in Anatolia. He utterly refused to abide by the terms of the treaty arranged in Paris, and called for volunteers to fight with him against the Greek army behind Smyrna. Every patriotic Turk was in sympathy with him, openly or secretly. Strange as it seems, almost every Englishman I met at the time in that part of the world was also hostile to Greek ambitions and strongly pro-Turk. "The Turk is a gentleman," said British officers who ignored or forgot the Armenian massacres. "Mustapha Kemal is a great soldier and playing a chivalrous game."

That was their private opinion. Officially they "lagged" Mustapha Kemal's agents, endeavored to stop boats smuggling arms across the Bosphorus, and obeyed orders from the British Government to protect the lives of Greeks in Constantinople.

That was a strange city at the time, like some fantastic pantomime of history, with tragedy lurking at the wings. Here were the Russian refugees coming across the Black Sea after the successive waves of defeat under Denikin and Wrangel. Russia was to have had this city on the Golden Horn. All it had now was a sanctuary of starvation. Up in Pera, the European quarter, were wretched Armenians who had escaped

somehow from the annihilation of their race, not yet completed, but almost, when in January, 1920, the Turks attacked French troops in Cilicia and compelled them to retire from Marash, leaving fifty thousand Armenians to the mercy of their enemy, who was not merciful.

Greek women in Constantinople sold their love to the officers of the international forces. Young Turks used some of them as spies. In the Bosphorus lay a British Fleet, and the naval officers gave dances in the *Lion*, lit like a fairy palace at night, as I saw from the roof of a Turkish house one evening when there was a crescent moon in a pale sky and a Turkish *muezzin* came out on the turret of a minaret in the garden below and called his long wailing prayers into the silence. *Allahu akhbar!* . . . American sailors came ashore each evening, invading the little drinking-dens and dance-halls and getting very drunk very rapidly on filthy alcohol sold to them by Greeks and Jews, and then offering battle to any British Jack Tars who crossed their path—a challenge invariably accepted. Now and again a European was stabbed in the back by a Turk in one of the dark alleys between Pera and the Galata Bridge, or a careless sailor was robbed while a black-eyed lady called to him through the iron grille of a high window. When there was any little trouble of this kind the military police of three nations took counsel and the magnificent Italian policemen in cocked hats and tail coats and white gloves condescended to make an arrest if their little French colleagues and their British associates were entirely agreeable. I was warned not to wander alone in Stamboul across the Galata Bridge, but there was no outbreak of violence against the British there, and the only sign of hostility I saw was when old Turks, washing their hands and feet at the fountains outside the mosques, according to Moslem custom, or smoking narghiles in the open squares, spat as the shadow of a Christian obscured their sunlight for a moment.

Underneath this outward peacefulness, this medley of many races, this night life in Pera, was a conspiracy, perfectly well known to our intelligence officers, which was supporting the forces of Mustapha Kemal with money, ammunition, and recruits, and preparing to resist the Peace Treaty which the Allies had decided to impose upon the Turkish race.

VENIZELOS IN ATHENS

On May 15, 1920, Venizelos announced the terms of the Treaty of Sèvres, as it was called, in Athens. President Wilson and his colleagues had given this Greek patriot all that he had hoped for in his visions of Empire. His people would be a great nation again, with much of their old heritage restored. It was by his spirit, his will power, his far-seeing wisdom, that these things had come about, with the aid of peasant soldiers who had been long under arms, and who had already fought in the Balkan Wars of 1912, as a prelude to the World War in which their king had hesitated between one side and the other. Constantine had been expelled by the French when Venizelos had come into power whole-heartedly on their side. Now his son Alexander had been put on the throne by the Greek statesman who acted as his guardian and schoolmaster, with the real power in his own hands, but with no personal ambition or arrogance, I truly believe. I saw both of them one day in Athens at this time. There was some kind of national celebration taking place in the Stadium, where a hundred thousand people, or so, had assembled on the white marble seats, gleaming in the golden sunlight below the blue sky, where three thousand years before, in this same place, the Greek athletes had run their races and wrestled and thrown the discus for a crown of wild olives. Now again Greek boys from the gymnasia of Athens were throwing the discus, and their young bodies with brown legs and arms took the same attitudes, used the same gestures, made the same springlike

coil before they threw the heavy disk of metal, which are perpetuated in Greek sculpture. Then Venizelos came, that sturdy, bearded man, with a fine, simple dignity, I thought, and by his side a dark, slim, nervous young man who was the King. I expected to hear a great storm of cheers for Venizelos, the statesman hero, but there were no cheers, and it seemed to me that there was a strangely cold indifference to his presence. What did that mean? Why this lack of enthusiasm?

I saw King Alexander only once. That slim, dark, nervous young man who had stood silently by the side of Venizelos, disappeared from the sunshine of life not long afterward. He was walking in his royal gardens—in which I used to sit and watch the beauty of Athens, the white ruins of the Acropolis, the wooded heights of Mount Hymettus where Homer heard the hum of bees—when he was attacked by a monkey which had been teased by his dog. This monkey bite seemed trivial at first, but there was poison in it and it killed him, and changed the destiny of Greece. Venizelos asked for a vote of the Greek people as to a successor to the throne, and by a great majority they recalled Constantine, hated by the French, who regarded him as deeply pro-German, and distrusted by all the Allies.

THE RETURN OF CONSTANTINE

It was a severe blow to Venizelos—it was, indeed, black ingratitude for all his service—and he left Greece in a boat for Italy when Constantine returned and without delay ruthlessly expelled all the Venizelists, putting in his own crowd of politicians and officials.

From that moment Greece lost the sympathy and support of the Allies, except in the case of Lloyd George, who was still loyal to his generous belief in a Greek renaissance, and who still relied upon the Greek armies to enforce the peace terms upon the Turks, whom he detested as the murderers of the

Armenians and as a baleful race. The French were furious. During the early years of the war their propaganda against Constantine had been fierce. When they had landed in Athens their troops had been fired on "out of the blue," as it were. They would never tolerate him on the throne of Greece. In any case they were anxious to come to terms with the Turks, whom they much preferred to the Greeks. They had made a nasty mess of things in Cilicia. In Syria they were having great trouble with the Arabs—instigated against them by the English, as they firmly believed, and as they still believe, and as they will always believe, though it was utterly untrue—they had had to bombard the city of Damascus, destroying its oldest quarter because of an insurrection of rebel Arabs—which spoiled their pleasant fairy tale of Syrian love for France—written a thousand times in French newspapers.

Partant pour la Syrie,
Le beau et brave Dunois——

It was a pity the old legend of chivalry had been blown up by high explosives and bombs dropped from French airplanes upon Arab women and children, as afterward Arab villages were bombed by British aviators in Mesopotamia because Arab tribes did not regard them as liberators—after a war fought, people said, for liberty and the independence of peoples. That, however, is a painful parenthesis, and its only use is to explain a division of views, a sharp difference of policy, that began to draw France away from Great Britain in this part of the world.

The new Greek Government under Constantine was even more Imperialistic than Venizelos, and Gounaris, the new Prime Minister, came to London to beg for financial support from Great Britain. He was received with cold courtesy by Lord Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, although Lloyd George, the head of the Coalition Government in England, was still enthusiastic in his belief that the Greek army would make

short work of the Turk. His personal opinions—perhaps exaggerated and twisted—were published in Greek newspapers, which did not report that most of his advisers, and public opinion generally in England, did not share his views and were either indifferent to Greek ambitions or distinctly pro-Turk. The Greek people relied on Lloyd George, the great English statesman who had done so much to win the war. He surely would come to their aid. With England at their side, there was nothing to fear. So people talked to me in Athens and Smyrna, and I did not undeceive them, not knowing the secrets of Downing Street.

In Smyrna there were gay scenes. Greek officers paraded up and down with pretty girls. Bands played stirring march tunes. Carriages drove by with more Greek officers, to whom ladies flung bouquets as they passed. The Armenian quarter, with marble-fronted houses, fluttered with flags. Even the Turkish women put on their best silken frocks, though they kept veiled and went apart from the crowds of Christians. There was a great chaffering in the bazaars, and I heard laughter and singing through open windows. A Greek lieutenant invited me to his house, and his wife sang songs to me, and his children kissed my hands. He was a gay fellow, that Greek lieutenant. He told me that there was to be an attack on the Turkish lines. They would break through them like brown paper. It was an opinion held by the Greek Commander-in-Chief, a heavy, stout man, with enormous gold epaulettes, who received me at his headquarters, while outside his windows a Greek military band played selections from Gilbert and Sullivan.

"When we attack," he said, "it will be a parade march! The Turks will retreat in disorder. Tell Mr. Lloyd George that we are in high spirit. We trust to the friendship of England, but we are sure of our own strength. All we need is financial and political loyalty."

According to Winston Churchill, this war—after the declaration of world peace—was costing the Greeks a quarter of a million pounds each week. As my friend at Burnabat had asked, "Who will pay?"

ATTACK AND RETREAT

Constantine, and Gounaris his Minister, sent out reinforcements to the army in Asia Minor, and on July 9, 1921, they began a big attack on the Turkish lines. On each side there were about 70,000 infantry, and the Turks had three divisions of cavalry. After heavy fighting the Greeks caused the Turks to retreat on their left wing at Afium and Karahissar, and they pressed this success by capturing the railway to Brusa and consolidating their positions. History will pay a tribute to the spirit and endurance of those Greek soldiers who disproved the slanderous contempt of other nations and showed extraordinary courage and discipline at a time when other armies had demobilized after the long strain of war and refused to fight for any cause whatever.

But they were exhausted by the beginning of September, and came to a dead halt, while Mustapha Kemal, behind his own line, knew that time was on his side, because the financial resources of Greece were getting exhausted, and they were losing the interest and support of former friends as the months passed by. England was getting involved in troubles at home—Ireland, unemployment, financial anxiety—and the *entente* between England and France was becoming strained, owing to divergent views, growing farther and farther apart, regarding German reparations and the general policy of peace in Europe. The Turkish nationalists, seeing the war-weariness of the victorious nations, believed that Greece would be left alone for them to deal with, when they were ready for the *coup de grâce*, and they had good reasons for their judgment.

Months passed, and in the Greek lines there was a scarcity

of food and comforts. These men had been under arms too long. For years now they had been cut off from their families and farms. Was it never going to end? So they must have asked themselves, though no words ever came from them to the ears of other nations. No one bothered about them in England or France. There were no war correspondents to describe their sufferings or their endurance. They were forgotten outside Foreign Offices and War Offices, where now and again some one asked: "What about Greece? How long is that situation going to hold?"

It held until August, 1922. The Greek Government had transferred two divisions from the front in Asia Minor to Thrace, with the idea of occupying Constantinople if the Great Powers did not object too violently. Mustapha Kemal was aware of this move, which weakened the lines in front of him. He had strengthened his army by French help. Under the rose they had sold him guns, rifles, and ammunition, although officially the French Government was acting with the British and their troops were together in Constantinople.

On August 26th the Turkish leader struck his blow and broke through the Greek front southwest of Karahissar. The Greeks retreated in disorder, which reached the panic stage after the first few days. They abandoned their guns, many of them, flung away their rifles, and fled to the coast in disorderly groups.

THE BURNING OF SMYRNA

As soon as the news of their disaster reached the civilian population, they joined the flight, leaving their homes and farmsteads in terror, knowing of old that the Turk who is "such a gentleman" in times of peace is merciless in the hour of victory over his enemies. Smyrna became a harbor of despair. Its narrow streets were choked with Greek soldiers, Greek peasants, women, and children. The Armenians came out of

their marble-fronted houses, weeping and shrieking. The Jews came trembling out of the bazaars and raised their hands to God. In a little while the Turks would be there. They remembered something that had happened when the Greek army had disembarked. It was written in letters of blood.

Outside, facing the front, were some British and American battleships and a crowd of craft. Surely the friends of Greece —England and France—would save Smyrna from massacre? Lloyd George would send orders, even now. The Americans, so noble in their sentiments, would not allow a defenseless population to be murdered by these oncoming Turks. The marines would come on shore and hold the town.

On the quaysides the panic-stricken crowds struggled to get on any boat that would take them away from Smyrna. They abandoned their chests and bundles. Families became separated, husbands from wives, mothers from children. Forty thousand of them got away before the first lines of Turkish cavalry entered the city. Fifty thousand of them could not get away.

No word of rescue came. No orders were received by the British battleships to open fire on the Turks or to send landing parties to protect the Christian population. Naval officers, staring through their glasses, heard a wail from thousands of voices which came out to sea like the despair of lost souls to freeze the blood of simple naval men who had liked those people in Smyrna, and had danced with some of their girls, and had taken many a drink at the Grand Hotel Splendid Palace. There were Turkish soldiers among them now, rounding them up. Presently flames rose from the Armenian quarter and a veil of smoke spread across the whole front. When darkness fell, the flames rose like torches. The Grand Hotel Splendid Palace was a smoldering ruin. The marble-fronted houses were gutted by fire, and in the distance, across the strip of sea, there was the sound of shots and screaming. The Greek tragedy was happening, and there was not one friend of Greece

to lift a little finger to prevent it. The smoke hid the horror of it, for a little while.

A shudder went through the world at those screams from Smyrna, and then, for most people, there were other things to think about, closer at home, and more personal in anxiety. There were two million unemployed in England. Germany was staggering toward financial ruin. France was threatening to enter the Ruhr to get a strangle hold on German industry. Italy was in the throes of a political revolution. What did Greece matter?

THE MENACE OF THE TURKS

The Supreme War Council of the Allied Powers, still acting together in moments of crisis and keeping up a façade of unity before the world, knew that Greece mattered a good deal, and that Turkey mattered more, when Mustapha Kemal sent some of his Turkish forces, flushed with victory, toward the Ismid peninsula, the bridge to Constantinople, and others toward Chanak, overlooking the Dardanelles and commanding the entrance to the straits if guns were there. In Constantinople already there was the beginning of a panic. Those Russian refugees knew that this sanctuary was no longer safe. Greeks and Armenians and Jews tried to let their lodgings. The Turks grinned and cocked their fezes. Kurdish boatmen demanded excessive *baksheesh* across the Golden Horn.

The officer commanding the British troops in Constantinople was General Sir Charles Harington, known to his friends as "Tim." He had been chief of staff to General Plumer in France and Flanders. Many a time I had sat in his headquarters at Cassel on the hill, which looked away to the Ypres salient, on days before great battles, with the wind and the rain slashing on to a glass roof, while he spread his maps on a deal table and showed us his dispositions of men and guns, and revealed his plan of attack in great detail, with masterly sim-

plicity, with real genius for staff work, with unshaken nerve and judgment, though hundreds of thousands of men lay in the mud away there beyond the Menin Gate, depending for their lives upon his orders. Thousands of them were to die next day, or to be wounded and blinded in this battle. More would have died but for his attention to detail and his technique of war. He knew his job.

Now he had a different job, and very tricky. How was he going to defend Constantinople with inadequate forces, and keep those Turks back from the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles? Could he rely on the French? . . . Or the Italians?

A neutral zone round Constantinople had been declared by the British, French, and Italian authorities, including a line on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. To protect this, Sir Charles Harington ordered General Marden under his command to prepare a defensive position round Chanak on a four-mile front, to be strongly wired. Orders came from the British War Office to hold this position at all costs, and the British Mediterranean Fleet with cruisers and flotillas arrived to defend the approach to Constantinople by naval gun-fire. But Harington had only six battalions at his disposal for any battle that he might have to fight.

In Athens there had been a revolution after the news of Smyrna, and Constantine had fled, leaving his Minister, Gounaris, to be shot as a victim. But even now the new Greek Government decided to defend Eastern Thrace and refused to surrender that last hope.

It was this situation which had to be faced by Lloyd George, still Prime Minister of England, who was horrified by the downfall of Greece—they had been grateful for his encouragement—and by the menace of Turkey to the whole treaty of peace which was to have been imposed upon them. Winston Churchill had warned him. He could say, "I told you so!" Those words of his had come true: "We shall have neither a

Turkish peace nor a Greek army." But now Churchill, his War Minister, did not say, "I told you so." He said, "What are we going to do about it?"

THE DAMP TORCH

The memory of Gallipoli still burned in Churchill's brain. It was his scheme, and not his fault, that it had failed. Were the Turks going to thwart him again? Could he allow them to defy the victors of a World War—this little irregular army of Moslems against the power and pride of Great Britain and France? That must have been like wormwood to a man of his temper. Lloyd George thought more, perhaps, of those Greeks who had believed in him. Even now, though nothing could undo the horror of Smyrna, he could defend the Cross against the Crescent. Surely the British peoples at home and overseas would not lie down before a horde of Turkish irregulars? The Australians and New Zealanders had fought at Gallipoli with British troops. They had marched into Jerusalem with Allenby. They had seen the minarets of Bagdad. Would they remain unmoved by the coming back of the Turk, or his defiance of their victories?

One can understand the impulse, not ignoble, not with any lust for war, which inspired Lloyd George and Winston Churchill to send an appeal to the Dominions, asking whether they would associate themselves with British action to insure a stable peace with Turkey, and whether they would send contingents of troops for that purpose.

The news that such letters had been sent reached the British public at home and caused a storm of indignation and protest, not confined to any political party. It was sounding the tocsin for a new war, and England would have none of it. Her streets were crowded with unemployed men who had fought in that other war. Her hospitals were crammed with mutilated men and blinded men and shell-shocked men. The promises of a

good peace—each individual soul had had his own hopes of peace, all different and all falsified—had been broken and betrayed. France wanted to stride over the corpse of Germany, whose life was necessary to England as a customer, and who now, anyhow, had justice on her side against injustice.

Everything had gone wrong. Europe itself was on the edge of ruin, due not a little to those who had made a damnable peace in Paris, a disgusting kind of peace, leaving a hundred causes of hostility, a widespread bitterness, worse than the state of things before the war—indeed, a thousand times worse, because of all this misery. Was it now, at such a time, that Lloyd George and Churchill—Churchill the firebrand, the Churchill of counter-revolution in Russia—should dare to raise the fiery torch and light the flames of war again? Good God, no! Such men ought to be hanged!

I heard such talk. I think I may have talked like that myself. Our nerves were on edge. The very idea of a new war was enough to make one vomit. And this tragedy that had happened to Greece had been foreseen. Lloyd George had been warned by many Generals, by his own Foreign Office, by special correspondents in many newspapers. He had had time to use his influence in Greece against overweening ambitions. Once he had had the power to impose decisions. He had been spellbound by Venizelos and by a dark mysterious figure named Basil Zaharoff, moving behind the scenes. Were more young men of England and Scotland and the far Dominions to be sacrificed for the infernal stupidities of statesmen? So we talked, not without justification and moral indignation.

And yet over there, in Constantinople, our honor was involved, and the lives of people who had placed themselves under our protection, and the whole pride and prestige of Great Britain in the Near East—and in the Far East. No moral indignation would stop the Turks on their way to Chanak and the Ismid peninsula.

The answers that came back from the Dominion governments were icy cold. But in New Zealand and Australia volunteers were leaving their farms for this new adventure.

THE AFFAIR AT CHANAK

A strange, noisy, genial, talkative, and rumbustious character now comes upon the scene. It was a French politician named Franklin-Bouillon, whom I knew in Paris. In the *coulisses* of the Chamber of Deputies the other members laughed at him good-naturedly. He made such a row! He talked such hot air, as rapidly in English as in French. He put out fantastic ideas with boisterous eloquence. He was always bursting out like a volcano in eruption. Heaven knows why he became an unofficial ambassador of France at this time with Mustapha Kemal and the Turkish race. Probably he happened to be on the spot and convinced the Turks that he spoke for France because of his vehemence and self-confidence. To some extent he did stand for French opinion. They preferred the Turks to the Greeks, as he did. They were very willing to sell guns, stores, ammunition, and any old thing to the Turkish forces, and he arranged this profitable transaction and made a treaty of friendship with the Turkish leaders which was not formally sanctioned by his government, but had their sympathy. He played a very important part at this time, and it was not favorable to England, whose language he spoke so fluently. It was due not a little to him that France deserted us in the face of the enemy, after all our comradeship in the Great War.

It happened at Chanak. Turks appeared in the neighborhood of General Marden's barbed wire. Presently two thousand of them were roving round the wire, grinning at English Tommies, asking for cigarettes, making friendly gestures across their throats, as a promise of what would happen, or spitting as a sign of genial contempt. "The situation becomes impossible," reported the general. And at that time when this small

British force was preparing to fight—the touch of a trigger would have begun the bloodshed—the French Government sent orders for the withdrawal of their own troops who stood next to us on that narrow front. They marched away with the Italian contingent, not proud of themselves, when British Tommies jeered at them and called them names which weren't nice. It was not comradely, to say the least of it. It was unchivalrous.

The attack never happened. Mustapha Kemal hesitated to force a war with Great Britain again. And General Harington, with an ultimatum in his pocket from the British Government, never used that bit of paper which would have been followed by a roar of naval guns and the chatter of machine-gun fire. He became a statesman instead of a soldier. He invited the Turks to a conference at Mudania on the Sea of Marmora, and they came. After prolonged discussions during which the negotiations were on the point of rupture many times, an armistice was arranged and in September of 1922, by the Treaty of Lausanne, peace with Turkey was at last arranged.

It was not in the same terms as the Treaty of Sèvres which the victorious Powers in the Great War had desired to impose upon a beaten race. There were concessions which revealed no spirit of dictatorship. On the contrary, the Western Powers abandoned the Capitulations by which for many centuries they had protected their traders and the Christian population in Constantinople from Turkish oppression, and they agreed to the deportation of Greek and Bulgarian communities—covered by the euphemistic name of "exchange of populations"—from all territories under Turkish rule, which included Asia Minor and the whole of Thrace up to the river Maritaza (where once, as I remember, in 1912, I stood on a bridge with King Ferdinand of Bulgaria—old "Foxy Ferdinand"—when a Turkish army had retreated before his troops) on the western side of Adrianople.

Constantinople was theirs again, and San Sofia was still a Turkish mosque, as it had been for five hundred years, since the Sultan Mohammed rode his horse into its gloom over the bodies of its Christian defenders, leaned down over his saddle to dabble his hand in the blood of one of them, and rising in his stirrups, made a scarlet imprint on the wall as his sign of conquest, carved into the stone thereafter and used as the sign manual of all other Sultans upon every Turkish stamp.

On their side the Turkish leaders agreed to acknowledge the mandatory rights—most blessed word!—of Great Britain and France over the Arab countries of Palestine, Mesopotamia and Syria.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha had no further use for Sultans, and the last of the long line had left under the protection of the British before the Turkish troops took possession of Constantinople. The military leader of the Turkish nationalists and his associates established a revolution in their own race by a series of orders which smashed all their old traditions and the ancient customs of their faith. The women were unveiled, and never again, unless they lapse, shall I or anyone see them flitting through Stamboul with only their dark eyes glowing or with silken hoods over their heads as they sat in public gardens listening to French bands and tapping their high-heeled shoes. The mystery of the Turkish women reading French novels behind the lattice of their harems, as Pierre Loti wrote of them, no longer exists. They are Westernized. And the men were ordered to take off the fez—which they wore so that they might touch the earth with their foreheads in reverence to Allah—under pain of losing the head below it. Now they wear cloth caps like a Manchester football crowd. Their ancient script has gone, and Roman letters are taught in Turkish schools. There is a casino up the Bosphorus where rich Turks play for high stakes, as one of the blessings of Western civilization. But Constantinople itself has lost its place

as the capital of the new Turkey, and Angora is now being made into a modern town as the seat of government, though its sanitation is not yet completed and the reek of its old squalor, I am told—for I have never been there—still hangs about.

THE EXCHANGE OF POPULATIONS

That exchange of populations which was one of the conditions of the peace treaty was a dreadful episode in modern history, adding one more chapter of human agony to the long martyrdom of helpless peoples who get caught in the wheels of war's destroying chariot.

It happened in 1923 when nearly a million and a half Greeks and Bulgarians were forced to leave their homes in Turkish territory and take refuge among their own people. 615,000 Greek townsfolk from Smyrna, Constantinople, Adrianople, and other cities, and 550,000 peasants and farmers, invaded the mainland of Greece, where there were no means at that time of providing them with shelter or the decent necessities of life. I saw some of these refugee camps round Athens, at Phaleron and the Piræus. The people in them were of the old Greek stock. Their ancestors for three thousand years had dwelt in Ionia, which is now Turkish Asia Minor. Out of their blood and genius had come the fine flower of civilization in the dawn of history, and through all the time afterward their rural folk had preserved the physique and quality which make good farmers and soldiers. Their children were beautiful. Now these people of great ancestry were beggared, homeless, hungry, and diseased. They were herded together like cattle. Families were separated by only a ragged blanket. There was no sanitation, no decency, no shelter from wind and rain or burning sun. From the mosquito-ridden marshes they were attacked by malaria, and their death rate was higher than their birth rate. Greece, after war and revolution, was aghast at

this invasion of kinsfolk. What could they do with more than a million of them? How could they feed them, house them, find them work, clothes, schools, hospitals, and all other things?

It was the League of Nations which came to the rescue, aided by societies like the "Save the Children" Fund and the Red Cross, which raised little lamps of charity above the darkness of this time. An international loan was raised by the League and administered by a Commission under its authority. The Greeks themselves coöperated with a tireless zeal and gifts of organization which deserve the admiration of the world and utterly disprove all accusations against them of being a degenerate race. A Commission with an American chairman and three other members, of whom two were Greek and one British, have worked from that year of invasion to the present time at the task of providing houses and land settlements for the refugees who had experience of agriculture. The people of the cities were an even more difficult problem, and even now Athens is filled with young Greeks who have no settled avocation but pick up some kind of a living by blacking the boots of tourists or selling trinkets to the boats which put into Phaleron, or picture post-cards to cursory visitors to the Acropolis. Yet by degrees, year after year, the mass of human misery has been lessened and the area of hope and comfort and decent chance of livelihood has been widened. Many of the refugees from Smyrna were skilled craftsmen and craftswomen, and they have reëstablished their carpet factories in Athens, and set up their silk looms, and crowded into the cigarette industry, and in a thousand ways, demanding skill of hand and eye, have found some kind of profitable labor which is increasing the wealth and strength of Greece. Many of them have turned to the sea as fishermen and boatmen, and others, formerly town-dwelling folk, as merchants and traders,

have gone back to the land, where now they are sure of food and shelter if they are not afraid of toil.

The first effort of the Relief Commission was to check the ravages of malaria by distributing quinine in vast quantities to fever-stricken folk, and by building and equipping nearly sixty hospitals in Macedonia, and then by a great scheme of drainage and irrigation of the marsh lands and the lakes, for which the government has made contracts with foreign firms. They set up twelve model farms for the training of colonists, and parceled out the land into ten-acre plots, with a house for each family, an ox and a plough between two farms, a cart between four farms, and seed for all of them. Stud farms have been established for breeding horses, pigs, and cattle. New crops, such as the soya bean, have been introduced to the old soil of Greece with admirable results. No such organization and help would have availed, unless the refugees themselves had had the spirit to rise above despair, or the moral qualities of industry and of discipline, but these Greeks have played up to the chance that was given them after the betrayal of their race by malign fate, and out of the depths of disaster they have raised themselves, with friendly aid, to solid ground, with the promise of a fair harvest in the years to come. It is hard to kill the spirit of a brave people.

CHAPTER VIII

THE FASCIST RÉGIME

THE Italians were furiously disappointed by the terms of peace. We have seen how their representatives, Orlando and Sonnino, regarded themselves as slighted and humiliated by President Wilson. It was natural that they should express this bitterness to their people, and for months the Italian press raged against the Peace Conference which had denied their "legitimate aspirations."

This intensive propaganda had a disastrous effect, not intended by its authors, upon home-coming soldiers and the civil population. They were led to believe that they had been betrayed not only by the Allies, but by their own statesmen. It deepened the conviction, already profound among great numbers of men who had suffered at the front, that the war had been fought in vain, in Italy's case, and that they were the victims of their "Old Men" who had plunged them into it. The Socialist party, still strongest in voting power, returned to their original policy of pacifism which they had advocated before the war, and intensified this sense of bitterness against those who had led the war spirit and had failed to fulfill the exaggerated promises made to the men who fought. Others, inflamed by Imperialistic ideas, and not touched by war weariness—generals and high-spirited young and old fellows who had been behind the lines—were enraged by what they thought was the humiliation of Italy after her service and sacrifice.

THE SPIRIT OF ANARCHY

Throughout Italy at this time there was a revolutionary discontent, vague and uncertain in its purpose, contradictory, and

with a thousand cross-currents. Ex-service men and many maimed and blinded men were long in getting their pensions, and in many cases could not find employment, while the price of food was rising. They stared at prosperous-looking people passing by in motor-cars and spat and said, "*Pescicani*" ("sharks"), or as we should say, "War profiteers." At the end of the war military tribunals were set up to try poor devils who had deserted in the retreat from Caporetto. Enormous numbers of men were tried, sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, and in some cases shot. In the country districts thousands of men were in hiding. Such a state of things was an education in anarchy and exasperation and despair. It did not need Russian agents to put the dream of Communism—"the Dictatorship of the Proletariat"—into the heads of Italians who before the war had been Socialists and extreme radicals. They scrawled the name of Lenin on many walls in Rome and other cities, as I saw a thousand times. There were land raids by ex-service men who seized fields belonging to rich landowners. In July of 1919 there were food riots in many towns, owing to rising prices and the inflation of paper money. In Venice I remember sitting in the Hotel Danieli, which has iron grilles before its windows overlooking the quayside of the Grand Canal. While rich people were dining in the restaurant, which was once part of a Doge's palace, crowds of hungry men and women used to thrust their faces through the bars and call out evil names; and once a stone came crashing through the glass.

THE LURE OF FIUME

The Government was uneasy and impotent. Signor Nitti, one of the old Liberals, who had been Finance Minister in Orlando's Cabinet in 1918, became Premier from June, 1919, to June, 1920, and, afraid of revolution, made concessions to the disorderly elements, or at least failed to suppress them. In

Rome at night when I went for a walk, small bodies of Carabinieri and Alpini in their gray cloaks used to appear suddenly through dark archways, as though trouble were brewing and darkness were dangerous. In the daytime, in the hot sunlight under the blue Italian sky outside the cafés in Rome and Florence and Milan, officers would pace up and down, talking, talking; and one word was repeated by them in a kind of chant in every sentence: *Fiume! . . . Fiume! . . . Fiume!* Every newspaper as it came hot from the press had this word in its headlines in black letters: *Fiume! . . . Fiume!* It seemed as though the soul of Italy hungered for that port on the Adriatic, though in the little dark alleys up by the Borgo in Rome and in many walled towns perched on Italian hills men and women were hungry for bread, or embittered for other reasons closer to their hearths.

It was in September of 1919 that D'Annunzio, the poet, an elderly bald-headed man of revolting ugliness, enormous vanity, and passionate patriotism, gathered round him a body of ex-soldiers, chartered a boat, and occupied the city of Fiume as a *fait accompli*, whatever the Allies might say about it. Then from an old palace in that port he poured out millions of flaming words to the Italian people, reproduced in their newspapers and stirring them to wild emotion, so that once again one heard that name as a sing-song through every crowd: *Fiume! Fiume!*

Nitti, the Prime Minister, deprecated this act and after some months compelled the surrender of D'Annunzio, and from that time he was marked down by the leaders of an exalted nationalism.

"Those who excite the minds of their fellows," he said in the Chamber, "betray the country's interests. Italy must prove to the outside world that she deserves the confidence which she needs. A policy of adventure would plunge us in want and

anarchy. The workmen and peasants must hold back the adventurous."

POLITICAL CHAOS

But the workmen and peasants were out for adventure themselves. The peasants wanted more land and less taxes. The workmen listened to revolutionary leaders and comrades who, in complete ignorance of what was happening in Russia, believed that Lenin and his fellow Communists were creating a new heaven on earth for laboring-folk. It is probable that Russian agents were at work in Italy as elsewhere. That phrase, "the Dictatorship of the Proletariat," was translated into Italian with other catch-words like "Workmen must seize the means of production"; "Capital is the enemy of Labor." Without any alien propaganda Italy was seething with revolutionary ideas, hatred of the "Old Men" who still pretended to rule, disgust at the aftermath of war, and moral anarchy. In the Hotel Bristol at Rome, with a mid-Victorian atmosphere, the hall porter stuck the stamps on my letters upside down and, as he banged them with his fist on the King's head, said, *"Sporca! sporca!"* which means "dirty." Wherever three Italians met they talked rebellion, but they were all in revolt against different things, and had no settled convictions except that everything was wrong.

The moderate Socialists under Turati and others played a party game of obstruction in the Italian Chamber, in which they held a preponderant vote over other parties. They refused to coöperate with the Liberals to form a stable Government. They had an extreme wing on their left, playing with the idea of Communism and inciting the workers to "direct action" in the way of strikes, which became more and more frequent, partly as a protest against rising food prices and low wages, partly as political demonstrations. They were sectional and spasmodic, the railway men being the most restless, or at any

rate the most exasperating, because their sudden cessations of service held up trains and were a general nuisance.

Tourists and travelers in Italy at that time would have all their bags ready for immediate departure from a hotel, after the usual study of time-tables, only to be informed at the last moment by the hall porter, who had just received a message over the telephone, that there would be no connection to Venice or Bologna or other stations, owing to another strike somewhere up the line. It meant unpacking again and a wait of two days, or six days, or three weeks. You never could tell. "What a country!" exclaimed impatient Americans, outraged by this disarrangement of their plans. "These Italians are impossible!" complained Englishmen. "Better go and have lunch." Even at that time, and afterward when things were worse, it was always possible to get a good lunch anywhere in Italy if one happened to have the money. It was unfortunate that many Italians who had fought in the war did not have the money.

A new party arose at the beginning of 1919 and became strong in numbers at the next general election. It represented the middle-class mind in Italy, moderately conservative, in favor of democratic reform, Catholic in tradition, and hostile to disorder and Bolshevism. In economic policy it favored the enlightened "Encyclical" on Labor of Leo XIII, deeply sympathetic to the rights and interests of the working classes, whose poverty in Italy had been scandalous, but equally insistent upon the rights of property and wealth if used for the benefit of society. This new party in the state, under the distinguished leadership of Don Sturzo, called themselves the People's Party, or more colloquially the "Popolari." In the elections of November, 1919, they scored a hundred seats in the new Chamber, the Socialists having a hundred and fifty six and other groups, hopelessly divided, numbering two hundred and fifty. With the support of the "Popolari" Giolitti, the old

Liberal statesman, formed a Cabinet with Bonomi, a moderate Socialist, and other Ministers who, whatever party they were called, represented a conservative policy opposed to any revolutionary movement from the democratic side, and secretly in favor of repressive measures which they did not care to advocate publicly, in view of the seething discontent in the nation. Another important body of men, some of whom were in the Chamber, was the General Confederation of Labor, corresponding to the Trade Union Council in England, which played to the gallery of extremists but used its influence in the trade unions on the side of moderation and to check general violence of action which might lead to actual revolution.

THE COMING OF THE FASCISTS

There was one more party, not strongly represented in the Chamber, called the Fascisti, taking their name from the old Roman *fasces*, and wearing black shirts to distinguish them in the civil population. One of their leaders was a journalist named Benito Mussolini. They were for the most part recruited from the young men of Italy who believed that their country had been "betrayed" by the Allies, who applauded D'Annunzio for his romantic capture of Fiume, and believed in "direct action," however violent, in order to restore the pride and prestige of Italy and to wreak their vengeance upon old-fashioned politicians and statesmen who had made a mess of things. At this time, like their leader, they were anti-monarchical and revolutionary, but Imperialistic and strong believers in the "sacred egoism" of nationality. They were, I believe, the intellectual children of a friend of mine named Marinetti who, before the war, had invented a new philosophy called "Futurism," responsible for many amusing atrocities in art and literature which expressed in an exaggerated form a break-away from old traditions, the "divine right" of youth to do what it likes, and for Italy, the sacred necessity (like

that sacred egoism) of brutality, efficiency, industrialization, and mechanization which would put up factory chimneys instead of *campanili*, and turn a tourist's paradise of past glories into a modern, prosperous, and thriving hell. Some of those ideas certainly had influenced Mussolini, the journalist, though they were changed and developed and given a new incentive by the war and its aftermath. In 1919 the Fascists were not in great numbers and their power was not yet triumphant. Their first public demonstration was in the Scala Theatre of Milan, when a group of them howled down an ex-Minister named Bissolati who wished to surrender the claim to the Dalmatian coast belonging to the new State of Jugo-Slavia in return for Fiume. Mussolini, who led this opposition, broke with some of his own followers recruited from Socialist ranks who were hostile to a warlike policy. Like most other groups, they were divided in their ideals.

REVOLT OF LABOR

The social and economic state of Italy became worse in 1920, and the Government was weak. Strikes continued in the public services, railways, and factories. Communists committed outrages by bomb-throwing and murders, for which reprisals were taken by young Italians, then or afterward the local leaders of the Fascists. In spite of much conflicting evidence there is no doubt that the forces of revolution were gaining ground, and there was a shock to all the conservative and moderate elements in the nation when in September of 1920 great numbers of industrial workers took possession of the factories and claimed the right of labor to the means of production. Still the Government did nothing. No troops were set to expel the workers. There was some fear that the Army might go over to their side. The factory owners and officials did nothing, feeling themselves powerless. And the workers themselves did nothing, not having the expert knowledge to

run the industries, knowing nothing about marketing, unable to buy the raw material. Common sense in the Italian mind triumphed over revolutionary fervor, and after some weeks the men relinquished the factories and signed on in the ordinary way, reserving the strike weapon for future use.

That episode was the turning of the tide. The majority of people in Italy, of all parties and all classes except the Communists and anarchists, were thoroughly tired of all this disorder and interference with normal life. Everybody was being ruined. The peasants could not get their goods to market. The middle classes were exasperated. The wealthy and aristocratic classes were afraid of Bolshevism and the fate of their own kind in Russia. The Church saw the approach of Antichrist and the destruction of social order. The young men of the Fascist type, eager for action instead of talk, decided that the best adventure was to "beat up" the Reds, although many of them had been touched with that color themselves until this tide of reaction set in. Generals and ex-officers who had been forming "White Guards" to defend the State, gave their support to the Fascists, who were now increasing in numbers and declaring war on Bolshevism. The Government failed to act with any power. Some other leadership was wanted, and action instead of words. It was Mussolini who was called to be the "Man of Destiny."

THE ARRIVAL OF MUSSOLINI

There is still something mysterious in his rise to supreme power and in his intellectual development, as there is something always mysterious in genius, and the working of the human mind, and the chance that is seized by a man of courage who bides his time and is carried high on some tide of passion not created by himself, perhaps contrary to his secret impulses, too strong to resist, though within his power to direct.

Before the war Mussolini, as a journalist, was a revolutionary

Socialist with leanings toward anarchy. When the war broke out he was editor of the Socialist paper *Avanti*, and for some weeks opposed the "bourgeois war," as he called it, advising the workers to await their opportunity of overthrowing a capitalist society which would be weakened by that event. Then suddenly he changed his views and started a new paper called *Il Popolo d'Italia*, urging intervention on the side of the Allies. He served for some time at the front, being wounded in bombing exercises, and then returned to his paper, still advocating that the war should lead to social revolution. After the war, he abandoned Socialism but identified himself with the revolutionary ardor of young men who despised the Government for their share in the peace terms, and believed in a strong Italy under the dominion of youth, who should dictate their own terms to the world, turn out their "Old Men," and rule the country for the benefit of themselves and the people. In their first manifestos they proclaimed their intention to establish a Republic, abolish all titles, confiscate unproductive capital, give the land to the peasants, put industry into the control of workers and expert syndicates, dissolve the banks, and suppress the stock exchange. There was but a thin line between that program and the Soviet system of Russia.

It is curious and interesting now to read Mussolini's speeches and to track his line of thought through the years that followed the war. He remained for a time deeply democratic in his instincts. He was sympathetic toward the food riots, and expressed his belief that a few food hogs hanging from the lamp-posts would be a good example to the nation.

When the first factory was occupied by the workers at the town of Dalmine in March, 1919, he addressed the men with praise for their experiment, which he thought would be "of great value in showing the potential capacity of the proletariat to manage the factories themselves." Even when the movement became general, Mussolini did not declare himself against the

industrialists. He was determined that the Fascist organization, still in its infancy, should not be used as a weapon for the protection of the "bourgeoisie." On April 6, 1920, he stated his belief in individualism, and the man who has now made a mystical religion of obedience to the State wrote in his paper: "I start from the individual and strike at the State. Down with the State in all its forms and incarnations. The State of yesterday, of today and of tomorrow. The bourgeois State and the Socialist State." But the tide of events ran rapidly, and the Fascist groups were recruited in every city by new members who hunted Bolshevism and were out for blood, or at least for bludgeoning anyone who declared himself to be a Communist or Socialist. Unfortunately, many who were not Communists or Socialists became hurt in the process.

THE REIGN OF VIOLENCE

Horrible things happened.

At Bologna many people were killed and wounded when a band of five hundred Fascists attacked the Town Hall where a Red Flag was flying after bombs had been hurled by a Communist fanatic. In many other cities there were outrages, reprisals, and counter-reprisals. The local Fascists, mostly youths of the middle class, attacked the Trade Union headquarters, beating the officials and sometimes killing them. They raided workingmen's clubs and smashed them up after assaulting their members. There were organized man hunts for any political leaders who had been identified with Communistic propaganda, and presently, as their strength increased, the Fascisti extended the range of their hostilities and included any political opponents outside their own organization, beating up "Popolari," Liberals, and Socialists with impartial vengeance. As always happens at such times, the local bullies were not too careful of strict justice or political faith, and trounced, maltreated, and sometimes killed any individual against whom

they had an ancient grudge or whose face they did not like. On the other side, criminals of a low type, neurasthenics, fanatics, or men embittered by poverty and injustice, struck back at these Fascist youths, kicked them to death down dark alleys, or flung bombs at them in public places. The passionate and bloody strife which Italy had known in the Middle Ages, between Neri and Bianchi, broke out afresh in a hundred cities between Fascists and Communists, and to a Fascist everyone was a Communist who did not approve of the Black Shirts. It was not a civil war. It was a series of raids and riots, with the Fascist bands always victorious and often extremely brutal, with the passion of Italian blood inflamed by political fury. Men were dragged out of bed and shot in the presence of their wives and children. Villages from which shots had been fired at Fascists hunting down their political enemies, received the vengeance of the Black Shirts, and old peasants, young boys, and men innocent of crime who happened to get in the way of "Flaming Youth" on the war-path, were shot, stabbed, or beaten to death.

Mussolini watched these events, and tried now and again to check this increasing violence. "Nests of cowardice are hidden within Fascism," he wrote in May, 1921. "Selfish elements, rapacious and rebellious against every aspiration toward national concord, have slipped into Fascism. Others have taken advantage of Fascist violence to satisfy paltry personal ambition." In August of that year he agreed to act with the Socialists and "Popolari" in a Pact of Conciliation to stop these national vendettas, and he actually resigned from the National executive when this agreement was repudiated by many branches of his own organization.

"Fascism," he wrote on August 7, 1921, "is no longer liberation, but tyranny, no longer the safeguard of the nation, but the upholding of private interests and of the most groveling and unenlightened classes existing in Italy."

He still proclaimed his belief in the Republican purpose of the Fascist faith, but later developed the argument that Fascism was above both monarchy and republic. His mind was trying to find some formula which would unite all the Fascist groups into a system which would not be directed against the lower classes with whom he was still in sympathy and would be more than a counter-revolution of the middle classes for the defense of their property and power. Although he approved of violence against the enemies of Fascism—hot and strong—he disliked the disorganized violence of local feuds or personal vengeance.

Gradually by his journalistic ability and personal magnetism, he directed the hostility of his followers against the Government, proclaiming that the Fascist organization should overthrow the existing State and that some new form of order was necessary to bring back discipline and unity. His chance came in the summer of 1922, when the Labor organizations in Italy declared a general strike as a protest against Fascist violence and, no doubt, as a trial of political strength. It failed miserably, but the Government was paralyzed by political groups who refused to coöperate. No Cabinet could be formed, and the King appointed a leader of one of the moderate groups, Signor Facta, to become Prime Minister without a majority, to carry on the government until the political crisis could be solved. It was more than a political crisis. It was a revolution. All over the country the Fascist *squadristi*, or squads, were mobilized. They occupied many cities, taking possession of the Town Halls and local governments. The Fascist headquarters sent an ultimatum to the government, giving them forty-eight hours to suppress the General Strike. "At the end of this period the Fascists will assume complete liberty of action and substitute themselves for the State, which will once more have given proof of its impotence."

THE MARCH ON ROME

There was a last-hour endeavor of the moderate elements in the Italian Chamber to form a Coalition Government. Don Sturzo, the leader of the Christian democrats or "Popolari," was willing to coöperate with the Moderate Socialists and Liberals. But it was too late. The March on Rome began on October 27th, and all over Italy the Fascists were taking possession of public buildings, government offices, telephones and telegraphs, railway stations, and police barracks.

The March on Rome was not so picturesque and romantic as its name implies. Most of the Fascists who assembled in or near the city arrived by train. Others came in lorries and motors. Provincial railway stations were crowded with Black Shirts, who traveled on free passes as far as the Eternal City, until about fifty thousand men had concentrated in its neighborhood. Signor Facta, the Prime Minister, was deeply alarmed and all the politicians who had opposed or supported him knew that the next few hours would decide the fate of Italy. They decided to proclaim martial law, in the hope that the army would remain loyal to the government and would be strong enough to overawe the Black Shirts. It seems highly doubtful whether that would have happened. Many Generals had gone over to the Fascists and large numbers of officers were in sympathy with them. But the Army was never put to the test. The King refused to sign the decree for martial law and had every reason to believe that Mussolini, who was directing the March on Rome from his headquarters in Milan, would declare a Republic and overthrow the House of Savoy. He knew Mussolini's record as an advocate of revolution. He knew that this man, unless he had changed his opinions recently, which seemed unlikely, had no love for monarchy.

The King, it is reported by Italian exiles, would have preferred to negotiate with any other leader of Fascism, but when

it came to action, quick decision, courage, and real leadership, there was only one man who had the genius of the moment, and that was Mussolini himself. Late at night on October 29th, the King telegraphed to him to come to Rome to form a Government, and Mussolini obeyed the summons and traveled in a sleeping-car to destiny. From that moment he was Dictator of Italy.

"IL DUCE"

His mind must have moved quickly at that time. The genius of the man was aware of all the tremendous forces which had called him to this hour of triumph. He had led them in the beginning when the first Fascist squads of "Flaming Youth" had been organized and inspired by his written words, but they had grown beyond his control and had swung his movement away from his original plan and purpose. The people who received him were the men who not long ago, and before the war, he most detested—aristocrats, rich "bourgeois," the old castes of privilege and wealth. They were counter-revolutionary and monarchical. It is possible that in that sleeping-car on the way to Rome he saw in a flash that he must discard many of his old ideas, the old stuff of class hatred, the old catchwords of revolution, and play a big game as a national leader and as the founder of a Fascist State which might preserve the monarchy if necessary as an ornament and a symbol. He had conceptions of Fascism which were, he thought, greater than kingship or the old type of Republicanism. In any case, he believed in action rather than in talk. He hated those talking politicians in the Chamber—though he was an orator himself—and now as Dictator he would show them that he had the qualities of leadership and, above all, courage. He would not play a little bourgeois part. He would be arrogant with aristocrats, ruthless with inefficiency, contemptuous toward men of little minds and narrow selfish

interests. He would be violent if necessary, but he would exact an iron discipline from his own followers, some of whom were out of hand. Now that they had chosen him as leader he would master them, guide them, mold them to his own vision of a strong, vital, progressive, disciplined, dynamic nation. And he must go to Machiavelli, that old master, to learn statecraft and subtlety and patience. Thoughts of that kind may have surged through his brain on that journey to Rome, if one may judge the secret thoughts of a man by his actions and unguarded words, and by the reports of his friends and enemies.

Il Duce—the leader—as he was now called, revealed himself quickly as a man of many varied qualities of character which enabled him to hold his position and develop it beyond the challenge of any rival. He had once been an obscure journalist, but he could adopt the grand manner as though he had been born in the purple. He had the actor's gift, like most Italians, and could play the part which the drama of the moment might demand. His own temperament was quick in its changes. He could be stern, genial, gay, gracious, ruthless, violent, somber, magnificent, enraged. From a public balcony he could speak words which would thrill the impetuous youth of Italy so that they roared their applause. But in the Council-chamber he could show restraint, moderation, wisdom, and statecraft. He was not a mere pretender. He had strong original ideas, or at least a vision of a New Order, based upon ideas which he seized from the right or the left of modern political theories, and welded into a new social philosophy. Now, after surmounting many dangers, and with great experience of power, it is probable that he cannot remember the man he was in his revolutionary wildness. Like most men lifted high from humble origin, he is touched with a certain mysticism, as though conscious of some divine protection. The historical past speaks to him. He sees the Latin race represented by his own personality. All things which belong to the greatness of

Italy, even the Church and the Papacy, must be incorporated in this Fascist philosophy which has made Italy powerful among nations again, with a higher destiny ahead. And like all men who have a mystical faith in their own greatness, he regards any criticism of his leadership as treachery to the nation itself.

THE YEARS OF REPRISALS

For some years after the March on Rome the Fascist squads continued and intensified their methods of "direct action" against political opponents. Bolshevism had been beaten to death. But there were other political enemies. They were the critics of Fascism—the Christian Democrats called "Popolari," who objected to the rule of the Black Shirts, and the Dictatorship of Mussolini, and the old Liberals who still talked in a Chamber that had lost its meaning, having no power at all, and all types of intellectuals, lawyers, doctors, professors, writing men, who believed in free speech, the liberty of the individual, a free Press, at a time when Fascism had established a strict censorship of all newspapers, and a régime demanding loyalty and not liberty. These men dared to accuse Fascists of unnecessary violence and political intolerance. They used the word "murder" when enemies of the State were knocked on the head, or the word "outrage" when objectionable people were dosed with castor oil or thrashed with sticks. Anyhow, they were not active members of Fascist groups and thereby showed their lack of patriotism. What could be more reasonable than to dose them with castor oil, flog them until they groaned or died, or fling their furniture, books, pictures, and other property into the street for a joyous bonfire of patriotic youth?

That was done. Fifty members of Parliament, mostly middle-aged intellectuals, once honored as the leaders of liberal thought, were flogged or dosed with castor oil. Several of

them were killed, after being dragged out of hiding-places, in the presence of their womenfolk. Less important people were dealt with in the same way in every city and in many villages of Italy. It was a presumption of guilt when a shopkeeper or a local lawyer or a doctor or a workingman did not enroll in a Fascist squad or said harsh words about unfortunate accidents which may have happened when "disciplinary raids" were in progress—an innocent man shot, a young peasant stabbed by mistake, as a case of mistaken identity. Very well. Wreck the shop, burn down the traitor's house, beat the critic.

For three or four years after the March on Rome there were outbursts of Fascist violence under the name of "reprisals" in Florence, Turin, Ravenna, and many other cities. Local bullies, provincial braggarts and swashbucklers, men with the instincts of murderers, criminal types who had invaded the ranks of Fascism as a safe cover for brutality, terrorized their districts and committed many atrocities not justified by the menace of Bolshevism or by the crimes of Communists. In his book, *The Fascist Dictatorship,* Professor Salvemeni has collected the evidence of these acts and made a terrible indictment against the new régime which cannot be ignored in history.

THE MATTEOTTI MURDER

The conscience of the Italian middle classes—not very sensitive to this reign of violence, or at least hushed by the danger of criticism—was shocked by the murder of a distinguished young Deputy named Matteotti who dared to make a speech in the Chamber denouncing certain outrages. Shortly afterward, in June, 1924, Matteotti was abducted in a motor-car by four men and beaten to death on the outskirts of Rome, where his body was concealed in a wood. It was discovered two months later and the number of the car, noticed by one or two witnesses, revealed the names of the men involved in this

crime. They were known to be low-class ruffians who had been employed by the secret police of the Fascist headquarters. They had even been in touch with one or two men rather close to Mussolini, and one of them, named Cesare Rossi, was forced to resign at the request of the *Duce*. He had been one of Mussolini's most trusted friends, both as a journalist and a Fascist, but now he turned on his chief and circulated a memorandum accusing Mussolini of connivance in many violent acts. The sensation caused by the Matteotti murder was tremendous and might have dragged down Mussolini himself if he had not been so strongly seated in power and so supreme in leadership of the Fascist forces. But he survived this crisis and took steps to strengthen the discipline of his followers and to check the outbreaks of violence which were so longer necessary or advisable to defend the new régime.

From time to time he had defended the action of the Fascist squads in the case of reprisals for Communist outrages, but he insisted now that they should cease functioning and gave strict orders, many times repeated, that all *squadristi* should join the militia and be under the discipline of that body, which he had organized as a separate army for the defense of the Fascist State.

Those orders were not rapidly obeyed, and as late as January 5, 1927, Mussolini issued a final order to the Prefects of Provinces.

"Now that the State is armed with full powers of prevention and repression, certain 'remnants' must disappear. I mean the squadrism which in 1927 is simply anachronistic and sporadic, but which nevertheless makes a tumultuous appearance in moments of public excitement. Lawlessness must cease. Not only the lawlessness which vents itself in petty acts of local bullying which help to harm the régime and sow futile and dangerous rancor, but also the lawlessness which breaks loose after some serious occurrence. It must be borne in mind that

whatever happens, even to me, the time for reprisals, looting, and violence is over."

THE GENIUS OF LEADERSHIP

No one can deny that Mussolini revealed remarkable qualities of leadership during these years of political passion when his greatest danger came from the excesses of his own followers. No man alive can play upon the passion of his people with more consummate skill. But away from the shouting of the mob he has the gift of concentration upon the real problems of statesmanship, indefatigable in his mastery of detail, enormously industrious, a fanatic of efficiency. Holding most of the offices of state in his own hands, he has inspired every branch of the public services with his own zeal for getting things done, without red tape or circumlocution. His journalistic training has taught him how to grasp the essential point of a problem or argument. His impatience and active brain make him contemptuous of all that time-wasting which had been a drag on national progress. He has insisted upon efficiency, order, discipline in offices and factories as well as in Government departments. Trains have to run on time, as they had never done before. Clerks were not allowed to hang a jacket on the peg as a sign of service while they sneaked out to play billiards in the nearest saloon. By his personal example, as well as by instructions to all his followers, he has given a new sense of efficiency to a nation notoriously easy-going and careless of the passing hours. It is not all lip service to a new ideal, and every traveler in Italy must acknowledge that some tonic has made the people more business-like, more attentive to rules and regulations, more disciplined in the small things which create the comfort of a community. Perhaps also in gaining this sense of discipline they have lost some of their charm and good-nature.

THE CORPORATE STATE

The Fascist State, which has been established with an appearance of security by Mussolini and his Ministers, is more than a personal Dictatorship. It is a new type of Government and a new order of political and economic life. Politically, all real power is vested in the Fascist Grand Council which is the executive committee of the Fascist party. Its chief is the head of the government. Its members are his Ministers. So far it has not been legalized in the Constitution, which retains the monarchy and Parliament, but actually it is in supreme authority safeguarded by the national militia of three hundred and fifty thousand men paid for by the State but pledged in allegiance to the Fascist system and to its chief, according to the oath taken by every Fascist since the year 1923.

"I swear to obey the orders of the *Duce* without discussing them, and to serve the cause of the Fascist revolution with all my strength and, if that is necessary, by my blood."

The King has no authority over this militia, nor over the Fascist Grand Council. They form an army independent of the national army and a State within the State, although it may now be claimed, after the suppression of all political opponents, that Fascism possesses the State and that the militia is indeed a national guard rather than the body guard of a Dictator and his friends. It is only the position of the King which is theoretical and nebulous.

The whole business and professional activity of the nation is organized by an Act of April, 1926, into a number of corporations, trade guilds, and syndicates, which include industry, commerce, agriculture, banking, transport, and the liberal professions and arts. Equal numbers of employers and employees are represented in these associations, which discuss all matters regarding wages, conditions of labor, and professional or industrial interests, and are again represented in a National

Guild Council presided over by the head of the Government, who is also, of course, the Chief of the Fascist Grand Council and has the adjudication of all disputes and the final authority in laying down new laws and regulations. All members of these corporations have to be loyal Fascists and their activities must never run counter to the national interest. Although only ten per cent of persons engaged in any occupation in any defined territory is sufficient to obtain a charter as a corporation, any agreement on wages and conditions of work arrived at by these bodies are binding on all other employers and employees in that occupation and territory. The main purpose of this system is to build up an "aristocracy of labor" loyal to the Fascist system and inspired by its faith in progress, production, and efficiency. Membership of the Corporation is voluntary, but one may see without argument that anyone remaining outside loses the right of influencing decisions which become binding upon his own trade or profession.

The Fascist system safeguards the rights of capital as well as those of labor, and for that reason is in absolute opposition to the Marxian theories, although, in its organization of corporations, and in its disciplined obedience to the State, it has a close resemblance in many ways to the Soviet system in Russia. The interests of the individual are subordinated to those of the State. He has no liberty of criticism against the State. The Press is the servant of the State and can only publish news and views favorable to the security and prestige of the State under severe laws of censorship. The man who once said, "Strike at the State!" has now given it a mystical significance and claims for it the heartfelt devotion, the blind obedience, the uncriticizing loyalty of every true Fascist.

MUSSOLINI'S STATESMANSHIP

The dominating spirit of Mussolini has ranged over every department of public life, including the arts and antiquities

of his country, for which he has aroused a new enthusiasm by encouraging archæological research and by giving his active support, for example, to the wonderful loan exhibition of Italian pictures in London in 1930. In the realms of finance he has used sound and drastic methods to stabilize Italian money and reduce the National debt. He refuses to permit foreign loans by central or local government bodies, and insists that national expenditure shall not exceed his Budget estimates. There is to be no further taxation, but tax evasion is to be ruthlessly suppressed.

One of his greatest acts of statesmanship was to carry through a concordat with the Papacy in 1929 and to end the long feud between the Quirinal and the Vatican which was caused by the suppression of the Papal States in 1870. Now St. Peter's is the center of a little Sovereign State in which the Pope has absolute jurisdiction and independence. On both sides there was a generous spirit of conciliation and a desire to end an historic quarrel which prevented friendly coöperation between Church and Government. Mussolini has had the wisdom to see that the Fascist system will be strengthened by this alliance with the religious forces and traditions of the Italian people, so strained for a time by passionate politics and the reign of violence.

It would be foolish, especially for a foreigner, to underestimate the genius of Mussolini or the tremendous significance of the system which he has established in Italy with the consent and admiration, undoubtedly, of many classes in that country. The man himself represents the forcefulness, the dynamic energy, the national egotism, the ancient pride, and the present confidence of the post-war generation in Italy. He speaks their thoughts. He stimulates their ambitions. He defends their place in the world. He threatens those who dare to challenge their national interests. He defies the pacifist movement in which

they have no belief. He bids them prepare for new adventures by strengthening their souls and sharpening their bayonets. He has a touch of the bully when it serves the purpose of Italy among the other nations, but a subtlety of statecraft when that is the better way to secure an advantage. He is impetuous in speech but not rash in action. He has tremendous plans, but bides his time. He inspires his followers with flaming oratory, but holds them back with a strong wrist when they get over-passionate for immediate action. He is very bold and very cautious.

To other nations the man and his system are a cause of uneasiness, however great their admiration may be for his courage and quality. At a time when most nations are preparing for a new era of peace by covenants and pacts, Italy and *Il Duce* seem to be preparing for war. "There is too much of this peace talk," says Mussolini. Jugo-Slavia is disturbed by his defensive and offensive alliance with Albania. The League of Nations was aghast when he opened fire on Corfu after the murder of some Italian officers by Greek irregulars. France became irritated and anxious when there were frontier riots on the Riviera and when Fascist orators claimed Nice and Mentone as part of the Italian heritage. French battalions, guns, and tanks moved along the Grande Corniche, as I saw them on a summer holiday. Italy in 1930 has demanded naval parity with France, not unreasonably, in the Mediterranean, and has stated her demands in strong language. It was this demand which caused delays and limited the success of the London Conference. One cannot fail to notice that there is a growing tension between France and Italy.

In May of 1930 Signor Mussolini made several speeches of a strongly militaristic character emphasising his intention of building a navy equal to that of France. On June 25th, 1930, Signor Mosconi, the Minister of Finance, speaking before the

Senate, declared that while Italy had shown her love of peace by proposing a reduction of armaments, she could not shut her eyes to the growing military preparations of other countries. On the same day Arnoldo Mussolini, the Duce's brother, in a leading article in the *Popolo d' Italia*, reproduced by all newspapers in the north of Italy, wrote that those who were surprised by the "metallic sound" of the Duce's speeches and did not know what was behind them must now be satisfied with the explanation given by disclosures as to French armaments and war preparations.

"The Duce's speeches," wrote the brother of Mussolini, "were justified. No one in Europe could have the colossal impudence to state that the giant programmes of French armaments were a consequence of the speeches of Leghorn, Florence and Milan. We know now that these armaments were decided upon and financed in 1929 with very clear and definite objects. . . . The game is evident and it implies many problems—the first of which is our security." It is part of the game to throw the blame of aggression upon the enemy country and to raise armies under the plea of security. It was that game which led up to the world war.

After the disappointment and disillusion which followed the Peace Treaty, Italy has become intensely nationalistic and self conscious, with ambitions which must lead to a clash of arms if they are grasped by force. Mussolini is wiser than some of the young men who have taken their vows of loyalty to him. Perhaps that clash of arms will never happen as long as *Il Duce* is Dictator, in spite of all his fiery eloquence. He seems secure and strong in that position, but underneath the order and discipline which Fascism has imposed, behind the censorship which stifles criticism, there are Italians who still believe in the kind of liberty in which Mussolini once believed, who do not worship this State which he has helped to create, who

will never forget or forgive those bludgeonings of liberal-minded men, not the penal laws and punishments which have imprisoned or exiled all his critics. Benito Mussolini has many enemies at home and abroad, and the future of Fascism is not yet assured.

CHAPTER IX

THE REVIVAL OF GERMANY

IF GERMANY had abandoned herself to despair after the war, there would have been no hope for Europe. If her people had staggered and fallen under the tremendous burdens imposed upon them by the Versailles Treaty, sinking into an abyss of ruin, the whole continent would have been dragged after them into the same pit. If they had chosen the way of revolution and anarchy, almost forced upon them by the Supreme Council of the Allies, and by their broken pride, and by desperate conflicts within their own souls, many other nations would have gone the same way and there would have been no peace and no return to prosperity in any part of Europe. Those things nearly happened. . . .

They were a stricken people after the war, morally as well as physically. All their old gods had fallen from the altars. They were treated as a pariah people by their victors, who called them "Huns" and "Boches." They had believed in force, and now they were powerless, disarmed, and surrounded by enormous armies. I saw the destruction of their war plant in Krupp's factories, where German workmen under British officers wrecked the delicate machinery and the monstrous engines which had produced a vast output of guns and weapons and high explosives to blast their way to victory. They were utterly disarmed, with no power of rearming, while other nations, pledged also to disarmament when Germany had fulfilled all her obligations under that Treaty of Peace which

they believed could never be fulfilled, stood ready to invade her.

AGONY OF DEFEAT

For nearly a year after the Armistice they were still under the blockade which had starved them for the last year of the war, when they had eaten filthy *Ersatz* food (imitation food) until even the paunches of the profiteers had shrunk under their frock-coats, and poor folk were wan with under-nourishment. After that surrender which they believed would bring them a relief from these conditions, they had no milk for their children, and factory-workers and middle-class families still had to live on short rations. Death reaped its harvest among children and old people and young girls—700,000 of them—while European statesmen were proclaiming high ideals of humanity and a victory for civilization.

For a year after the Armistice the German war prisoners, desperate to get home, eating their hearts out with despair, were still caged. In Cologne one day I saw train loads of them coming back at last. People standing under a railway bridge waved to them and wept. These home-coming men had torn strips of red cloth to make badges and banners. They had gone "Red" with rage against their fate. It did not look good for Germany. Some of them were shot by their own people after that home-coming, in Communistic riots. But the revolution of anarchy was crushed by the spirit of a people who still believed in law and order and knew instinctively that Bolshevism would lead them into deeper ruin. The Republic was established, but still insecure, and not yet supported by the confidence of the nation. Even to moderate men like Stresemann, the leader of the German People's Party, there was no enthusiasm for a Republican régime. He told me so in a loud voice among many people who could hear his words. "Germany is monarchical in spirit and tradition," he shouted. "I

am a monarchist!" That was before he was Chancellor of the New Republic.

There were others not moderate. Old generals who had hurled army corps and divisions into the furnace fires and still refused to admit that the German army had ever been defeated in the field—though I had seen their lines broken time and time again in the last Hundred Days—raged against the conditions of the Peace, and accused its signatories and the new Government of treachery and cowardice. Thousands of ex-officers brooded over the downfall of German pride and desired the death of men who yielded to the demands of the Allies. German officials who had never known the agony and terror of war at the Front, statesmen and politicians of the old order, and industrialists frightened of the red specter of Bolshevism which had raised its head in the days of the Spartacus riots, sat together behind closed doors and cursed the Republic and the new leaders of Germany who proposed to fulfill the clauses of a treaty which fastened chains upon the neck of the nation and would drain it of all its wealth—and theirs—and deprive it of all power, and reduce their own caste to impotence.

Young boys—students and cadets and sons of middle-class families and members of the old dueling corporations of the Universities—formed themselves into secret societies of anti-Republican and anti-Communist principles, and marked down for vengeance those who had "betrayed" Germany by accepting the Versailles Treaty and its consequences. Some of them joined the Black Reichswehr which had been formed to protect East Prussia against a Polish invasion and now was a sinister organization directed against the Republic.

On March 13, 1920, an attempt was made to overthrow the Republic, under Ebert, the saddler, by a man named Captain Ehrhart, commanding a brigade of military police. It was known as the "Kapp Putsch" because he intended to set up

a dictatorship under one of his reactionary friends by name of Kapp. It failed ignominiously when the Trade Unions and Government officials declared a general strike. The insurgents were disarmed, but Captain Ehrhart escaped and set up a secret society known as the Organization Council, with political murder as its code. Between 1918 and 1922 there were three hundred assassinations of Republicans and Radicals, among them being Erzberger, who had negotiated the Armistice with Marshal Foch, and Rathenau, one of the finest brains in Germany, who, perhaps, more than any other man, prepared the way for Stresemann and the coming back of Germany to an equal place of power and respect among the great nations.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE

Against this poison of despair and rage Germany had an anti-toxin which saved it miraculously. It was the instinct of industry in the very blood and spirit of the people. Ex-soldiers took off their tunics or tore off their badges and went back to the land, the factories, and the office stools. At a time when millions of demobilized men were prowling about the streets in England, and when France still kept a great standing army, German manhood braced itself to repair the ruin of war, and to forget its horrors by intensity of work. The whole nation seemed determined to win their way back to industrial supremacy which would gain the victory of peace though they had lost the war. Even in Berlin this spirit was visible. Coming from London, with droves of workless men outside the labor exchanges, I marveled at the activity of these German business men and clerks, and at the general aspect of restless energy in every class. Somehow they hid their maimed and blinded and shell-shocked men.

Something else saved them from demoralization due to ruin and defeat. It was youth. The younger crowd which had

been under-nourished during the last years of the war, and whose boyhood or girlhood had been under the dark shadow of death which came knocking at almost every door, would not be denied the joy of life now that peace had come. Indeed, in all ages there was a sense of escape from death and an eager desire to listen to music again, to hear the laughter of life, to sit in some good place and drink a glass of beer and talk of pleasant things. The great beer-gardens were crowded in every part of Germany with folk who spent long evenings out-of-doors for a few marks saved from their week's wages. The girls wore cheap frocks, but they were clean. Some of them had to go to bed when their underclothes were washed. Some of them had to stint and scrape to get enough to eat. But they wouldn't be balked of laughter and dancing and love and the rights of youth denied in war-time. That weakened the spirit of hatred and revenge. It was more powerful than machine-gun fire against revolution and anarchy.

The *Jugendbewebung* (the youth movement in Germany), which had been organized before the war, took a leap forward as the best means of escape from the darkness of those war years. It was a new romanticism which acknowledged and acclaimed the defeat of the gods once set up on the altars of German nationalism—military tyranny, materialism, machine-made conditions of life. They would go back to nature and find beauty again in simple things. They would go back to an earlier tradition of German life and sing old folk-songs again, and dance in the villages, and sleep in the woods and fields. Thousands of young men and women, scantily dressed, carrying long sticks, living mostly on fruit and bread, departed from the cities for long week-ends or summer holidays, tramping through rural Germany, living a free gypsy life, talking this new gospel of romantic idealism in revolt against the material philosophy of life which, they believed, had led Germany to ruin. They called themselves *Wandervögel* (Wander-

ing Birds) and they were the advance guard of modern youth everywhere in revolt against the old conventions, taboos, the authority of old age, and the ideas of a world which had massacred the noblest of its manhood. I met some of them, and liked them, and wished I were young enough to join them for a time in their wandering through this enchanted wood of dreams, hand-in-hand with a blue-eyed *Mädchen*. Many of their ideas were shattered against the hard rocks of practical life and the need of earning a livelihood. The mechanism of Germany was intensified by a black-bearded man named Stinnes. But they were among the pioneers of a peace movement which has changed the heart of Germany.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DESPAIR

Older men who saw that the world they had known had crashed about them, who knew (as I knew) that if Germany went down European civilization would go down, and who believed that doom was near at hand, turned to another kind of philosophy. The old German gods had betrayed them. Their faith in Energy, Efficiency, and Force had been falsified. The West held out no comfort to their souls. They turned, strangely, to the East, groping toward an Oriental fatalism. It was a philosophy of pessimism, expressed in *The Decline of the West*, by Oswald Spengler, that amazing book which foretells an inevitable death of civilization and the mortality of all things, because when things have "become" they are dead, and only the "becoming" is life.

> "In a few more centuries from now there will be no more Western culture, no more German, English, or French. . . . The primitive phenomenon of the great Culture will itself have disappeared one day, and with it the drama of world history: aye, and man himself, and beyond the man the

phenomenon of plant and animal existence on the earth's surface; the earth, the sun, the whole world of sun systems."

That book with its all-embracing pessimism became a "best seller" in Germany, though it is extremely difficult to read and enormously long, analyzing the whole course of human history. Other minds spread this gospel of despair, or turned with vague hopes to the spiritual teachings of Eastern religions, like Count Keyserling, who believed that the soul of man was being destroyed by the machines he had created. "Night falls over Europe," said Walther Rathenau, the German statesman, not long before he was murdered by a little band of blue-eyed boys who believed they were doing a patriotic deed. "Darkness is descending upon Europe," wrote Maurice Muret in a book entitled *The Twilight of the White Races.*

That melancholy—profound and tragic—afflicted only the intellectuals and was counteracted by the vitality of youth, as I have said, and by the practical industry of the people. It was also resisted by the new leaders of Germany, even though, like Rathenau, they were oppressed by the imminent danger of political anarchy and economic ruin. The directors of Krupp's, who showed me over their works, transformed their manufactures from war to peace. Instead of guns, they turned out typewriters, cash registers, ploughs, reapers and binders, milk-churns, safety razors, all things made of metal, with a marvelous genius of organization and a tremendous drive of industry.

THE GREAT TRUSTS

Hugo Stinnes, that black-bearded man, invented his "Vertical Trusts," building up gigantic industries upon the basis of coal and steel to the finished products, with all their by-products. A big, burly, lumbering man, with dark brooding eyes as black as his beard, and with a big family which he

dragged about with him wherever he went, wearing big boots and shabby clothes with which he tramped into council-chambers or drawing-rooms, he stood as the dark symbol of that industrial materialism against which the *Wandervögel* were in revolt. The son of a mine-owning family, he had worked as pit-boy, coal-hewer, and foreman. He had been stoker, engineer, ship's officer, and sea-captain. Not the humblest laborer in his employ could stand up and tell him about conditions of life which he had not learned by sweat of body and toil of mind. He was a slave-driver to his own workmen, and imported Polish labor to keep wages low. When German marks fell in the international exchange he increased his fortune prodigiously by speculating in their fall, and bought up new mines, industries, factories, shipping, electrical works. He set going blast furnaces in Austria and ironworks in Hungary. The iron ore of Upper Silesia found its way to his factories. He employed an industrial army of 250,000 men. He offered to reconstruct Russia, to rebuild its railways, to supply railway engines at the rate of 8,000 a year and trucks at the rate of 60,000 a year. He had a mystical belief in his own power over men and machines.

There were other great Trusts dominated by the industrial kings of Germany who had replaced those old pre-war kings now departed into the shades of exile. There was August Thyssen with 125,000 men, and Peter Kloeckner, one of the steel and iron magnates, second in the list of coal-producers. They kept their laborers on low wages, worked them for long hours, and believed that by intensive industry they might defy Defeat itself.

Many of these workingmen revolted against the conditions of this serfdom. There was a Communist outbreak in the Ruhr, and its leaders, whom I met, were decent, simple-minded men, sick of the half-starvation of their comrades, and not bloodthirsty or out for loot, although inevitably their ac-

tion would have led to bloodshed and anarchy throughout Germany if they had succeeded for a time. It was their blood that was shed, poor wretches. The Reichswehr arrived in steel helmets, with machine guns and field guns, and stormed their way through barbed wire defenses, and scattered the Communists like sheep, beating them back to the mines and factories, where they worked again for long hours and low wages. It was a brutal lesson to men who afterward became the heroes of Germany during nine black months.

THE PRICE OF DEFEAT

When the Reparations Commission of the Allied Powers set to work to estimate the amount of indemnity due from Germany, and when the Supreme Council of those powers demanded the immediate fulfillment of these obligations, Germany reeled under the financial sacrifice she was called upon to make. All those nationalistic organizations and secret societies, all the monarchists and reactionaries, all the Die-hards, and some of the big industrialists, including Stinnes himself, searched about desperately for some way of resisting the payment of this vast tribute which was the price of defeat. There were many, including Stinnes, who wished to face the Allies with a blank refusal, even at the cost of having Berlin occupied by foreign troops. The Allies demanded a total indemnity, never definitely settled, which ranged into fantastic figures beyond all the available gold in the world. They demanded immediate payments in cash, and by deliveries in kind, which would cripple German industry and make slaves of her people. And yet, unarmed, ringed about by enemies, powerless, how could she resist? In what way, by what policy, could Germany ever rise above ruin and face the other nations on equal terms?

There were some men in Germany, courageous, far-seeing, liberal-minded, and patriotic, who believed that there was only

one way and one policy. It was what they called the Policy of Fulfillment. They would at least endeavor to fulfill the demands of the Allies. By supreme industrial effort and financial sacrifice they would prove to the Allies that they desired to fulfill the obligations of defeat to the utmost of their power, and, having proved that, might then reduce impossible claims, modify unjust demands, and put their case to the conscience and judgment of the world. By showing good faith they might establish confidence and good relations with England and even with France. Gradually they might be recalled into conference and council. Slowly they might establish their position as a great power again and enter the League of Nations on terms of equality, using this position to enforce justice for Germany and reason against unreason.

It was a policy needing immense patience and sacrifice and restraint. To many—even to millions of people in Germany—it seemed a policy of cowardice and betrayal. It was denounced at first even by Stresemann, leader of the People's Party of moderate Liberals. For years it called forth the scorn and passion of all political parties of the extreme Right, although they could offer no alternative. It was equally detested by the extreme Left, who not untruly declared that this Policy of Fulfillment was based upon the slave labor of German workers, reduced to miserable wages and forced to toil for long hours so that their enemies should be paid.

LEADERS OF FULFILLMENT

The man who inspired and shouldered this policy with courage and cool judgment was Dr. Wirth, German Finance Minister in 1920 and Chancellor from 1921 to 1923. I heard him make an historic speech in the Reichstag, explaining the principles and possibilities of Fulfillment, and the need of intense industry, economy, and sacrifice on the part of the whole nation. As he spoke for more than two hours he was

interrupted by an intermittent chorus from the left of *Amnestie! . . . Amnestie! . . . Amnestie!* which demanded the release of Communist prisoners; and by the scornful laughter and menacing shouts of the Right, until he silenced them at last by the tremendous significance of unanswerable facts.

Among the supporters of this policy was Philip Scheidemann, the Socialist leader, who had helped to draw up the Constitution of the Republic. I had a memorable conversation with this handsome, elegant man who looked more like a French painter than a German Socialist, at the house of his millionaire friend, Dr. Hilferding, somewhere near the Grünewald. It seemed to me strange at the time that these two men should go to great trouble to prove to me—an English journalist—that Germany could pay the indemnities demanded by the Allied powers. I did not believe that Germany could pay such a vast yearly tribute, but they produced figures arguing that a disarmed Germany, relieved of the enormous burden of military costs, could afford to pay something like £120,000,000 annually to wipe out the bill of reparations—provided that England and France would not destroy German industry by political *sabotage* in the Ruhr and Upper Silesia. These men, like Dr. Wirth, believed that only by these means could Germany be saved from Communism and anarchy, or from counter-revolution by the extreme Right. Their anxiety was to uphold the middle-class Republic at all costs.

But the real author of this Policy of Fulfillment and its most intellectual leader behind the scenes was Walther Rathenau, who became Minister of Reconstruction in the Wirth government. He was a man of extraordinary character and quality, with a dual character which created an agony in his soul and encompassed him with enemies. One side of his mind was intensely practical, realistic, and materialistic. During the war he had saved the German war-machine by using his industries

to make nitrates out of the air. He was the director of eighty-four industrial companies, and the head of the enormous organization known as the A. E. G. (Allgemeine Electrizitäts Gesellschaft) which was one of the gigantic Trusts in Germany. But the other side of his mind—the conflicting genius within him—was idealistic and philosophical. A handsome, melancholy, delicate man of Jewish race, a lover of art and beauty, a visionary who saw beneath the superficial appearances of life, he wrote a number of books, fine and sensitive in style, among them being—*The Mechanization of the Mind* and *In Days to Come*—in which he denounced the soul-destroying influences of industrialism and the danger to humanity of being mastered by the machines which its intelligence has created. Above all, he urged the need of a liberation of the soul from the deadening standardization of modern life, from a society based upon slave labor, from the narrow intolerance of nationalism, from the stifling influence of luxury and materialism. All that seems inconsistent with his directorship, his fine house, his wealth.

It was this man who first drew up the Policy of Fulfillment and inspired Dr. Wirth with its wisdom. He was chosen by the Chancellor to represent Germany at the Reparation Conference called by the Allied Powers, and it was due not a little to his nobility of mind, his charm of manner, and his obvious honesty of purpose, that Germany's point of view regarding reparations was acknowledged as reasonable by some at least of the Allied statesmen, including Lloyd George and Loucheur, the French Minister of Reconstruction.

Rathenau's leading ideas for the essential policy of Germany were set out under the following headings, given by Count Harry Kessler in his brilliant *Life* of that statesman, and it is illuminating to see how they have been fulfilled in great measure, though he did not live to see that success. They were:

To regulate relations with France;
To improve the peace terms;
To effect a reduction of the indemnity;
To exert influence on Germany's internal condition;
To restore Germany's moral strength.

The Allied Powers did not make it easy for German statesmen to convert their own people to this program. After a temporary default in the enormous coal deliveries demanded by the Treaty, the Allied troops were ordered, on March 8, 1921, to occupy Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort as "sanctions."

THE SEPARATISTS

German patriotism was inflamed by what seemed to be the intention of France to destroy the economic life of Germany and to break up its national unity. In the Rhineland, occupied by foreign armies, French generals and politicians in touch with M. Poincaré in Paris were encouraging a Separation movement which had for its motto *Los von Berlin!* For a little while after the Armistice there was among these Rhinelanders, as some of them told me, a sense of grievance against the domination of Prussia which had led Germany away from its old character and ideals to militarism and arrogance. A few of them played for a while with the idea of an autonomous Rhineland within the Empire, and French ears were quick to hear this suggestion and to pass it on to Paris. Marshal Foch had failed at the Peace Conference to secure a frontier on the Rhine. Perhaps an autonomous Rhineland, under the political and economic influence of France, would be the next best thing. I believe that if the French had left this idea alone to work itself out, something of the kind might have happened. But they interfered and worked up an artificial propaganda, using as their tool a certain Dr. Dorten, whom I happened to meet several times. He was a smart, plausible, good-looking

man, who spoke English correctly with an American accent. He set himself up as the leader of the Separationists and gathered around him a riffraff of undesirable Germans, some of them the sweeping of the gaols. They made demonstrations, wildly exaggerated in the French press, and now and then murdered unfortunate German policemen who had been disarmed by French authority. The whole movement became a scandal, and every German with any patriotism bitterly resented French support of its leaders. Still more they resented, with a rage that sickened them, the presence of Senegalese negroes in German towns among their women and children, as I saw them.

In view of such things, which worked like madness in their minds, the Policy of Fulfillment and Conciliation was hard for a proud people, especially when the Allies became pressing for the payment of indemnities, staggering, incalculable, and inconceivable.

THE PROBLEM OF PAYMENT

At a conference in London the French Finance Minister assessed Germany's total debt at two hundred and twelve milliard gold marks, or more than ten thousand million pounds sterling, and demanded an annual payment of twelve milliard, or about five hundred and fifty million pounds yearly. It was beyond the available wealth of any nation of the world. The United States, richest in the world, would have been beggared by such an annual tribute. It was, in truth, a mad illusion. But French politicians used it to inflame the imagination of their people, who believed that when Germany failed to pay such sums she was wilfully defaulting. They cried, "We are betrayed!" when England, under the leadership of Lloyd George, began to realize, slowly, the injustice of such preposterous sums and the folly, if not the wickedness, of driving

Germany to desperation by demands which it was impossible to fulfill.

Rathenau came over to London in the autumn of 1921 to see Lloyd George, and impressed him favorably, persuading him to reduce the scale of payments in 1922. It was arranged that a conference should be called at Wiesbaden, to discuss the whole problem of reparations, and a German delegation was invited to attend. Rathenau was appointed to be its leader, and as Minister of Reconstruction he had outlined his policy to Dr. Wirth.

"We must discover some means of linking up with the world again," he said, and he saw his chance in private conversations with the Allied Statesmen. He believed that the most important work for Germany was to help in the reconstruction of Northern France which had been ravaged by German gunfire.

"This wound in the body of Europe persists," he wrote, "and not until it is closed shall we have peace on earth again."

At Wiesbaden, where the Conference began on October 6, 1921, he proposed that payments in gold should be replaced by deliveries in kind, and that German material and labor should rebuild the devastated districts. Loucheur, the French Minister, agreed. He was the one man in the French government who had the courage to talk realities instead of illusions regarding German reparations. He pointed out in a speech (not reported in the French press) that Germany could only pay enormous sums in cash by a terrific increase of exports which would undermine French trade and capture all the markets of the world by underselling at cut-throat prices. It would be better for France, he said, to accept German material and labor for the rebuilding of her ruins.

That was a sane view of things, but Loucheur was not supported by his government, or by French industrialists. The latter cried out loudly against these deliveries in kind. What

about their contracts? They were making enormous fortunes in the devastated regions, not without graft and corruption which became a stinking scandal in France. Was it likely that they would hand over his treasure-trove to German industrialists? . . . And the head of the French government, M. Raymond Poincaré, was not in favor of this scheme. He had other ideas about Germany. He did not want a quick recovery of Germany. He wanted to keep that nation weak and in a strangle grip which he could apply by the force of French armies. He would extract all the gold they had, and by asking for more than they could pay would maintain his pressure. He was not satisfied with German disarmament. In spite of alliances with Poland and the Little Entente which had put an armed ring round Germany, he was still not easy in his mind about the security of France. German population was still increasing. Her present manhood had all been trained to arms. If they made an alliance with Russia—if things "slipped" in southeast Europe—if England—*perfide Albion!*—thought more of markets than of honor—France would not be utterly secure. Better keep the Germans weak as long as possible, and meanwhile search their pockets! If they failed to pay up to the last mark, to the last ton of coal, demanded from them, there was always the Ruhr which could be invaded and held. If French troops entered the Ruhr, Germany would be more at the mercy of France than if Berlin were occupied. It was a logical argument—leaving out the fact that if Germany went down into chaos all Europe would fall with her. Monsieur Poincaré was very logical—and left out that fact, which he considered illusory.

THE QUARREL WITH FRANCE

Mr. Lloyd George was not so blind to the consequences of German ruin. He had won an election on the slogan, "Make Germany pay!"—it was a popular cry at the time, and, he

thought, a just one—if he inserted a subordinate clause (which he had always done mentally) "according to her capacity and the limits of fair play." England was not doing well in time of peace. After a temporary boom, exports were dwindling, the bottom was falling out of European markets, there were armies of unemployed, and the financial condition of the country, loaded with war debts, was serious. The little Welsh wizard, as he had been called by his admirers, knew that his magic spell would fail if British trade failed. And there were great dangers, he thought, or the collapse of European civilization. Germany might be driven into Bolshevism—a horrible thought. The Peace Treaty of which he was part author had left many smoldering volcanoes in Europe. Perhaps he had yielded too much to Clemenceau, that obstinate old walrus. Anyhow, he was not going to allow M. Poincaré to kill Germany in order to please France. Germany, after all, was a great nation, necessary to the economic stability of Europe—and the revival of British trade. . . .

It was from this time that a political duel began between these two men, representing the divergent views of England and France. The name of Lloyd George became an offense to French opinion. "Europe will only get peace when she has vomited out Lloyd George," wrote a distinguished French journalist. And on the other side, Lloyd George believed that Europe would never get peace so long as M. Poincaré insulted and strangled Germany beyond the limits of human endurance. . . . The Entente Cordiale was getting strained.

It might have suited the policy of Germany to drive a wedge between England and France by making use of these increasing differences, but the German government had no illusions about the strength of the French armies and the determination of men like Poincaré to use them if necessary. They believed that the best they could get from English tolerance and spirit

of fair play, returning after war fever and propaganda, was some modification now and then of the French attitude.

THE SILESIAN SETTLEMENT

In October of 1921, after the meeting at Wiesbaden, a new blow befell Germany, threatening to wreck the Policy of Fulfillment. It was when a committee of the League of Nations, presided over by a Japanese, assigned the most industrial districts of Upper Silesia to Poland, after their seizure by Polish troops.

I was in Berlin before this award was made, and could hardly believe my eyes one day when I saw a press notice pasted up in the windows of a shop in Unter den Linden. It described how soldiers of the Black Watch had been carried shoulder high by German crowds in Upper Silesia for defending them against Polish ill-treatment. It was three years after a war in which Scottish kilted troops were called "The Ladies from Hell" by their German enemies. Now they were being greeted as champions and heroes!

During this time of excitement I spent an evening in the headquarters of the *Volkspartei*, and Stresemann, its leader, talked to me with a flagon of beer at his elbow.

"If we lose Upper Silesia," he said, "or any considerable part of it, we shall be unable to pay the indemnities. Our whole economic position depends on that. There lie our main sources of raw material for manufactures. German capital, labor and organization have built up the prosperity of Silesia. Take that from us and we are crippled."

It was taken from them.

When the partition was made, by order of the League of Nations, the German democratic party withdrew its Ministers from the Government, as a protest. The enemies of Fulfillment had new matter for their argument. Men like Wirth and

Rathenau were denounced as the enemies of Germany. They needed great courage to pursue their policy.

THE CANNES CONFERENCE

Another Conference was called in January, 1922, at Cannes, on the invitation of Lloyd George, and again Rathenau led the German delegation. He went with a heavy heart, but continued his pleas for conciliation and reconstruction. Briand, then Prime Minister, was the chief negotiator on behalf of France, and in consultation with Lloyd George he agreed to scale down the annual payment from Germany for that year to seven hundred and twenty million gold marks, and to accept in principle the Rathenau-Loucheur agreement for deliveries in kind. He also played a game of golf with Lloyd George. It infuriated the French caricaturists as much as though he had betrayed France to the enemy. Not long before then Aristide Briand, curiously like Lloyd George in many of his characteristics—his emotional oratory, his quick appreciation of public opinion, his mastery of the Parliamentary game, his mingling of shrewdness and cynicism with generous sentiment and liberal ideals—had threatened Germany with the hand of a gendarme on her collar if she defaulted from her obligations. But at Cannes he showed that he was on the side of a liberal recognition of Germany's financial burdens and economic difficulties. In doing so he aroused the fury of Poincaré, who instigated a political coalition against him so that he had to resign.

THE GENOA FAILURE

The next act in this drama, which had for its plot the fate of Germany and of all Europe, opened at Genoa in April, 1922.

It was intended by Lloyd George to be an international conference which should pave the way to a general disarmament of Europe, settle the question of reparations, and bring back

Russia into the family of nations. The Russians themselves had been invited, and attended with a delegation under Chicherin, the Soviet Minister of Foreign Affairs.

I may claim to have played a small part—that of Mercury the messenger—behind the scenes of this conference. I had just come back from Russia, where I had seen the terrible conditions of famine on the Volga and the desperate state of the whole country. I had had conversations with Chicherin, Radek, and other Soviet leaders. I had seen that they were deeply anxious to obtain economic help to reconstruct the industrial life of Russia, which had fallen to bits. The iron law of Communism had been relaxed by the new Economic policy of Lenin, who lay dying in the Kremlin. In answer to my questioning Chicherin had said that Soviet Russia would acknowledge the war debts to the Allies in return for political recognition and financial loans. He admitted that Russia must mainly look to Germany for the technical equipment of a new revival of industry. The idea came into my head that here, perhaps, was the chance of solving many of the economic and political troubles of Europe. If France, Germany, and England, with the help, perhaps, of the United States, would form a kind of international syndicate for the reconstruction of Russia on certain strict conditions of control, the workshops of Europe might get busy again, the starving people of Russia might be fed, and last but not least, the Red army which menaced the peace of Europe might be demobilized in return for guaranties regarding the Polish frontier and demobilization in Poland. That would relieve France of the cost of financing the Polish army, and Germany could pay back her reparations out of her share of this industrial adventure. I put that plan to Stresemann and other German statesmen and financiers. They agreed enthusiastically that it would solve many problems. On returning to England, I discussed it with the American ambassador, Mr. Harvey, who invited me to elaborate the scheme

before a distinguished company of public men, among whom was the German Ambassador, Herr Stahmer. I drew up a memorandum which was sent to Mr. Lloyd George and other Ministers. What effect it had upon their minds I do not know. Perhaps none at all. Be that as it may, the plan and arguments set out in my memorandum were those proposed by Rathenau on one side and Chicherin on the other, and discussed with certain reservations by Lloyd George in the assembly at Genoa.

The conference took place in the somber grandeur of an old Italian *palazzo*, where Mr. Lloyd George, genial, persuasive, vital, humorous, eloquent, presided over this strange company of delegates, among whom the Russian Bolsheviks sat in public conference for the first time since the Revolution. There was an air of melodrama about the meetings staged in that old palace, gloomy and dimly lit, though the hot sun of Italy shone without. Mussolini, new in his Dictatorship, passed through the corridors and spoke a few ironical words to English journalists. Secret police and Italian soldiers guarded the hotel where the Russian delegation were strictly confined. There was a nervous apprehension of assassination, not only among the Bolsheviks. Rathenau had a conviction that he was marked down for death.

Even Lloyd George knew instinctively that his own political career was at stake upon this conference. The Greek army had broken in Asia Minor. His support of the counter-revolutionary armies in Russia had failed. His star was waning at home.

The German delegation saw the shadow of invasion in the Ruhr, and the inevitable bankruptcy of the German State. The French delegate, Barthou, dared not move a step or speak a word without the consent of Poincaré, who, back in Paris, had decided already to wreck this conference as he had wrecked that of Cannes. His immediate ultimatum was a blank refusal to allow German reparations to be discussed by the assembly, so ruling out the main item of the meeting. That was

the first bombshell which sent all the newspaper correspondents rushing to their telegraph forms.

The second was when Chicherin announced that Russia was willing to disarm the Red army as soon as the other nations disarmed, and he promised that these words should be taken as a solemn pledge. He reminded M. Barthou, the French delegate, that M. Briand had announced in Washington that the Red army was the chief obstacle to French disarmament. Here, then, was a fair offer. The French delegate rose to make a violent protest. Speaking in the name of the French Government and France, he refused to allow any discussion of disarmament.

Lloyd George rose and calmed the storm by suave words and diplomatic eloquence. There could, of course, be no immediate disarmament, though he reminded the French delegate that some day the pledge in the Treaty of Versailles would have to be fulfilled.

The discussions were restricted to the economic proposals of Russia, but even on that line of argument the French delegate proved obstructive. It had been agreed in principle that the Soviet Government was not to be denied the right of confiscating alien property, if it guaranteed compensation for private ownership. The Belgian delegate, M. Jaspar, refused to agree to that, and the French delegate withdrew his agreement in loyalty to the Belgian point of view.

POLITICAL MELODRAMA

Meanwhile, private conversations and secret intrigues were going on behind the scenes. Mr. Lloyd George was meeting delegates, much to the suspicion of the French. The German delegates were in touch with the Russians, thereby arousing more suspicion on all sides. Walther Rathenau was elaborating that idea of a "Conscriptum" for the reconstruction of Russia by Germany, France, and England. It appealed, ap-

parently, to Mr. Lloyd George, but he shattered German confidence, and then threw them into consternation by the amiable suggestion that if Russia acknowledged her war debts Germany should agree to pay reparations to Russia for war damage and losses. Count Harry Kessler in his *Life of Rathenau*, which gives many details of this episode of great historical interest, declares the pallor and alarm of Rathenau when this proposal reached him. It would mean that the reparations account of Germany would be terribly increased. It was impossible to consent to such a thing. It would be the death blow to Germany.

Then something happened which made all previous sensations negligible in comparison with this bolt from the blue. The German delegation signed a separate treaty with the Russians.

Distressed by the proposal regarding increased reparations, and believing that the British were negotiating with Russia behind their backs, they decided that they would, if necessary, act alone and conclude a treaty of peace and alliance with Russia which had been drafted long before the Genoa conference. There is some evidence produced by Count Harry Kessler that Walther Rathenau and his colleagues endeavored to get into touch with Lloyd George and inform him of their intention, but were prevented by his subordinates while the Anglo-Russian conversations were in progress. Be that as it may, Rathenau slipped off one day to Rapallo with one or two of his colleagues and, with many misgivings about the consequences of his action, put his signature to the Treaty. *"Le vin est tiré, il faut le boire,"* he said, emotionally, to his friends, in French.

The announcement of this Treaty of Rapallo, concluded behind the backs of the Conference, was a shock to everyone. Mr. Lloyd George signified his displeasure by a temporary boycott of the Germans, though perhaps secretly his wounded

feelings were somewhat assuaged because it was a slap in the face to the "gentleman in Paris," as he called Monsieur Poincaré, whom he disliked very much at the time because his policy prevented any approach to a European settlement. Poincaré raged. He was, indeed, genuinely alarmed at this Russo-German understanding which seemed to be a threat against French security and might lead to a new war if it hid a secret military alliance, as he fully believed, and as he declared in a violent speech to the French nation at Bar-le-Duc.

Friendly relations between France and England were strained to breaking-point at this time by the intense political hostility between their Prime Ministers, and Philip Milet, the correspondent of the *Petit Parisien*, put all the fat in the fire when he declared that Lloyd George had given him an interview in which he said that France and England "had reached the parting of the ways" and that "all Englishmen were sick of the Entente." These words—afterwards denied most strenuously by Lloyd George—were transmitted to England by Wickham Steed of *The Times* and created a storm of indignation among the Conservative friends of France, who telegraphed their protests to the Prime Minister. They were one cause of the disintegration of the Coalition Government in England, which was already in revolt against the leadership of "the little Welsh wizard."

The Genoa Conference petered out in a number of pious resolutions and its failure was apparent to the world. Chicherin and his Bolshevik colleagues went back to their Red hell in Russia with its half-starved people, its morass of misery, its secret police, its desperate adventure to create a new system of society. The psychological moment which might have led to the reconstruction of Russia and the liberty of its people, by a combination of friendly Powers, had passed. Looking back on it, I see that my plan never had a chance, because of French fears that Germany might use it to break her chains,

though the separate alliance between Russia and Germany was far more dangerous if the German people were searching for revenge. The other delegates of the nations went home with increased pessimism about the state and future of Europe. Lloyd George went back to political defeat and impotence, after all his power and prestige. Walther Rathenau went back more melancholy than ever, and spoke those words I have already quoted: "Night falls over Europe."

On June 24th of that year, 1922, he was murdered in his motor-car.

OCCUPATION OF THE RUHR

Germany was conscious of impending disaster. Poincaré was in power again in France, and French opinion was hardening under his leadership, which accused the German Government and people of willful default in the payment of reparations and deliveries in kind.

They defaulted, certainly, though they had paid enormous sums in cash and driven their work people to desperation to increase their output of coal and ore—those half-starved workmen who, as some of them told me, never tasted red meat and found themselves weakening on a diet of potatoes and green stuff and filthy soup and bad bread.

German money was losing its value as German gold departed from the country to pay the Allies in their own currencies, and in a flight from the mark by big industrialists who invested their wealth abroad. The printing presses were beginning to work overtime to increase the number of paper notes, and at every revolution of their wheels the mark dropped in purchasing power by some mysterious and inexorable law. It was the beginning of "inflation," but not yet the end of it, which became a nightmare and a fantasy.

The French nation, with individual exceptions who reasoned otherwise and in different values, was losing patience. Their

politicians had promised them mountains of gold from Germany to repay the cost and the ruin of war. So far they had not seen a glint of it. Why not make them pay? It was, of course, Lloyd George, that traitor to France, who prevented Germany from paying! *Cré nom d'un chien!* Were they never to get paid by those *sales Boches*? . . . M. Poincaré ordered the French army to march into the Ruhr.

He had discussed the necessity of this with the British Government, but they had told him politely and firmly that if he ordered French troops into the Ruhr, they would go alone without British comradeship. Public opinion in England was beginning to believe that the prosperity of Germany was essential to the revival of trade. It was, in the opinion of M. Poincaré, another treason to France. *Très-bien!* France would act alone.

With the French troops who entered the Ruhr, that great industrial district upon which Germany depended utterly for her economic life, went immense numbers of French "experts" and economists. They were not quite sure what they were expected to do. Did M. Poincaré desire to throttle the mechanical energy of the German Reich, until the German people cried for mercy and promised to deliver up their wealth, which, of course, did not exist without industry (they were economists enough to know that, though they only mentioned it privately), or did he want to keep German miners working under the menace of French bayonets and sell the products of their industry to pay reparations—which would not amount to much under such a system? It appeared that M. Poincaré desired both those things. He wanted to keep Germany weak, until she agreed to pay, and he wanted her to pay, anyhow. There was a flaw here in French logic; but the troops entered the Ruhr.

Germany staggered again under the blow, and then for a time the nation, so divided against itself, was unanimous in

indignation and wrath. There were many English people, of whom I was one, who agreed that this was an act of folly by France which would delay the reconstruction of Europe and intensify the danger of anarchy and revolution. France stood to gain nothing but hatred, and I met many Frenchmen who thought so, too, but they were in a hopeless minority.

It was no kid-glove business. French officers, who had heard the stories of German arrogance in the occupied cities of France during the war, from their own mothers and wives and sisters, were no less arrogant now, though it was peace and not war. They became angry when they found themselves in the midst of a great German population in all this network of mining towns and railways and factories and furnaces, who adopted an attitude of passive resistance. Not a single German, they vowed, would go on with his work as long as a French soldier remained in the Ruhr. Not a single director or official or foreman would give the necessary orders to make the wheels go round, or get a train on the move, or take a cage down the pits, or light the mines, or keep the fires in the furnaces. This vast organism of mechanical life stopped dead, with the silence of death in Essen and its neighboring towns. It was as though the English Black Country had closed down.

"Très-bien!" said the French officers, who did not like the look of things, all the same. They arrested Herr Krupp and Herr Thyssen and other directors, and marched them off to prison. They ordered the railway officials and station superintendents and signalmen and engine-drivers to maintain the time-table for trains and trucks. When they refused, they also were arrested and bundled off to prison. They would starve these sulky Germans into submission. The German Government was sending them wads of paper money to subsidize this passive resistance. French soldiers searched the pockets of German citizens and seized their wallets. If they would not work they should not eat. That was tried for a time, but given up.

After all, it was perhaps necessary to let them live so that they might work for France. In any case they were half starved. That paper money did not buy much food. They would soon whimper and whine, thought the French. But month after month went by and those people of the Ruhr did not surrender. I went to those mining towns of Essen and Dortmund, and saw this misery. Crowds of men and women were slouching about, workless, like a north country town in England during a general strike, but with a hopelessness and a wretchedness I have never seen in England. They had wan faces, those men and women, with an unhealthy pallor that comes from malnutrition. Their cheek-bones were sharp and their eyes sunken, and they looked as though God had a grudge against them. But they were stubborn in their refusal to give in to French bayonets. I spoke to some of their leaders, intelligent workingmen, who told me what was happening, without passion, very reasonably, and with a courage of resistance which I found heroic.

The French officials and technicians tried to get things going in the Ruhr without German aid, but they lost themselves in this maze of machinery, this giant network of railways and engineering works. They hadn't the key to its mysteries, and they wrecked some of the trains they got going. Not all the bayonets of French troops could win victory here.

ECONOMIC RUIN

Meanwhile, during those nine months of passive resistance in the Ruhr, the rest of Germany was in a desperate state of ill health, morally, financially, and in its political state. Herr Cuno had succeeded Wirth as Chancellor, and supported the population of the Ruhr by draining the German treasury and speeding up the printing presses to increase the volume of paper money. It was the time when inflation made a madhouse of the nation. At least the economic side of life became a vast

insanity. The purchasing power of this paper money dropped to new depths of absurdity, faster than the ticking of the clock. People who had been paid their wages in the morning found that by the evening they could buy nothing with these notes. It is literally true that in Wertheim's, the great stores of Berlin, the shop girls were busy writing out new prices according to the latest exchange value of the mark, and by the time a customer had gone round the showrooms and bought the things he wanted, all prices had to be altered again because the mark was worth hundreds or thousands, and at last millions, less in relation to the "real" money of pounds sterling, American dollars, or French francs. In August, 1923, a tram-ticket in Berlin cost 100,000 marks. In January, 1924, it cost one hundred and fifty milliards of marks. Thrifty and patriotic Germans who had invested their savings in German bonds found themselves beggared. Debts amounting to millions of pounds, reckoned in the pre-war value of the mark, were wiped out for the price of a postage stamp. Foreign residents or travelers in Germany who had contracted for suites of rooms in hotels like the Adlon paid less for their apartments in English money than the price of getting their hair cut in a London barber's. I gave a banquet to eight people at one of the best hotels in Berlin. My guests drank the finest German wines. My bill amounted to a few shillings in English money, and that was long before the astronomical figures afterward attained by German currency. The flight of capital abroad became a panic-stricken stampede, with tragic results to people who were unable to safeguard their savings in this way. Middle-class housewives became hysterical as they saw the prices rising to dizzy heights, while the paper in their hands for the morning's shopping became worthless. Wages were raised week by week, and then day by day, and German people who had been thrifty in the time of sanity spent all they had as fast as possible while they could still buy something. In Berlin the caba-

rets were crowded. The dance-halls were thronged. There was a feverish orgy of "pleasure," masking the despair and misery in millions of hearts. Women and young girls sold themselves for a meal. Berlin was infested by adventurers, like vultures, feeding on the death of a great nation. Professional men, great scholars, aristocrats of the old régime, schoolmasters, clerks, sempstresses, were reduced to the direst poverty while great industrialists, like Stinnes, were making fortunes out of the fall of the mark by buying up new industries and extending their grip upon the real wealth of the nation which was in the labor of its people. . . . I have often wondered whether behind the scenes of German finance there was some sinister brain, or some combination of ruthless minds, controlling all this system of inflation, deliberately forcing its headlong pace into its final rush to ruin. But I no longer hold that theory. There was no control. The situation was out of hand. It had been caused in the first place by German payments of cash to the Allies, and then by the policy of financing passive resistance in the Ruhr. The German bankers could do nothing to stop the tide of worthless paper. Two of them who were directors of the Deutsches Bank wept when they answered some of my questions. A nation must be in a bad way when bankers weep.

It was in a bad way, lurching to ruin and revolution. In 1923 it was very close to anarchy, nearer than it had ever been, even in the first days after the war. Zinoviev, the Russian propagandist, proclaimed his belief that Central Europe was joining the ranks of the Communists—and who can wonder? Saxony had gone Red. There was a revolutionary government in power. Bavaria had gone to the other extreme, and threatened to break away from the Republic. Rationalistic associations were tearing down Republican flags, putting up the old German colors, and parading in military formation with artillery and cavalry. Germany was on the eve of collapse,

and if that had happened, I believe with profound conviction that the whole of Europe would have been dragged down to anarchy and revolution.

THE GENIUS OF STRESEMANN

One man saved the situation. It was a man who was denounced as a murderer and a traitor and a crowd by his political opponents of the Right and Left. I happened to know him. He was a bald-headed, heavily built, big-stomached, clean-shaven, genial-looking man, with a great capacity for beer-drinking, a fondness for old student songs, and an enormous gift of words, a ceaseless vivacity and energy, a human sympathy for the German working classes, but a belief in the necessity of order and discipline. He was essentially a middle-class German, leaning neither to the Right nor to the Left, but belonging to that dangerous place, the Middle of the Road. His name was Gustav Stresemann, the leader of the German People's Party.

He became German Chancellor, and for a hundred days Dictator. It was toward the end of passive resistance in the Ruhr, when the population there, weakened in physique and morale, were on the verge of surrender. Their spirit was broken. The limit of human endurance had been reached.

Hindenburg had become President of the Republic in succession to Ebert, the saddler. The old Field Marshal who had led his army back after defeat was still loyal to the Emperor, and made no secret of it, but his greater loyalty was to the German nation, and in spite of his age and tiredness—he was very tired—he agreed to stand for election. In a country house in England I remember sitting up late at night listening over the wireless, and hearing the announcements of the voting from all parts of Germany as clearly as though I were in Berlin. Hindenburg! . . . Hindenburg! . . . That night he became President of the German Reich, and he stood by Strese-

mann to save Germany if it could be saved from the anarchy which threatened it on all sides and at its heart.

Stresemann took strong measures, which enraged his enemies first on the Left and then on the Right. He proclaimed a state of siege under the command of General Sackt. He sent the army of the Reichswehr into Saxony, occupied the Saxon Diet, and flung out the Communist administration. That did not make him popular with the radical extremists. Then he defied the Nationalists by entering into conversations with Poincaré, whom they hated worse than the devil, offering to end passive resistance in the Ruhr in return for the withdrawal of French troops and an economic agreement between France and Germany. A cry of treachery arose from the Nationalists. Stresemann's life was in danger from assassination, as Rathenau's had been. He was guarded night and day by secret police, but his nerve was not shaken.

POLICY OF RECONSTRUCTION

Poincaré was reaching the end of his term of office. Public opinion in France was getting restless and anxious. His policy in the Ruhr had failed. He had not delivered the goods. He was, perhaps, said the average Frenchman, *un peu trop rigide,* as I heard many times in Paris. There was a change of government, and Herriot, a radical less rigid than M. Poincaré, a man who believed in international conciliation and the rights of labor, German as well as French, became Prime Minister of France. Aristide Briand was his Foreign Secretary—Briand who also believed in some better hope for France and Europe than that keeping alight the fires of hate. In England also there were political changes. A Labor Government came into office with Ramsay Macdonald at its head, deeply anxious to promote the possibilities of peace at all costs, in this time of imminent catastrophe. Stresemann had luck because of this change of leadership in England and France. He took advantage of it

and played his part courageously. Passive resistance was abandoned in the Ruhr before the withdrawal of the French troops, as a sign of good will. Briand responded by withdrawing the troops from Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort.

Then the best thing happened which had ever happened since the war, to produce order out of chaos in the economic affairs of Europe. A committee of experts was appointed by the Reparations Commission to devise some scheme which would lift the problem of Germany's capacity to pay indemnities above the arena of international conflict into the realm of arithmetic and reality. Among these experts were General Dawes, representing the United States, and Lord d'Abernon, British Ambassador in Berlin, who understood more than any other man the financial difficulties and problems of Germany.

The appointment of General Dawes was perhaps the most important factor in this new situation. It brought the United States back into the Councils of Europe. By reason of their interests in the reconstruction of Germany, and by their aloofness from the passions between the nations, their judgment would be guided only by facts.

The Dawes Report, as it is still called (though there were other experts), smashed once and for all the great illusion which had poisoned the imagination of Europe by fantastic fairy tales regarding Germany's capacity to transfer wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice" into the treasuries of the victor nations. It brought the problem down to reality and common sense, by showing that Germany's capacity to pay depended upon her ability to work and trade. It laid down as a first condition the evacuation of the Ruhr and the abandonment of all further "sanctions" by France. Its main argument, adopted by the Reparations Commission, was that Germany should pay on a rising scale of indemnities from the receipts of the state railways and taxes on industry and according to her surplus

revenue, without endangering her currency and internal stability.

It is not too much to say that the adoption of this report did actually save Europe from the certain ruin that would otherwise have happened, and that it restored the sanity of nations.

The obligations undertaken by Germany were still enormous, and indeed too great, as I thought at the time and as the readjustments of the Young Plan afterward proved. But it gave them a respite from political persecution, and the chance of reconstruction. It caused the fires of hatred to die down between Germany and France. It created an economic truce.

The fever of inflation departed. Herr Schacht, the President of the Reichsbank, called in all that waste paper which was driving Germany mad, and instituted his *Rentenmark* upon the security of German industry. It was really only an act of faith which gave the *Rentenmark* a real value at this time, but it worked the necessary miracle.

Stresemann was no longer Chancellor. The Social Democrats had deserted him because of his suppression of the Saxon Communists. The Right denounced him because of the burdens he had accepted in the name of Germany and because they hated him for all things. But they knew secretly that his policy—this Policy of Fulfillment which once he also had denounced when Rathenau was its author—was the only possible way of escape. There was none other but revolution, and they dared not put it to the test. He became Foreign Secretary under the Chancellorship of Dr. Marx, and moved cautiously but courageously toward other methods of conciliation with France and along the road to Peace.

PACTS OF PEACE

He had a good friend at this time. It was Lord d'Abernon, the British Ambassador in Berlin, where sometimes I used to

meet him at luncheon. These two men had a great liking and respect for each other. They talked frankly and without masks. Lord d'Abernon, untidy, generally with his collar undone, a big, shambling, handsome man, delighting to talk about pictures rather than finance or economy, was the best ambassador ever sent to Germany by England, because he had none of the starchiness of the typical diplomat and was a financier who refused to pander to the illusions, insincerities, and dishonesties of either German or English politicians. He talked facts and figures to Stresemann and any German visitor who liked to call on him for such information; and he believed that peace could be secured in Europe by economic understandings more than by political pacts. But it was he who encouraged Stresemann to proceed with an idea which afterward developed into the Locarno Agreement. It was the idea that the fears of France of a war of aggression and revenge by Germany could be allayed by a pact between Great Britain, Germany, and France, guaranteeing the Western frontier.

This guaranty was accepted by the British Government, now Conservative again after the brief administration of the Labor Party, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain conducted the negotiations on behalf of Great Britain, while Aristide Briand represented France, in conversations with Stresemann which took place on October 8th and 9th at Locarno. A pact was signed by which Great Britain agreed to guarantee the Rhineland frontier against aggression from either side, France would have the full power of the British army in her defense if Germany attempted a war of aggression, and Germany would have British aid if France attacked her wantonly. The plan had many critics in France, and some in England, in spite of a "good press" which gave it a pæan of praise, and many speeches over the radio when "the Spirit of Locar-r-no" was hailed with reverence. The French hated that clause mentioning British aid to Germany, and some people in England did not like the

thought that if war breaks out ever again between France and Germany, some generation of British youth will have to go into the furnace fires on one side or the other, because of other people's passions. Better, perhaps, than the pact, was that spirit which had presided over the conversations between Stresemann and Briand. These two men, so utterly different in racial characteristics, did not want to kill each other. Strange that—one being German and the other French! On the contrary, they respected each other. They desired to reconcile their two countries. They worked together to put out the fires.

"The spirit of Locarno," said M. Briand, "denotes the beginning of a new era of trust and coöperation."

"We have assumed responsibility for the treaty," said Herr Stresemann, "because we believe that only by a peaceful and neighborly life can we secure the development of states and peoples."

GERMANY ENTERS THE LEAGUE

Germany was taking her place again among the nations, no longer as a pariah people, but as an equal. That equality would not be fully gained and acknowledged until Germany sat among the Great Powers in the Council of the League of Nations, and Stresemann looked forward to that day as the crowning ceremony of his policy and purpose. He was tragically disappointed when in March of 1926 Spain and Brazil raised prior claims to seats in the Council at Geneva and so postponed the entry of Germany, who demanded admittance according to the existing Constitution. Spain resigned in dudgeon. I was present when her representative vacated his chair with the tragic dignity of a Don Quixote. It was a humiliation for Stresemann as well as a disappointment, and he was not well in mind or body. His enemies at home were violent and dangerous, and that was not good for his peace of mind. Owing to incessant work, and, I imagine, too much

beer—he was a great and joyous beer-drinker whose capacity would have warmed the heart of G. K. Chesterton—he was a sick man.

After a long illness and a health cure, he returned to Geneva in September. Even then there were intrigues behind the scenes to prevent the admission of Germany. To the last moment Sir Austen Chamberlain was on tenterhooks lest some technical ruling raised by Germany's enemies should frustrate this great act of reconciliation and justice. It was not allowed to happen, and I was present at the historic scene on September 10th of that year, 1926, when, in the Hall of Reparations, before a crowded assembly representing the whole world except Russia and the United States, with all the galleries thronged, the President of the League summoned the German delegation to take their places. They were waiting outside. Some minutes passed in deep silence before their appearance. Then a curtain was drawn, and Stresemann appeared with Dr. Schubert and Herr Gaus. The German Foreign Secretary was very pale and his emotion was visible. For him and for all there this moment was the reappearance of Germany among the Great Powers of the world, after defeat and agony and despair. Every one in the public galleries rose and cheered, and although such demonstrations are against the rules of the League, the President made no protest. When silence came he made a brief speech, welcoming Germany to the League, and then called upon the representative of France.

It was Aristide Briand. I had been watching him from my place in the gallery. He had sat there with drooping shoulders, as usual, a shabby, insignificant-looking man until he rose and mounted the platform and pulled himself up and flung out his hand.

Then one heard his voice, marvelous in its range of tone, its musical resonance, its exquisite elocution. He made an in-

spired speech, with all the arts of oratory, and yet with what I believe was absolute sincerity, striding up and down the platform like an old lion, dropping his voice to a whisper sometimes, speaking words that thrilled the assembly with profound emotion. He pledged the soul of France to peace and good will with the soul of Germany. He turned his back, as the French people would turn their backs, upon the Way of Blood, that long road of flaming war and monstrous death, which both nations had traversed, and he faced a future when Germany and France would work together for the peace of humanity, the safety of women, and the rescue of the world's young manhood. I quote from memory. He held out both hands to Stresemann in the name of France.

I have said that I once saw bankers weep! But now I saw journalists with tears in their eyes, and that is even more wonderful. It was Stresemann's turn to address the assembly, and he too made a noble speech, with less fire, less oratory (he read his address), but with an ardent sincerity, as none could doubt. I quote only one passage.

"It cannot be the meaning of a divinely ordered world that men should turn their highest national achievements against each other. . . . The man who serves humanity best is he who, rooted in his own nation, develops his spiritual and his moral endowments to their highest capacity, so that growing beyond the limits of his own nation, he is able to give something to the whole of humanity, as the great ones of all nations have done. Their names are written in the history of mankind."

Those words should be the epitaph of Stresemann himself. He lived up to that ideal. He died in its service.

Germany was startled when, after the death of Stresemann in 1929, tributes of profound esteem and regret were paid to his spirit by the leading statesmen of all countries. His enemies were silenced at last. They knew they had attacked their wisest

and bravest man, and the one who had led them out of the wilderness.

On Monday, June 30th, 1930, nearly twelve years after the Armistice, Germany regained control of the Rhine frontier, which had been occupied by French, Belgian and British troops until the terms of the Peace Treaty had been fulfilled. On that day, when General Guillaumat departed with his staff and troops—the British having already left their sector—liberty was restored to the German people and the last chapter of the war was ended.

THE NEW GERMANY

Since the Dawes Report and the entry into the Council of the League, Germany has returned to normal conditions, and her people on the whole are prosperous, in spite of rising unemployment and financial anxiety. Doubtless there is much poverty still, but the traveler does not see it, however hard he looks, except in places like the *Nacht Asyl* in Berlin, where the down-and-outs go for shelter and food, as once I saw them. One sees throughout Germany a hard-working and I believe a happy people. Certainly they are happy on the Wannsee when the sun is shining and hundreds of thousands of shop girls and clerks and typists and middle-class folk go to the edge of the lakes and fling off their clothes and crowd into the bathing-places or lie about taking sun baths. German youth has become mad on sport, and that is better than being mad on war. They are devotees of the outdoor life, and that is better than brooding over old defeats and longing for future vengeance. Liberated from their old militarism, they have a new faith in liberty itself. There are reactionaries in Germany as in all nations, many brutal minds, no doubt, and here and there groups of die-hards and desperadoes who are not reconciled to the Republic or to peace. There are many Communists among

workingmen still plotting for revolution and "the Dictatorship of the Proletariat." God knows they have many grievances and remembrance of abominable hardship cruelties. There have been recent riots. But Germany is swarming with a prosperous middle class who get more pleasure out of life than the same peoples of other nations, because they like music and art and beer and sunshine and good company in pleasant gardens which are all available for their class and kind. They have become used to this Republican government. They are not hankering after war—not the younger generation to whom it is now a vague remembrance of hungry days and darkness. The mind of the German people is moving away from its old traditions as the mind of youth everywhere is moving toward new ideals and new relationships. They still work hard—it is their national genius. They are building big ships again, and they have taken the lead in the air, as one may see any afternoon in the *Flughaven* near Berlin, where airplanes come and go between the cities of many nations, with the regularity of a railway time-table. German tourists flock to Venice, which is their earthly paradise, and they are no longer afraid to speak their language in foreign cities. Their war books are best sellers in England, and each one of them adds another picture of horror to the history of war. They have many grievances still against the Versailles Treaty which was imposed upon them in the time of defeat. They are separated from many of their own kinsfolk by frontiers which were badly drawn by the peacemakers. But they hope to put those things right, from their point of view, and, as they believe, in justice, by methods of conciliation and common sense without threat of force before the parliament of nations at Geneva. They have economic relations with France which are working well for both countries, I believe. It is strange, but I believe it is true, that their younger intellectuals have no hatred for France, but admira-

tion and esteem—impossible as it may seem to those of us who remember recent history. The world is not the same as it was in 1918 or 1923. Germany is not the same. We face a new era, still uncertain, but no longer guided by war-makers and old stupidities.

CHAPTER X

THE FUTURE OF AUSTRIA

ONE of the unsettled problems of Europe is the political and economic state of Austria. For reasons of self-preservation it is drawing closer to the German Reich. It can hardly exist without that *Anschluss*, or union with the German people, definitely forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles in the following terms.

Germany acknowledges and will strictly respect the independence of Austria, and this independence shall be inalienable except with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations.

There seems to be a loophole of escape there. The League of Nations might agree to this linking of the German-speaking peoples, but as long as France uses her right of veto in the Council that way is closed. Other nations would be alarmed. Poland, Rumania, and Jugo-Slavia would hate to see themselves encircled by a Germanic federation dominated by Berlin. Yet the only alternative to sustain the economic life of Austria would be free trade with the Danube States formerly within her Empire, whose tariff walls shut her out on every side. How otherwise is Austria going to live? . . .

THE STRICKEN CITY

In 1919 when I went to Vienna after the war, Austria was dying. The Treaty of St.-Germain which dealt with the old Empire—long doomed to disintegration—parceled out Austrian territories and possessions and peoples among the new states, and what had once been a monarchy of fifty-two million

people was now a republic with a population of six and a half millions, a third of whom were in Vienna itself.

That city was stricken. Its people were in a state of moral and physical collapse. They had been a light-hearted race, frivolous, gay, irresponsible, music-loving, charming. Somehow even during the war we felt no great enmity to them, although they were the immediate cause of conflict. We dissociated them—at least England did—from the sinister ambitions of Prussia. Now after the war they were being punished too brutally for old sins of arrogance and luxury and weakness, and those who were being scourged by the whips of fate were not the old cynics who had conducted the Imperial policy, but the children of Austria who were starving and dying, and pretty girls who had to sell their beauty in the market-place for a meal, and clerks and students and young mothers, and men who had fiddled in little orchestras, and doctors who had devoted their lives to science, and old ladies and gentlemen who had done no cruelty, and middle-class folk who had wept through the war. One had to pity them.

Their money was almost worthless. The peasants refused to accept it for their produce. They demanded boots or jackets or jewelry for their butter and cheese—as in Russia. There was no fuel in Vienna to keep the lights going or to warm their rooms in winter. The streets were in darkness, and as I walked in them, haggard faces passed and skinny hands were thrust out to beg from me. I saw groups of middle-class people dragging back logs and branches from the woods around to get a little warmth. The clinics were crowded with children so weak with ricketts that they could not sit up. They had gristle instead of bones in their poor little bodies. The doctors and nurses who looked after them lived on cabbage soup, with now and then a few potatoes. In the factories the workers were living on rationed bread, so filthy and ill-nourishing that their stomachs revolted at it. The old gentility was ashamed to go

to the public soup kitchens provided mostly by foreign charity, and starved in secret, proudly.

Outwardly even then there was a kind of "gayety" in Vienna, more horrible than misery. The vultures had come to feed on the corpse of Austria. Vienna was thronged with "profiteers," financiers who were making money by gambling with international exchanges, foreign adventurers who lived riotously on the worthless paper money, crowding the restaurants and drinking halls, "standing treat" to young Austrian girls who came to these places for a little warmth and the chance of food—one had to pity them.

THE RESERVE OF A PEOPLE

The Allied Power had sent a mission under an Englishman named Sir William Goode to exact reparations from Austria for war damage. The grim farce of it was grotesque. These people were smashed, helpless, and ruined. Sir William Goode, with headquarters at the Bristol Hotel, sent home a report to say the Reparations Commission would have to be a relief commission.

There was a woman I met in Vienna who helped to save the children of Austria. Her name was Eglantyne Jebb and she helped to found that society which ever since has devoted itself to the world's childhood wherever it needs rescue—the Save the Children Fund. She was one of our latter-day saints and it was her inspiration which brought milk and medicine to Vienna in the days of its most desperate need. The American Relief Administration came in with supplies of food. The Hofburg, once the palace of the Emperors, with their portraits—the ghosts of a grandeur that had fallen—still on the gilded furniture and polished floors of innumerable *salons*, became a soup kitchen for hungry children. The Swiss Red Cross and the Scandinavian nations coöperated in this work of international charity after the years of cruelty and hatred.

Great Britain, loaded with debt, with two million unemployed in its cities, hard pressed after stupendous efforts in time of war, voted a sum of £35,000,000 for the relief of Austria, with a generosity which the world has forgotten, or perhaps never knew, though it is one of the golden deeds of the English people who do not brag of their benevolence. It was but a temporary measure of relief keeping Austria alive, but no more than that.

Dr. Redlich, the Austrian representative on the League of Nations, put the plain truth to me in the following words:

> "Unless the Powers formulate some policy on a broader line than free meals and temporary aid, the Austrian people are doomed beyond any hope of life and there will be a morbid poison in the heart of Europe."

It was due not a little to Dr. Redlich himself that the Great Powers did deal with this problem of Austria on broad lines of international reconstruction, and in that work he was aided by Dr. Seipel, a priest, who became Chancellor of the new Republic and in many ways the savior of his people. Toward the end of the war he left his Chair of Moral Theology in Vienna on a journey to Switzerland with the vain hope of stopping the war by negotiating a separate peace for Austria or by any other method of conciliation, thereby risking his life as a "traitor," though he was loyal to the spirit of his faith. After the fall of the monarchy, when he was Minister of Social Welfare, he formed a Cabinet and abandoned his work as a priest and professor for that of statesmanship in a stricken country. He saw the clear and tragic truth that Austria had not within herself the means of reconstituting her economic life.

The new nations formed out of the wreckage of the old Empire surrounded Austria with sullen hostility, remembering historical oppression, and refusing to their old rulers aid in any way; refusing even to trade with them. Dr. Seipel decided

to appeal to the League of Nations and made journeys to many capitals in Europe to plead for an international loan under the auspices of the League. By his favor of eloquence, by his simplicity and devotion, he persuaded men not easy to persuade, the diplomats of the Great Powers. On October 22, 1922, their delegate at Geneva granted an international loan of £27,000,000 and sent a commission to Vienna to control and regularize Austrian finances. It was a noble success—and the justification of the League in those early years of incredulity. Austrian money was stabilized, rigid economies were enforced, the Budget was balanced and the nightmare of misery, terror, and despair passed gradually from the spirit of the people.

When I went to Vienna in later years, and for a few days last year, the transformation in the outward aspects of social life were almost miraculous. In the public gardens I watched the children playing. They had recovered from those wasting diseases which had been due to a lack of vitamins and undernourishment. In the Prater the orchestras were fiddling again and the crowds were merry. At Innsbruck there was food, good and cheap, and the restaurants were crowded with well-to-do peasants who had come from the country districts for a great Fair. The League of Nations may have failed in some things, but it had given the chance of life to a people worth saving.

POLITICAL STRIFE

And yet all is not well in Austria even now. There is a political bitterness and unrest in many minds and they are sharply and even passionately divided. Vienna is governed by a Socialist municipality to which the country districts are hostile. Communism is creeping into the factories. During the days of financal chaos foreign speculators and financiers—mostly Jewish—bought up the industries and business establishments of the city, creating racial and religious hatred. One

Sunday morning I remember watching a procession of stalwart men with many bands and banners parading through the streets. They took an hour to pass a lamp-post where I had stationed myself. They belonged to the Heimwehr organization and wore the Hackenkreuz—the sign of the Swastika. They are hostile to Jews, in favor of the *Anschluss* with Germany, anti-Socialist, anti-French, extremely nationalist. There have been many riots leading to baton charges and bloody pates, owing to their activities.

In 1924, Dr. Seipel who, more than any other man, had saved Austria, was badly wounded by the bullets of a would-be assassin who disliked his politics. He was able to resume his duties and for five years more guided the State with wisdom, entirely free from any arrogance of dictatorship, but in April of 1929 he was forced to resign, owing to the acute quarrels between the Christian Social party, of which he was leader, and the Pan-German and Agrarian parties which had previously supported him. He was succeeded as Chancellor by Dr. Streeruwitz, who was also a Christian-Socialist, but grave trouble menaced Austria, owing to political strife between the extreme Socialists and the Heimwehr organization. Revolution seemed imminent as the leaders of the Heimwehr threatened to overthrow the Government and establish a Fascist régime. The conflict was averted by Herr Schober, Chief of Police, who became head of the Government and after long parleys with the rival groups, persuaded them to agree to a compromise revising the Constitution.

Last year the financial state of the country was unsatisfactory. The Government failed to raise a new foreign loan, unemployment was increasing, and Austria's export trade, even with Germany, fell sharply. The agricultural returns were on a lower scale and the Government had to set aside large sums to assist the farmers. On the other hand, a valuable and rising

source of revenue was flowing into Austria by the tourist traffic, especially from England and the United States.

Economically, Austria is still cut off from the sources of wealth, deprived of raw material for her factories, and unable to market her produce across the tariff walls of the neighboring states. Heavily taxed and lacking capital, the Austrians are still faced with war debts which hang like millstones about their necks and jeopardize the future. At a Hague Conference in 1930, France, Great Britain, and Italy expressed themselves willing to cancel all their claims for reparations, but Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia and Rumania were not willing. They were afraid that Hungary might take that for a precedent, and Hungary refuses to settle anything so long as her former possessions and millions of her people remain in the hands of those states, without compensation or redress.

Meanwhile the coming together of Germany and Austria would be regarded by the Little Entente and by France as a danger-signal to Europe. The German-speaking minorities in Rumania, Bohemia, and other neighboring states would inevitably coalesce with their kinsfolk, and once again there would be a solid German bloc strongly intrenched in the heart of Europe, formidable in its rising power and potential prosperity. Unless there is some new political grouping, some new system of federation among the nations leading toward that ideal of the United States of Europe, the former enemies of Germany will not envisage that *Anschluss* without uneasiness and alarm. So the riddle of Austria's future remains unsolved, like other secrets of the future in the strange uncertainty through which we drift.

CHAPTER XI

THE REGENERATION OF POLAND

ONE of the historic crimes of Europe, hideous in its cruelty to a whole race, was atoned after the war when Poland became a nation again. For centuries their dominions had been the battlegrounds of Russians, Germans, Swedes, Mongols, and Turks. The weakness of their own nobility, religious conflicts between their own sects, the degenerate character of some of their kings, were among the causes which had led to their downfall, in spite of heroic leaders who appeared from time to time, and their nation was finally torn to pieces by the Great Powers surrounding them. In the third partition of Poland in 1795 Russia seized the lion's share of the old Polish kingdom with sixteen million of its people, Prussia grabbed three million Poles with their territory, and Austria five millions. Poland was wiped off the map of Europe after seven hundred years as a sovereign power.

THE SECRET WAR

But the spirit of the Poles never died. They kept their language, though Russia tried to suppress it. They remembered their national poetry and songs, though it was a criminal act to possess a book which printed them. They kept alive in their hearts the legends of their heroes, and Polish youth, from generation to generation, made secret vows to recover their national independence, though the penalty was death or long years of prison life in Siberia. Austria treated them on the whole with an easy-going tolerance and good nature. Germany dragooned them, and colonized their old territories with

Prussian farmers. It was Russia which oppressed them, flogged them, denied their own religion to them, tried to kill their national culture, closed their Universities, and deprived them of any liberty. Russia was the enemy of their race. The Czarist officials were their hated tyrants. It was against Czardom that they organized a secret war, by conspiracy, insurrection, innumerable plots, unceasing propaganda, fanatical hatred, and Czardom defended itself by its secret police, by the Cossack knout, by the arrest of the conspirators, by executions, by sentencing the flower of Polish youth to be dragged in chains to the Siberian mines, as happened in 1863 when twenty thousand of them were sentenced to life-long imprisonment in Siberia after one of these insurrections.

All that is an old story. . . . It entered a new phase shortly before the Great War in 1914, and the national restoration of Poland was one of the conditions of peace. This resurrection of a nation is best told as the Iliad of one man, though that exaggerates the power of individual leadership and is apt to create a myth and a legend in which the actions of millions of men, the courage and will power of the mass, the opportunities of the time, and the tide of events are made subordinate to one outstanding personality who becomes dramatized in popular imagination. But Marshal Pilsudski became a myth. The Poles needed a hero around whom they could rally. They chose this leader for their hero worship and made a legend of him, and his own spirit, which truly marked him out for leadership, was strengthened by this popular faith in his heroic quality.

THE YOUTH OF PILSUDSKI

Josef Pilsudski was a Pole born in 1867 near Vilna in Lithuania, and his father belonged to an old and noble family. As a young boy he had seen his mother weeping because his eldest brother had been sent off to Siberia merely because of

friendship with a young student accused of revolutionary propaganda against the Russians.

In his school and university days he heard his race and its heroic traditions ridiculed and insulted by Russian professors, and he remembered these things in his heart with anguish. From his earliest childhood he had read the stories of Polish persecution. Now he fed his imagination with the old legends, the old poetry, of his people, and while still a boy knew that he was dedicated to the spirit of insurrection for Polish liberty.

On the very threshold of manhood he became the victim of persecution, and was arrested by the Russian police, not because of any crime of his own, but because, like his elder brother, he was suspected of friendship with the enemies of Russia. He became one of a batch of prisoners sent to that Siberian exile which was the fate of so many young Poles whose patriotism was accounted a crime. Unshaved, unwashed, ill-fed, and closely guarded, he marched for thousands of versts along that road to servitude, and every mile of the way hardened his hatred of Russia and strengthened his belief that some day he would help to liberate his race.

Once he was brutally treated and knocked about by the butt end of a rifle until he lay bleeding and senseless. For the most part, however, the Russian guards respected this young man of noble birth, and were cowed by his arrogance, or charmed by his good looks, and some magic in his personality. Now and then he was allowed a certain amount of freedom outside his prison. He could shoot and fish and study the ways of nature, and it was in those years that he developed his character of deep introspection, with brooding silences broken by vivid and flaming talk, of secretiveness and aloofness, because of years in prison walls, and of long smoldering passion waiting for the spark to set his soul on fire.

In the long silence and solitude of Siberian winters, when his chief amusement was playing countless games of chess

with a fellow prisoner, he had a sense of strange powers within him and beyond him, and developed a belief in mysticism, having visions of future happenings, or deep mysterious intuitions. When he was liberated after five years, he had no thought of making a career for himself, but plunged at once into that secret organization which worked all over Europe, and in the United States, among Polish immigrants, for the liberation of the Fatherland.

THE CONSPIRATOR

This mission led him to London, where he lived in the direst poverty at 7 Beaumont Square, Mile End, as the part editor and proofreader and typesetter of a revolutionary paper. In 1894, as a young man of twenty-seven, very handsome, with deep-set eyes and a fine profile and a strong, resolute jaw, he went to Lodz and afterward to Warsaw, where he founded a paper called *Robotnik* (*The Workman*), which defied the Russian Government and police. Not all their searches could discover the authors and printers of these flaming sheets. Pilsudski was a married man now, and his wife helped him to conceal his printing-press and the work he was doing with a group of fellow conspirators, among whom was a man named Wojchichowski, nicknamed "Stas," who was afterward the Prime Minister of Poland, and not so devoted in his friendship to Pilsudski, the autocrat, as he was in those days of comradeship and obscurity.

At last the secret police tracked down the conspirators and arrested Pilsudski and hauled him off to the Citadel in Warsaw which had been built by Polish prisoners as a dungeon for their own patriots. In order to be removed from a place where there was no chance of escape, he pretended to go mad. For a year he raved and raged, until at last he was sent to the asylum of St. Nicholas in Petrograd. Here he kept up his pretense of

insanity, on the advice of friends outside who were plotting to release him.

A young doctor belonging to their organization managed to get a post on the hospital staff. For many months he had no opportunity of carrying out his orders. Then one feast day, when most of the staff were outside, amusing themselves, he sent for Pilsudski, provided him with a disguise, walked with him past the attendants, and drove off with him unchallenged.

This escape created an enormous sensation, and for the first time Pilsudski became a hero among the Polish people. He returned to Warsaw, which he made his headquarters, and became the leader of a kind of guerrilla band. They organized raids to release Polish prisoners under escort, held up vans containing large sums of Russian money, and made themselves extremely objectionable to the Russian authorities as gunmen and bandits.

THE POLISH LEGION

But now Pilsudski gave reality to a dream which had long haunted him. It was to organize a Polish army which would be ready to fight for freedom when, as he believed with one of those intuitions which came to him, a European war would happen between Germany and Russia. He knew it was coming. He wanted the Poles to be ready. He decided to raise this army, to drill it, to arm it. For years he had steeped himself in the literature of war—the campaigns of Napoleon, military strategy, the technical side of army organization.

It was in Austrian Poland, hostile to Russia, indulgent to the Poles who might be useful to them as gun fodder, that Pilsudski began to raise his volunteers. At first they were slow in coming forward. The game seemed too dangerous. Then students arrived from Lemberg and Cracow and drilled industriously under Pilsudski's orders. The movement spread. When tension was increased between Austria and Russia, the Austrian

Government encouraged Pilsudski's legion, though with some anxiety. They knew that the Poles would demand independence as their reward for fighting, if ever a Russo-German war should happen. . . . Then it happened.

In 1914 Pilsudski offered his Legion for immediate service, and led the first raids over the Russian frontier, at first with a mere band, and then with about two thousand volunteers, and then a Polish division. They were armed with old rifles, and the Austrian Government begrudged them ammunition. Their boots wore out. They were ragged regiments. But they penetrated far into Russian territory, made some daring and gallant attacks, and were sent to hold dangerous sectors. Pilsudski was their general and leader, adored by his officers and men, and feared also because of his autocratic temper, his impatience, and that touch of mysticism which seemed to give him uncanny powers. It is possible that the exploits of his Legion were exaggerated—his enemies say so—but they became legendary in the Polish imagination, and his name was a watchword.

THE POLES IN RUSSIA

During the war the Poles were fighting on different fronts and against the Allies who afterward gave them independence. Some of the first "German" prisoners I saw on the Western Front after the battle of Loos were Poles. There were vast numbers—no less than 700,000—in the Russian army. But both Russia and Germany were nervous of them and tried to bribe them into loyalty by promises of national autonomy. The Czar issued a proclamation to this effect, but the Polish patriots had no confidence in that pledge. When the Revolution broke out in Russia an extraordinary situation arose. The Polish divisions linked up with the counter-revolutionary armies. In July, 1918, General Joseph Haller, a Galician Pole of great courage and spirit, who had been an officer in Pilsudski's Legion,

fought his way through the Red armies with thousands of Polish soldiers, and after an amazing journey joined the British Expeditionary Force at Murmansk. Other Polish contingents fought under Admiral Kolchak against the Reds in Siberia, where they were joined by a division of Poles from the United States.

Meanwhile Pilsudski had given up soldiering for politics. After the defeat of the Russians in Galicia, Germany dominated Poland and was in supreme command in Warsaw. The German authorities had no illusions about Pilsudski. He made it quite clear to them that he had no more love for Germany than he had for Russia. He had already proclaimed a Polish Government in Warsaw, which had no existence except in his own mind and faith, but might be dangerous for Germany later on.

DEFYING GERMANY

The bravest deed of his life was not in fighting, but in refusing to fight. The German governor in Warsaw—von Besseler—was anxious to get rid of a man whom he described as "the soul of Polish opposition." General Bernhardi obliged him by ordering Pilsudski and his Legion to hold a dangerous sector of the front where the chance of death was highest. The Polish casualties day by day were enormous, and Pilsudski, seeing that his division was not relieved, withdrew them. It was mutiny, according to all the rules of war, and the Polish general was tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot. He was saved by the Austrian High Command, who knew that the death of such a man would arouse the hostility of every Pole to the point of madness. Later on the Germans, recognizing his powerful influence, appointed him to a Council of State which was to administer Poland under German domination. Pilsudski saw the trap. It would put Poland in chains again. One of his first speeches in the Council was to protest

against the German plan and to forbid the Legionaries to take an oath of allegiance to the German Emperor. Orders were issued for his arrest, in September, 1917, and he was taken into Germany and imprisoned in the fortress of Magdeburg.

He was used to prison life, and he regarded this episode as a rest cure and a time for meditation. He had lost his leadership for a time by a shifting of the scene in this enormous drama of history. General Haller and others were in the limelight. A committee of Polish exiles in Paris were negotiating with the Allies for the future independence of their country. But Pilsudski, with his elbows on the table in that fortress prison, knew that he would be called by his people. Whatever happened, he would be in supreme power to shape the destiny of a new Poland. It was his right because it was by his vision and will power that these things had happened. They had laughed at him as a Don Quixote tilting at windmills when he had commanded his first body of ragamuffin Legionaries. But presently they had stopped laughing. He had commanded the first Polish army. He had a sense of being the man of destiny. One day he would leave this prison and fulfill his dreams—those strange, fateful dreams which had come to him as a convict in Siberia.

It was a German officer, very charming, very sympathetic, very courteous—his name was Count Harry Kessler—who opened the gates of the fortress in Magdeburg and drove him rapidly to Berlin for consultation with other distinguished Germans. What were his plans? asked Count Harry Kessler. What were his ideas about Poland in relation to Germany? Pilsudski did not reveal his ideas. He suspected a trap here. He was terribly silent. And Count Harry Kessler was ill at ease.

It was November 9th when he sat with this ex-prisoner in a smart restaurant in Berlin. There were strange sounds in the streets outside. Machine-gun fire. Hoarse shouts of marching mobs. It was a German revolution. That night Pilsudski was

put on a train for Warsaw, and when he arrived he knew that the hour of his destiny had come. Vast crowds had assembled to meet him. His name was acclaimed with frenzied hero worship. The man who had lived in the direst poverty in the East End of London, setting up type on a little press, who had gone from prison to prison, was now by the will of his people the first Chief of State in the new nation which had been reborn after agony and death.

THE SOLDIER AND STATESMAN

The story ought to end here. The curtain should come down on that fulfillment of a great vision. But in life drama drags on into anti-climaxes and hero-worship fades out into criticism and bickerings and disillusionment. Pilsudski, first Marshal of the Polish army, this Don Quixote of modern romance, lost some of his prestige, and aroused great enmities, when he had to deal with the problems of statesmanship and the conflicts of everyday politics.

Like many men called to high power, especially men with a mystic belief in destiny guiding their actions, he had a firm belief that whatever he willed was right, and that anyone opposing his will or criticizing his decisions was a traitor to his country and a dirty dog. No sooner had the Polish State been reconstituted than there were many sharp differences of opinion between political groups who had been working for the liberation of their country. There was an extreme Left and an extreme Right, both of them hostile to this Pilsudski who would not tolerate any national division contrary to his dictates.

There were gentlemen in Paris who had not fought in his legions, but claimed authority because of some committee they had formed. They sent him out a long-haired pianist named Paderewski, who, they believed, was the noblest representative of the Polish nation. Pilsudski looked him over, stared at his piano-playing hands and his long hair and elegant clothes, and

listened to his polished way of speech. There was nothing soldierly about him, and Pilsudski felt most at ease with soldiers after his own military adventures. Paderewski could make nothing of this strange, haggard, handsome man in a military tunic who sat in moody silence with an ironical smile sometimes, or who broke his silence by long, incoherent, mystical speeches which seemed removed from everyday realities. However, they arranged a compact and Paderewski became Prime Minister of Poland and delegate to the Peace Conference in Paris.

Pilsudski was Chief of State and Minister for War. His main interest for a time was the reorganization of the Polish army, and then another dream took possession of him. It was to liberate the Ukraine from Russian Bolshevism. There was a man named Petlura who was fighting for Ukrainian independence. In Warsaw an old friend of Pilsudski, named Savinkov, who had been a revolutionary against Czardom and Minister for War under Kerensky, was now an earnest advocate of this adventure against the Bolsheviks. Pilsudski had a belief in his own military genius. He wanted to show the world that the Polish army was irresistible under his command. He believed, perhaps, that a victory against Red Russia would unify his own nation and cover it with new glory. He had visions of a strong Poland extending its political influence eastward in Europe. He led his army into the Ukraine on April 25, 1920, and encountering little opposition from the Red army, which retreated before him, occupied a great part of the country and marched triumphantly into Kiev. Surely it was a great victory!

THE RUSSIAN ADVANCE

Pilsudski believed it to be so when he returned to Warsaw and attended a "Te Deum" at the Cathedral. But when the bells were clashing out in joyous reverberation an attack was

being launched against the Poles by a young man who had once been a lieutenant in the Czar's bodyguard, but was now a general of the Red army, Michael Tukhatshevsky. He was advancing on the north beyond Minsk and Vilna with enormous forces, numbering twenty-one divisions of infantry and two divisions of cavalry. He left sufficient troops down south to deceive Pilsudski, who was reinforcing that front, and then drove toward Warsaw with irresistible weight.

Refugees began to arrive in Warsaw—at first stragglers, then hordes of wretched people fleeing before the Red Terror. An American Red Cross man in Warsaw, Mr. Charles Phillips, looked out of his window one morning in August of this year 1920, and saw an endless stream of peasant carts—"narrow, springless, high-boxed wagons built for one-man roads and forest trails"—pouring into Warsaw from the east. . . . All day long and far into the small hours of the night the procession went on—tired horses, straggling cattle, weary, worried, dust-covered people. It was the advance guard of an army of peasants in flight, until a million of them, homeless, hungry, stricken by typhus, had retreated from Eastern Poland. It was 1920. Peace had been declared by the Great Powers. Was it beginning all over again, this war—this endless trail of refugees—this misery of nations?

Pilsudski, the great hero, was leading his nation into ruin, and if Poland fell under the Red Terror there would be no safety in Europe. Lenin had already proclaimed that Warsaw was the open door to World Revolution. "Labor" in Europe had already become agitated by the Polish attack on the Ukraine. French Socialists had issued a manifesto saying, "Not a man, not a shell, not a shoe for reactionary Poland." Italian mechanics had held up airplanes ordered by Pilsudski. German dockworkers refused to unload munitions at Danzig destined for the Polish army. Even the English Labor party had denounced this Polish invasion of the Ukraine. The Chief of

State had alienated public sympathy among the Allies who had guaranteed Polish freedom. Now Warsaw itself was threatened. Calamity was close at hand, and there was not a nation in Europe who would come to its rescue.

Marshal Pilsudski seemed stunned for a time. His depression infected his officers. In the Belvedere palace he spent hours in solitary brooding, not giving orders, suffering secret agonies which showed on his haggard face.

A deputation had arrived from the Allies, among them being General Weygand and Lord D'Abernon. They brought no promise of military reinforcements. Poland must fight her own battles. But General Weygand studied the maps and sketched out a plan of counter-attack.

THE COUNTER-ATTACK

Pilsudski came to life again. His depression lifted. He gave orders. He made a stirring appeal to the heroism of the people. He summoned his officers and inspired them with his mystical faith in a new Miracle of the Marne which would turn the tide of war. This time it would be the "Miracle of the Vistula." He was certain of it. The French believe, and will go on believing, that it was General Weygand whose strategy saved Poland. The General himself has said that he had very little to do with the business and that it was the Polish army and people who saved themselves. In any case, the strategy was simple, provided it had force and spirit behind it. Pilsudski attacked the Red army on its left flank and in the rear. They had come very close to Warsaw on the north—six miles away—and were completely confident of capturing the city. They were surprised and staggered by the sudden attack. For a time they resisted and made counter-attacks, but the impetuous advance of the Poles could not be thwarted, and the Red troops began to retreat. It developed into a panic and a rout. Most of these Red soldiers were mere boys, as I saw them in Russia.

They had no real stamina, in spite of all their successes. They ran like rabbits when they were frightened. "The Miracle of the Vistula" happened. Warsaw was saved, and more than Warsaw. I believe, as Lord D'Abernon believed, that if Poland had been overwhelmed by the Bolsheviks, Germany and Western Europe would have been the next line of attack in Lenin's plan of campaign.

Pilsudski sent reinforcements to the south after this victory in the north, and his troops rounded up the Reds. Even Budjenny's famous cavalry had to retire before the Polish cavalry regiments, and Trotsky, the Russian War Minister, yielded to the realities of this new situation which had overstrained the strength of the Red armies. On October 11, 1920, peace was signed between Poland and Russia.

THE SEIZURE OF VILNA

Even now Pilsudski was not satisfied. There was no peace in his mind. He had recovered his old self-confidence, his belief in his infallibility, his autocratic spirit. His political enemies had been silenced for a time by the national enthusiasm which acclaimed him as the savior of Poland. But there was one little dream which demanded fulfillment. He had long cherished it. It was to incorporate Vilna, his old home in Lithuania, within the new frontiers of Poland. His original desire was to have linked Lithuania to Poland in a federation of states which had existed in ancient history. "Poland dreams of a great confederation—a new America in the Old World," he told Mr. Phillips of the American Red Cross. But the Lithuanians outside Vilna were very narrow and nationalistic, he thought, absurdly jealous of their new independence. On the other hand, the inhabitants of Vilna were, he was convinced, eager to belong to Poland. Unfortunately, the Great Powers were hostile to the idea. They had exacted a pledge from Paderewski

that his nation should renounce all claims to Vilna. That was preposterous in the opinion of Pilsudski. He decided to confront the Great Powers with a *fait accompli*, in the style of D'Annunzio's capture of Fiume. He knew the right man to undertake this adventure. It was General Zeligowski, who had fought with him in the Legion in the first heroic days. He was a Polish D'Artagnan. Like Haller, he had fought his way out of Russia after the Revolution. He had fought almost everybody, from White Guards to Bolsheviks and Germans. Pilsudski tapped him on the shoulder and gave him the chance of another adventure—the seizure of Vilna. At first Zeligowski was baffled. He wanted direct orders from the Marshal and shirked a mission which might cost him his head, or utter disgrace, if he acted without authority. Then his simple mind grasped the idea. His old chief wanted to do the trick without taking the political responsibility. Well, there was nothing he could refuse Pilsudski, and Vilna was his own home town. . . .

When he entered the city after a forced march, he calmed the frightened inhabitants by cheery words. "We haven't come to fight," he told them. "We've come home."

The Lithuanian officials fled. Their government offices were abandoned, and Zeligowski made himself comfortable and refused all parleys.

Meanwhile, in Warsaw, telegrams were arriving from all the European capitals, and the Belvedere Palace where the Chief of State sat at the telephone, was besieged by Polish politicians, alarmed and outraged by this defiance of the Great Powers. Pilsudski shrugged his shoulders. It was all that fellow Zeligowski. What a devil of a man! He instructed polite answers to be sent to all those telegraphic inquiries from Paris and London. He also instructed Zeligowski to stay where he was.

THE AUTOCRAT

The character of Poland's Chief of State will remain an enigma in history. He was an autocrat at this time, but a democrat in his deepest sympathies, so that he made enemies of the Right Wing in the new Polish Parliament, while hated by the Left Wing because of his military adventures and his touch of despotism. Like most great men, he was intensely interested in his own personality, which he identified with the destiny of his country, yet he had moods of humility and would never accept absolute dictatorship or even stand for election as President. He could be sweetly reasonable, philosophical, and charming in private conversation, as when he received foreign visitors, and bade them be patient with the progress of his country. "Poland is a new-born baby among the nations," he said to his American friend, Mr. Phillips, to whom he confided many of his ideas. "All the world is gazing at that marvelous child. They expect everything from it. But a mere child cannot be like that! A child must make mistakes —especially when the sponsors and masters of the child do not even themselves know what to do."

And again:

"Poland is a structure rushed into existence. A scaffolding of independence was hastily set up. It is the solid dwelling we are now erecting. There are plenty of bricks and mortar and tools, but naturally they have been ill-sorted, and lie about us in confusion."

All that was wise, but his actions did not always follow the wisdom of his words, and sometimes his words were not so gentle. He believed in a Parliamentary constitution for Poland, but was utterly intolerant of political differences, and parties, and debates, and time-wasting procedure, which he denounced and ridiculed with a coarseness of speech which outraged the sensibilities of distinguished politicians.

Paderewski had not been a success as Prime Minister. He had a silver eloquence as beautiful as his own music, when making a speech on the soul of his nation, but he was ineffective in debate and disheartened by opposition. He was forced to resign, and went back to his home in Switzerland disillusioned and almost broken-hearted, until he opened his piano again—he had not touched its keys for several years—and found solace in his supreme gift.

The first President of Poland was one of Marshal Pilsudski's old and trusted friends, named Gabriel Narutowicz, and when he drove to the Sejm, as the Polish Parliament is called, in order to take the Presidential oath, his carriage was stoned by political enemies. A few days later he was shot dead at the opening of the *Salon* in Warsaw, by three bullets meant for Pilsudski himself.

The new President elected as his successor was Stanislas Wojchichowski—an unpronounceable name to most of us, but nicknamed "Stas"—who had been with Pilsudski in the old far-off days of exile in London, when they had worked together as compositors and printers. He took his position seriously, and gradually drew apart from Pilsudski, who was so intolerant of constitutional rules and parliamentary conflicts. Under his Presidency a man named Witos, the leader of the Peasant's Party, became Prime Minister and allied himself with the Right Wing who were hostile to Pilsudski.

POLITICAL STRIFE

It was a time of economic and political trouble in Poland. The new nation was faced with enormous difficulties of a moral and material kind. The partition which had torn it asunder a hundred years and more ago had divided the Polish people psychologically, in spite of their racial loyalty. They had been brought up under different codes of law, Russian and German. They had adopted some of the character of their

rulers, however much they hated them. It was difficult to reconcile these differences of outlook. Economically they were in a parlous state, lacking capital, yet maintaining a great army, and suffering from the ruin caused by their war with Russia and its devastating invasion. They used the printing-press to create money, with the inevitable results of inflation. The old nobility, the professional classes, and the civil service, suffered in the same way and in the same degree as those in Germany and Austria. Inherited wealth vanished. Money had no real value. Prices rose to staggering heights. There was economic chaos and financial bankruptcy.

Pilsudski was in voluntary exile. He had withdrawn himself from the leadership of his country, disgusted and humiliated. This was not the Poland of which he had dreamed. These politicians had spoiled his vision of a united nation advancing to glory and spiritual triumph. He told fairy tales to his little daughters. He was out of it. He lived in the past, when he had raised his volunteers and led them to victory. His soldiers had given him a little country house to which he had now retired in Spartan simplicity.

But he read the papers and brooded over the things that were happening. Deputations of his old officers called on him and begged him to come back and save Poland again. And one day—it was in May, 1926—after telling another fairy tale to his two little daughters, he put on his full uniform with all his decorations, and drove to Warsaw. Certainly he must overthrow that Government which was making such a mess of things. He must tell his old friend the President—"Stas"—who had once set up type with him in the slums of London, that he must get rid of Witos.

In Warsaw there were still masses of people who believed in him. They surrounded his carriage, singing the old songs of his Legionaries, acclaiming him. The army was behind him, except a few regiments loyal to the Constitution—young men

who had not served in the Legions under Pilsudski, the hero of Poland.

THE COUP D'ÉTAT

He issued a proclamation denouncing the Government, and did not believe that his old friend who was President would be so foolish as to defy him. He would just walk back into the Belvedere Palace and resume his old place and set up a decent kind of government of his own friends who understood him. But the Government issued a counter-proclamation, denouncing him as a traitor. That was very foolish, he thought. The President invited him to a meeting on the bridge across the Vistula. The story is told brilliantly by Rom Landau in his *Life* of Pilsudski—too ironical, but very penetrating as a character study.

"Pilsudski reached the President. He advanced with a charming smile and offered the wizened man who stood there without a movement, his hand. He was going to be very civil indeed. They had been friends for more than forty years. Probably 'Stas' was suffering in temper. No doubt he would far rather be sitting at home among his law papers or reading some decent book than standing out here on this bridge with machine guns and barbed wire all round him. Good Lord! even barbed wire! They all seem to be very high and mighty. Cadets, eh? Silly young asses—easy enough to bring those chaps to heel."

But the President seemed not to notice the outstretched hand.

"Marshal, you are taking a great responsibility. The Republic intends to defend its Constitution. It has not the intention of giving way to rebels. I must ask you please to order your troops to retire."

Pilsudski smiled. He kept his temper.

"My dear President, all this is very simple. Let your Witos government resign, and I will retire."

But the President was obstinate, and presently the marshal lost his temper.

"Then I shall take Warsaw and force the Government's retirement."

There were hot words. Pilsudski could not understand how this obstinate old man could defend a Government of "pimps and rascals," as he believed them to be. He had actually dared to draw up regiments against the first Marshal of Poland who had taught them their drill and made soldiers of them. He turned on his heel and marched back to his own side of the bridge with the officers who had accompanied him. It was civil war.

There was fiercer fighting than Pilsudski had expected. The cadets defended the Academy and the Belvedere with machine guns and rifle-fire. There were many dead and wounded on both sides.

"The sun smiled gayly down on the battle," writes Rom Landau, "light sparkled along the broken surface of barricades, caressing the streets and the fighting troops; the young and shining earth was soft with the warm breath of spring. . . . The sharp sweetness of young acacia, the heavy scent of lilac and laburnum, mingled with the hot sweat of fighting troops, with dust and corrosive smoke."

On the afternoon of the 14th, at the end of a bitter struggle, Pilsudski's regiments took the Academy. The way to the Belvedere lay open.

Pilsudski took up his headquarters in the Belvedere again. He was Dictator of Poland once more, but refused to be President. Something had broken in him on that day when he saw the bodies of Polish boys lying on his way to the Belvedere. That had not been in his dream of national liberty and unity. He looked old and haggard after that experience. . . .

ANOTHER CRISIS

Since that *coup d'état* in 1926, the marshal has continued his dictatorship of Poland as the master mind behind the scenes, masking his power behind parliamentary government, but showing his autocratic temper in no uncertain way when the deputies outraged his sense of patriotism by renewed conflicts.

A political crisis arose in the spring of 1929 when the Polish Parliament forced his resignation as Prime Minister (he had accepted that office for a time), deeply resenting his abuse of them as "monkeys" and "caricatures of humanity" who disgusted him by their lack of intelligence. A new administration was formed, under the premiership of M. Switalski, which was called "the Government of Colonels," owing to the large number of those officers who served in it. Their military methods were challenged by the politicians, and most of their time was taken up by discussions raised by the trial of a former Minister of Finance who had been impeached for spending money on national affairs not authorized by Parliament. The Socialist and Radical Press, criticizing "the Government of Colonels" with extreme violence, had their papers confiscated no less than fifty times. The political situation reached its climax in October of 1929, when the Chamber, mainly hostile to the Government, announced its intention of defeating it by a vote of "No confidence." Marshal Pilsudski played the part of Charles I, caring nothing for this disastrous precedent, of which he must have known as a student of history. He entered the House with a hundred armed officers, and threatened the Deputies with military action. The Speaker, M. Daszynski, upheld the tradition of parliamentary liberties precisely in the same way, and with the same dignity, as that Speaker of the House of Commons who defied King Charles.

He refused to take the chair, or to allow a debate to proceed until this armed coercion was withdrawn, and he met the

angry glare of Marshal Pilsudski with a steady gaze which showed the Dictator that he had met his match at least in courage.

The session was adjourned for a month, at the end of which the House passed its vote of "No confidence." The Prime Minister resigned, and was succeeded by Professor Bartel, an old friend and follower of Pilsudski, whose fellow Ministers included some of the previous Cabinet.

Their main purpose in 1930 was to reform the financial condition of Poland, and to revise the Constitution in such a way that the President will have more power, unhampered by the decisions of conflicting groups, who prevent any efficient administration.

For several years Poland had received considerable financial support from foreign investors, but this inflow of capital was checked in 1929, and for some time the country was short of money, with dwindling reserves and an adverse balance of imports over exports. The situation has now improved, and trade is increasing, strongly based upon the industry of a peasant state and the prosperous condition of the coal trade in Upper Silesia. It is now the period of reconstruction and regeneration. The Polish people have many fine qualities which never died, though their race was torn asunder. They have the chance of building a strong nation, and behind them are great traditions of learning, art, and literature, as an inspiration for the future. Their country and their faith make them the spiritual frontier defending Western Europe from the menace of Red revolution.

CHAPTER XII

THE LEADERSHIP OF FRANCE

AFTER the war, France, nearly defeated and nearly destroyed, was the most powerful nation in Europe. Bleeding from innumerable wounds, with a great deal of desolation across her land—cities, villages, factories, and fields blasted off the map by high explosives—and with a loss in manhood terrible in its figures of death, there was still enough spirit left in the French people to repair their ruin, to get back to prosperity, to impose their will power upon the defeated nations, to claim and hold the leadership of victory, and to dominate the policy of this post-war Europe. There is something almost miraculous in that moral strength.

They are still, I believe, the most intelligent people on earth, within certain limits which are their own frontiers of thought and race. They are the most logical, and will follow even a false premiss unswervingly to inevitable and disastrous conclusions. They are in some ways the most charming and in all ways the most self-concentrated people in Europe, because they are the most intensely national, and regard every problem in life, not as it concerns humanity at large, but as it may lead to the advantage or disadvantage of France. Other countries, perhaps all, have this national egotism, but they do not pursue it with the same intellectual ruthlessness. They weaken it by vague sentimentality, by lip service to international ideals, by sincere endeavors now and then to do something for the human family beyond their own household. France as a nation —with individual or group exceptions—knows no such weakness, and is scornful of such sentimentality. The French mind,

logical and realistic, within the limits I have suggested, does not believe that the leopard can change its spots, or that human nature is likely to alter certain instincts and characteristics which have been observable in the history of mankind throughout the ages—the fighting instinct, the passion of revenge, the lust of power, the arrogance of strength, the cunning of the weak. In dealing with Germany they had these things in mind. "Germany," said most of them, "has been defeated. One day those people, now at our mercy, will become strong again, and will want revenge. Let us keep them weak as long as we can. Let us strengthen our defenses for the next war."

FRENCH "REALISM"

That conviction, based upon a remembrance of history, made the French people cynical of people who talked in terms of vague idealism and moral platitudes while defending the interests of their own countries. It made them incredulous of conferences and peace pacts which proposed to substitute pious pledges for offensive and defensive alliances which France desired as the only practical means of security. The majority of the French people were impatient—and sometimes furious—with emotional talk about the League of Nations and the duty of cultivating an international mind. People who talk like that, they thought, are either fools or liars. They are probably liars. They found England exasperating because so many of her statesmen and politicians played with these ideas or were always yielding points to Germany, reducing the scale of reparations, bringing pressure on France to let Germany off punishment for default, and offering France vague promises of friendship in return for such concessions. Surely that was treachery? It was *Perfide Albion* again, the old strumpet of Europe, as the French cynics had always called her.

France maintained a strong standing army, increased its efficiency by mechanization and scientific research and the ap-

plication of lessons learned in the last war. The French Government made alliances with Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, to ring round their old enemy which would one day be strong again but now must be kept weak as long as possible. Disarmament? Certainly! Germany must be kept disarmed, but what folly to reduce one's own military strength! Even old Clemenceau had weakened over that at the Peace Conference, by agreeing that there should be a gradual disarmament. Marshal Foch had weakened by giving up his claim to the Rhine frontier in return for guarantees from the United States and England, afterward withdrawn when Wilson was repudiated by his own people. France had been betrayed by her own allies . . . in the opinion of nearly every man and woman in France.

For several years after the war France dominated Europe by the Supreme Council of Allies which always yielded to the French view. Marshal Foch was really dictator, though he disguised the fact by modesty and intelligence. The League of Nations was powerless when the Supreme Council issued its decisions.

BROKEN LOGIC

There was one point of weakness in French logic, and it nearly destroyed Europe. The French people wanted to keep Germany weak. *Très-bien!* But they also wanted Germany to pay a vast tribute in reparations for all the damage of war, which could only be paid—to the Allies as well as to France—if the German people became strong again as a great industrial machine whose products would invade the markets of the world. Those two ideas were incompatible, and in trying to achieve both of them France dragged Europe down almost to ruin.

It is a curious thing that the French mind, so business-like in many ways, so quick in the arithmetic of the franc and the

p'tit sou, is profoundly ignorant of international finance and even of national economy. Stephan Pichon, who was one of the French Ministers after the war, believed firmly that the depreciation of the franc in foreign exchange was due to secret manipulations of England, and not at all to the peculiarly unsound methods of French treasury officials, who put unpaid German reparations on the credit side of their Budgets and believed they had wiped out their debts to England by renewing their loans on longer terms of credit, and allowed the French people to evade taxation while national expenditure increased.

THE FRENCH PRESS

But what made the average Frenchman most exasperated with England—and England and other countries exasperated with France—during the years of reconstruction after the war, was a conspiracy of dishonesty in the French Press, playing into the hands of corrupt politicians and duping the national mind. The French Press, with honorable exceptions, is a very dangerous instrument of propaganda and prejudice. It is—with honorable exceptions—flagrantly insincere at times, and cynically partisan. Many French newspapers are subsidized by political parties, and many are controlled by the Government of the day. In its attitude on foreign affairs it takes its cue from the French Foreign Office, and in its interpretation of contemporary history is careless of truth and venomous in its commentary. Day by day, year after year, it conducted a campaign of slander against England which dropped poison into the minds of the masses—all great readers of newspapers —and could hardly be resisted by national intelligence. For years it duped public opinion in France with a falsity from which the French mind at last revolted. For years it prevented any reasonable arrangements in Europe, any real advance to general prosperity and peace, by daily affirmations

that Germany possessed enormous stores of wealth which could be transferred to France for the repayment of all her losses, and that German failure to do so was owing to the secret treachery of those who had been allied with France in the war and were now her enemies. This propanganda, even in the Radical press, was so strong that French statesmen who had encouraged it dared not tell the truth to their people when truth became advisable.

ARISTIDE BRIAND

Two men have dominated the history of France during the past twelve years—Raymond Poincaré and Aristide Briand. The former represented and upheld the realism of the French mind, its disbelief in international idealism, its obsession with the need of security, its intensely nationalistic attitude toward the rest of the world, its belief in military power as the only way of safety. And, unfortunately, M. Poincaré, either sincerely or insincerely—God knows—adopted as his fundamental creed that irreconcilable thesis of keeping Germany weak and making Germany pay. Briand, with more subtlety of mind, with more imagination, with great human qualities of kindness and generosity, with a horror of war in his soul, and with some faith and hope in the advance of human intelligence, went as far as he could in recent years—after a period of intransigence—to associate France with the efforts of other nations for the prevention of war, by a new political philosophy of arbitration and mutual pledges, and to bury the hatchet with Germany by justice and fair play.

M. Briand's conversion to this point of view was not immediate. It was he who, in 1921, as Prime Minister of France, crossed swords with Mr. Lloyd George and first used the threat of occupying the Ruhr if Germany did not agree to pay the sum of £6,600,000,000, which had been fixed by the Reparations Commission as the total obligation in cash value

to be accepted by the German Government. M. Briand demanded that they should be accepted not later than May 8th of that year. They were figures afterward proved by the Dawes Report to be fantastic and idiotic. But Briand, on behalf of France, was determined to enforce them and for that purpose he called up the class of 1919 recruits—the lads of twenty-two —and moved them toward the Ruhr, ready for an immediate advance. Speaking in the French Chamber on April 12, 1921, he put the case with brutal frankness so that the Germans, and incidentally the British, might understand.

"On the first of May," he said, "Germany will find herself confronted with the statement of her obligations and how she has failed to fulfill them. We have a right to execution. The bailiff having been sent, the gendarmes must accompany him if the debtor persists in being recalcitrant. It is not a question of war: it is a question of pure justice."

He intimated quite clearly that France was prepared to act alone. They had the arms, they were ready to use them.

There is no doubt that at this time Briand had the mass of his people behind him. Press propaganda, as well as years of disappointment with the peace, had created a sense of rage. Yet there were men and women in France who were not pleased at the sight of their boys leaving the plough again and putting on uniforms. It recalled too sharply the dreadful days of 1914. Yet most of them said, "Perhaps it is the only way of getting our rights." Paris, always most inflammable, seemed in a set mood for a march on the Ruhr, whether the Germans agreed to pay or not.

To capture the great German factories of Essen, the coal fields, arsenals, and industries, and hold them to ransom, seemed to them the best policy and the best business. It would keep Germany weak and drained. It would cut off fifteen million Germans from their Fatherland. It would provide

much wealth, they thought, from German labor. So the population talked over café tables.

Lloyd George and the British Government were faced by a painful dilemma. They believed that the Treaty of Versailles would fall with a crash if the divergence of views between France and England widened much further and did not find some bridge of compromise. On the other hand, many thoughtful men in England—most of its business men—were now convinced that the economic recovery of Europe depended upon the reasonable welfare of Germany. Lloyd George made no secret of his dread of the threatened seizure of the Ruhr. He did not believe it possible that German workmen could be persuaded to serve their factories with enthusiastic energy under the stimulus of French bayonets.

Refusing to send British troops into the Ruhr—"not a man, not a gun"—Lloyd George agreed to lend the British Fleet to blockade German ports if Germany refused to submit to these impossible terms. At the same time the German ambassador was privately notified that if his Government accepted, the British Government, on their side, would uphold the spirit of the Treaty of Versailles with the strictest regard to German interests. It was, all the same, a surrender to France.

The German Government, reconstituted by Dr. Wirth, as I have written in another chapter, accepted . . . and Aristide Briand departed from England in a mood of gloomy exaltation. To the photographers on board his ship he said that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to see a film showing the British Fleet steaming into Hamburg. It was the blurting out of his secret hope that the Germans would default and that the "sanctions" would have to be applied. He was a long way still from that day at Geneva when he held out his hand to Dr. Stresemann with a gesture of friendship on behalf of France, but not long after that conference in London he drew away from the Poincaré point of view and became more

conciliatory in his relations with Lloyd George. The power passed to Poincaré, who never swerved in his policy of ruthlessness.

THE POLICY OF POINCARÉ

A remarkable man—M. Poincaré—not, perhaps, without that strong strain of egotism which seems necessary, nearly always, to political leadership. During the war he devised for himself a peculiar mode of dress which he wore then and afterward. It was half military and half civil, with a peaked cap, dark blue suit and black leggings, which made him look, I used to think, like the chauffeur of a very rich family who probably had six Rolls-Royces. M. Briand, on the other hand, wore the shabbiest clothes, unbrushed round the collar and bagged at the knees, so that when he sat hunched up with drooping shoulders and a cigarette inevitably between his lips, he looked as if he had just come out of a doss house until he pulled himself up, ascended the rostrum, flung out his right arm, and became an inspired orator, with words which tore men's heartstrings. M. Poincaré was also an orator, but without emotion, cold, lucid, with a mastery of narrow logic, and now and then with an irony which hurt his enemies and critics. One of his own countrymen, a political opponent on the Left, has called him *un monstre de lâcheté* (a monster of cowardice), and it did seem that nothing would ever give him a sense of security for France, not armies, nor pacts, nor pledges. But he had moral courage when he faced the French nation at last with the horrid truth that they must tax themselves or fall into bankruptcy. As President of the French Republic, or Prime Minister, or Foreign Minister, he fought a long-drawn duel with Lloyd George, who upheld his conviction that Germany could not be kept in the position of a slave state, and who believed more and more firmly as the months and years passed, that Europe would slip into the abyss if there were no

reasonable settlement of the reparations question, and if there were an aggravation of national hatreds and fears by French policy.

Grudgingly Poincaré allowed Briand to attend the conference at Cannes to discuss these economic questions once again, always uneasy lest he should be trapped into any agreement which might give Germany a chance of recovery or lessen the amount of tribute which France should receive. It was his political manœuvres which displaced Briand after that game of golf with Lloyd George at Cannes, and as I have already related, he decided to torpedo the Genoa Conference before it was fairly started. In his narrow, dogmatic, obstinate mind, convinced that his own logic was unanswerable—did he not answer the notes of Lord Curzon with a logic which left no loophole?—he had decided to invade the Ruhr at last, with or without his allies, in order to force Germany to pay, and make it impossible for her to pay. He was angry when France had to enter the Ruhr alone on New Year's Day 1923. He was even a little frightened, it seems, because he tried to induce Belgium to share that adventure with him so that he might call it an "allied occupation." But he went stubbornly on. Some of his own colleagues, like M. Loucheur, had warned him of the economic consequences, which he disregarded. On the extreme Left were Deputies like Marcel Cachin who denounced him as an instigator of a new war. He ordered them to be arrested and kept under lock and key. As the Ruhr occupation went on failing dismally to break down the passive resistance of the German population and making a hideous mess of that stronghold of industry, M. Poincaré resented the criticism that was becoming more insistent in the Chamber of Deputies. He had promised to deliver the goods. He had not delivered the goods, murmured his critics. He resigned. But then his political opponents in all those shifting groups which make up a parliamentary majority in France, decided

that as the Ruhr had been Poincaré's policy, he had better see it through to the end, which they knew would be bitter.

So he resumed office. His prestige in France was still high. The majority of French people admired his mailed-fist attitude to Germany and regarded him as their "strong man," as indeed he was. It was only toward the end of 1923, nearly a year after the occupation of the Ruhr, that public opinion in France became extremely uneasy. The French financial position was unpleasant, to say the least of it. The occupation of the Ruhr was costing a lot of money instead of getting it out of Germany. German money was becoming worthless, and that country was threatened with economic ruin, and perhaps with a tidal wave of Communism which would do no good to France or to Europe.

THE FALL OF POINCARÉ

I happened to go to Paris that autumn, and by talking with ordinary folk representative of middle-class opinion I was able to prophesy the imminent defeat of M. Poincaré—utterly disbelieved in England at that time. They admired him, yes. He had played a strong man's part. But perhaps he was *un peu trop rigide*. That word "rigid" was extraordinarily frequent on the lips of Frenchmen. It might be well, they thought, to get a man a little less rigid, who might ease the situation in the Ruhr and draw closer to the Allies, a shade closer to British opinion, in a less hostile policy to Germany. France was nervous of what might happen. They were even ready to acknowledge that Germany should be allowed to exist.

It was M. Edouard Herriot who was chosen as the man of less rigidity to succeed M. Poincaré as Prime Minister of France. He was on the Left side of French politics—supported by radical groups belonging to a *bloc* called the *Cartel des Gauches*—and had obtained a great popularity as Socialist and

administrator in his long term of office as Mayor of Lyons. A man from the "lower middle-class," as English snobbishness used to define such classes, he arrived at a time when the English Prime Minister was Ramsay Macdonald, at the head of a Labor Government.

There is no doubt that this coincidence was helpful in creating a new spirit of conciliation between the two countries, especially in their policy toward Germany. The extreme Labor groups in both countries were sympathetic toward the German miners, and anxious for the economic recovery of Germany, but it is noteworthy that Léon Blum, the leader of the French Socialists, with whom I had a conversation at this time, threatened to displace M. Herriot if he withdrew from the Ruhr without financial pledges from Germany. It was at this time, when the two Labor Ministers were in power, that the question of German reparations was taken out of the hands of the politicians for a time and submitted to a committee of expert advisers who drew up the Dawes Plan which led at last to an equitable arrangement with Germany, based, not upon illusory figures, but upon her actual capacity to pay up to the limit of her national resources.

THE RADICAL PROGRAM

In a document issued by M. Herriot during the summer of 1924, in a political crisis which had for its object the removal of M. Millerand from the Presidency (owing to his support of M. Poincaré), there is a formal statement of the policy adopted by the radical and Socialist groups in the French Chamber. Its observations regarding foreign policy are of special interest.

"We are determined," wrote M. Herriot, "to achieve peace through an understanding with the various peoples. That peace, for which we shall work with all our ardor, cannot, in

our opinion, be won until France, faithful to her democratic mission, and to the engagements which she entered into during the war, has strengthened and enlarged the *rôle* of the League of Nations and other international institutions, such as the Hague Tribunal and the International Labour Office.

"Our party has combated the policy of isolation and of force which has led to territorial occupations and to the seizure of territorial pledges. In view, however, of the present state of Germany, we are faced with the necessity of shielding not only France but every other country against a resumed offensive of Nationalist Pan-Germanism, and our party therefore deems it impossible to evacuate the Ruhr until the pledges prescribed by the experts have been put into force. . . . We also think that in the interests of peace it will be necessary to assure the control of German disarmament by common Allied action, and at the earliest possible moment by action on the part of the League of Nations. We shall have to solve the problem of security by means of pacts of guarantee contracted under the authority of the League."

This document reveals the farthest extent to which radical opinion in France would go along the road to international peace. It reached far beyond the philosophy of French nationalists of the Right. But it showed that even in the mind of French labor there was still that fear of German revenge, still an insistence upon new guarantees of security, still a suspicion that Germany was not disarmed enough though all her material of war had been destroyed, all her plant for the machinery of war smashed, under Allied supervision, while she remained helpless in the midst of an armed ring of nations.

By something resembling a violation of the Constitution M. Millerand was forced to resign as President of the French Republic, and M. Doumergue was appointed in his place, a fact which has no great importance in French history.

PROSPERITY IN FRANCE

France, at this time, presented a kind of paradox in its economic conditions. Its national finances were in a state of tragic disorder. It was deeply in debt to England and America. Its Budget was balanced only by the art of *camouflage*. French money was wilting on the international exchange. The franc was dropping steadily in relation to English pounds and American dollars. National expenditure was vast, owing to the reconstruction of the devastated regions, which for a time became a happy hunting-ground of corruption and fraud. Staggering claims for buildings which had never existed and for cottages which were described as *châteaux*, for factories in which no wheel had ever turned, and still more staggering estimates by contractors and builders for the work of reconstruction, were submitted and passed. Fortunes were made by little men who had been nothing before the war, but now wallowed in wealth with vulgar ostentation. The Government had turned down Loucheur's plan to get this reconstruction done by German labor and material as part payment of their reparations. The occupation of the Ruhr had failed to produce any other kind of payment. The French Budget was a terror to men like M. Caillaux, who understood financial science. Nevertheless, the people of France were getting back to prosperity. They were, indeed, prosperous.

During the war, in which the wealth of centuries had been blown away in high explosives, money had flowed into the purses of private individuals behind the lines, and in the untouched regions of France. The British armies and the American armies had spent their money freely in shops and marketplaces when they were not fighting. They needed enormous supplies. The farmers had grown rich, though their sons had died, and as yet the French Government did not tax its people drastically to pay for the costs of war or the enormous loans

from Great Britain and the United States. After the war Paris was the rendezvous of the world, and the hotel-keepers and shopkeepers raised their prices to fantastic heights, while the farmers again, and all the produce merchants, received some share of this new source of wealth. Only the little people, clerks and civil servants and professional men, and the unproductive classes, were hard hit by the higher cost of living—*la vie coûte chère!* was their daily cry—and by the depreciation of the franc. The security of France, the wealth of France, were based firmly on the land. All those small farmers and peasant proprietors, enormously industrious, intensely thrifty, insured the stability of the nation, in spite of the political weakness in high finance. England had no such security beneath her feet. Dependent for life upon export trade, no longer an agricultural country, with no peasantry, her industrial prosperity was reduced to a low level by the lack of purchasing power in Central Europe and other markets, and the streets of her cities were crowded with unemployed when the population of France went back to the land and hired Poles and Italians as builders, carpenters, plasterers, to reconstruct the devastated regions. England was overpopulated. France was underpopulated, and in that time of reconstruction the advantage lay with France, although in the long run her low birth-rate and high death rate cause the deepest anxiety to patriotic Frenchmen, among whom my friend Ludovic Naudeau is their prophet.

A tribute of admiration is demanded by the courage, the spirit, the high intelligence, the genius, even, with which the French people reorganized their industries after the war. Up in the north, where their factories and mines had been destroyed by gun-fire, as I had seen round Lens during the years of war, they erected new buildings and works with the most modern plant, increasing their productiveness by the most perfect systems of mechanization. Their military and political

leaders had not neglected the industrial future of France in their demands upon Germany. German coal deliveries, and the French control of the Saar Valley, gave a cheap source of power to French factories. The possession of Alsace-Lorraine gave back to France a rich supply of iron ore. And at the very time when M. Poincaré was putting his strangle grip on the Ruhr, French industrialists were in private negotiation with German industrialists and formulating an economic agreement by which they would combine interests in the production and supply of steel and iron.

FAITH IN FORCE

These business negotiations between the two countries, followed by the acceptance of the Dawes Report and the evacuation of the Ruhr, had a curious effect for a time upon certain minds in France and Germany. I became aware of it first in a conversation I had with a German named Paul Scheffer, the most brilliant journalist in Germany, whom I met in Krupp's private hotel at Essen during the occupation of the Ruhr.

"There is only one reasonable combination in Europe," he said. "That is, an economic and political and military alliance between France and Germany. When that happens, England will have to look out for herself."

It was a startling theory to hold at a time when the whole of Germany was enraged against France. But I met the same view in Paris among business men and representatives of the Right.

"France," they said, "can never afford to fight Germany again. Win or lose, the drain of blood would destroy France for ever. We ought to make a military and economic alliance with Germany. Then we could dominate the rest of Europe. It wouldn't be a happy day for England."

Minds like that were still thinking in terms of force, in military combinations against other powers. They had not yet

advanced to a vision of larger federations and to international pacts in the spirit of the League of Nations. M. Briand had not yet advocated a United States of Europe. In France there is still an instinctive distrust of any form of security which is not enforced by strong armies and strong fleets.

RELIGION AND POLITICS

But one cannot talk about the mind of France as though it were one individual intelligence. Those shifting groups in the Chamber which coalesce like molecules and then split into different combinations like electrons flung from the atom of radioactivity, are characteristic of French mentality in the political sphere. The moderate groups, very much like the English Labor Party though with many differences on particular issues, hold France steady between the extreme views of the Right and Left.

On the Right, religion enters into the political arena, owing to the revival of Catholicism during the war, among many young officers and men who saw death face to face and found consolation and hope in the old faith. At the beginning of the war there was an anti-clerical bias in the political control of the army. The High Command was mainly in the hands of Freemasons and unbelievers. But France was saved in the end by Marshal Foch, who was a devout Catholic, and by other generals of Catholic sympathy. The Miracle of the Marne was not so called lightly. The people of France gave thanks for supernatural help. The statue of Jeanne d'Arc was put up in the churches, and women praying for the victory of France and the safety of their men invoked her aid. When victory came, and France became supreme in Europe, the old aristocracy and many of the younger intellectuals who had become serious instead of flippant, as before the war, were stirred by the old Catholic traditions which belonged to the soul of France in the days of her greatest glory, when the Church

had expressed the spiritual strength of the people and had symbolized the faith and beauty and valor of all her saints and heroes. To many minds in France, thinking back to the past history of their nation, the monarchy also was remembered with a kind of romantic glamour. Under Catholic Kings France had risen to her greatest heights of splendor and power. The Church and the King—perhaps those two words were the keys to the future destiny of the French people. Perhaps only by a return to Catholicism and Royalty could France beat back the spirit of disorder and anarchy, and moral indiscipline, and revolt against tradition and authority, which was invading the post-war mind of her people. The only bulwark against Bolshevism was, they believed, the Catholic Church. And the next line of defense against Communism and the social revolution was the Royalist tradition—without a King. The advocacy of this creed was most brilliantly expressed, week by week, in the *Action Française*, edited by Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet. That paper had a powerful effect upon the imagination of those who leaned instinctively toward the Right.

Charles Maurras had abandoned his early allegiance to the Catholic faith and was intellectually an aggressive "humanist," in revolt against Catholic dogma. But he thought it necessary for the salvation of France. He was the most ardent champion of the Church in France, and at the same time a rebel against the authority of the Papacy. Many of his writings were denounced by Rome as contrary to both faith and morals. He was, of course, an intense Nationalist, and denounced Briand when that old statesman paid homage to the League of Nations and adopted a policy of peace and conciliation toward Germany. He was furious when Briand accepted the Locarno Pact by which Great Britain guaranteed the security of the French frontier against an agressive war of revenge. The violence of his writings angered the Vatican, which was heartily in favor of this pact, and it was then that Rome formally con-

demned his paper and his works. It created an extraordinary situation in France, for the Radical Left found itself in sympathy for the first time with the Holy See, while French Catholics were disconcerted and distressed by this condemnation. Maurras went too far when he insulted the Vatican coarsely and he lost his hold upon loyal Catholics. But even now outside many churches in France on a Sunday morning, the congregations coming from High Mass are accosted by young men belonging to the association known as the *Camelots du Roi*, shouting *"Action Française!"* and slipping that paper into the hands of pious churchgoers.

THE CHANCE OF DICTATORSHIP

Perhaps France would have had a King again in 1927 if any of the Pretenders of the old Régime had been favorably known to the people. There was undoubtedly a reaction against democratic government when the Chamber of Deputies disgusted the entire nation by its levity and obstructionism, its refusal to face realities, its cowardice and dishonesty, in a prolonged crisis due to the depreciation of French currency and the menace of national insolvency.

The only alternative to this situation seemed to be a dictatorship, but there was no Legitimist who could be presented successfully to the people as the savior of France, and in any case this new Royalism was more mystical than actual and the Royalists themselves would have been aghast at the appearance of a claimant to the Throne. Nevertheless, the political crisis over the monetary situation was extremely serious. The shifting groups coalesced time after time to defeat any Government which dared to face the country with financial demands which would require considerable self-sacrifice from a people resentful of direct taxation. Mussolini in Rome watched this situation with cynical amusement. It was another proof to the world, he thought, that democracy and parliamentary rule were in

their death throes. In Paris there was open talk of a *coup d'état*. Some of the more bloodthirsty declared that the Deputies should be given a taste of machine-gun fire. It was M. Poincaré who saved the situation by stubborn obstinacy which broke down the resistance of his political opponents, beginning to get frightened by the stirring of a nation's anger against them.

FINANCIAL STABILITY

It was a strange situation. Raymond Poincaré was responsible, surely, for the causes of the financial disaster which nearly overtook his country. His insistence upon vast, fantastic, and astronomical figures in the bill of costs to Germany had held up the economic recovery of Europe and the financial soundness of France. His occupation of the Ruhr had been extremely expensive. During his terms of office as President and as Prime Minister the Government had violated almost every rule of sound finance. But now at last he faced up to the facts, and, with immense moral courage, carried through financial reforms, not at all pleasing to any taxpayer, but necessary to secure the honor and financial stability of France. He pledged France to pay her war debts to the United States and Great Britain.

Since then his country has become financially sound and increasingly prosperous. One sign was the remarkable strength of her gold reserve, revealed by figures published at the beginning of 1930. On November 8, 1929, it had reached the record sum of 40,289,109,810 francs, or £322,312,878, being an increase of £72,000,000 in twelve months. M. Palmade, *rapporteur* of the Financial Committee of the Chamber, announced that foreign currency held at the Bank of France amounted to 26,000,000,000 francs or £208,000,000. This accumulation of gold, although an indication of wealth, is, perhaps, not altogether good for trade, as it lies buried in the

vaults of the Bank of France, and not alive as world credit for the development of industry and commerce. However, that criticism is beyond my range of knowledge and judgment. Certain it is that the stabilization of the franc and the policy of debt redemption, carried out by M. Poincaré in the face of violent hostility, reëstablished the financial strength of France. Her export trade suffered somewhat, owing to the abandonment of inflation which had enabled French merchants to sell cheaply in foreign countries, but business as a whole became less hazardous. The twelve months of 1929, which showed the results of the new policy, justified the Government. There was no longer that acute apprehension which had existed in the French business world so long as there was no settlement of the debts to Great Britain and America, with the shadow of that burden creeping closer and darkening the future. It enabled France to avoid the cash payment of enormous sums for American war stocks.

As the happy hunting-ground of the American tourist, numbering some 300,000 a year, France reaped a great harvest of dollars until the crash on Wall Street in 1929 checked that source of revenue and made a desert of the Riviera.

In spite of high tariff walls in the United States, France has a very lively export trade to that country in all the luxuries so dear to the heart of the rich American, and I have found figures which show that a fifth of all French exports go to the United States. Some of the details are worth quoting:

In 1928 France sold to America 4,500,000 pairs of gloves, $40,000,000 worth of silk, scent, face-creams, and jewelry, and, strange as it may seem, 14,000,000 pounds weight of French walnuts, to say nothing of wine and brandy for the country of Prohibition.

On the other hand, France buys from the United States 18,000,000 pounds of lard, 21,000,000 pounds of tobacco, 200,000 bushels of wheat, 800,000 bales of cotton, 7,726 barrels of

"gasoline," 172,000,000 pounds of copper, 60,000 dozen safety-razor blades, 7,000 adding machines, and 46,000 typewriters (*The Commonweal,* January 22, 1930). That exchange of goods between France and the United States does not prevent French public opinion from being deeply suspicious of America's financial hold upon European business, and resenting the American invasion of capital manufactured goods and Hollywood "talkies."

THE GOSPEL OF REVOLT

In dealing with French psychology one cannot ignore another type of mind in France, also traditional, always appearing in the pages of French history, always coming out into the streets from hidden courtyards and dark alleys in times of political excitement, always busy with secret printing-presses and flaming manifestoes written by long-haired young men with sunken eyes and pallid skin, proclaiming the gospel of revolt against any government whatsoever, attacking the Church, calling upon the people to overthrow the order of society in the sacred name of Liberty—*O Liberté! comme on t'a joué en ton nom!*—and revolution. France must always have her François Villons, her Camille Desmoulins, her Marats, and her *tricoteuses.*

After the war it was inevitable that many of those men who had fought for France with a heroism which I saw, should now, when peace came, turn sullenly or passionately against a system of society which—they believed—had led to their agonies and sacrifice. The Russian revolution, the idea of Communism—not new, but all powerful in Russia under Lenin and his fanatics—touched those minds, instinctively tuned to revolutionary ideals. Before the Peace Treaty had been signed at Versailles, groups of demobilized soldiers in Paris were forming secret associations to overthrow the *bourgeoisie* and proclaim the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. I happened

to be present at the inauguration of one of these revolutionary groups in Paris who were masking their political activities under the guise of a literary culte called *Clarté*, inspired by Henri Barbusse, the author of the war novel *Le Feu*—which still remains the most masterly and tragic narrative of the war as it was experienced by the French *poilus*.

It was a night in August when I went to a back street in Paris and a room in which this meeting was held. It was so crowded that I could hardly push my way in, and so hot that one woman fainted, and sweat poured down the foreheads of French soldiers. Keeping the door was a handsome young officer in the sky-blue uniform of the Chasseurs, wearing many medals and the *fourragère* for valor and service. Here and there were other officers in uniform, some of them scarred or maimed, and one of them blinded. Those were the best types in the room. Others were clearly of foreign origin, including Jews and Slavs with rather sinister faces of a kind I had often seen in pre-war days in revolutionary gatherings in London and other cities. With them were young women with black eyes staring moodily out of dead white faces, and young men with long, uncombed hair and neurasthenic eyes. On a small wooden platform sat the secretary of the society, a young man also, smartly dressed, dapper, like a clerk in a bank, and with the sharp, self-confident manner of a commercial traveler. He explained the objects of the society, and the progress he had to report.

Standing there, in the back of the room, with my collar going limp, I listened to the program of *Clarté* for the reformation of life. It was nothing more nor less than the Bolshevism of Lenin translated into French. It advocated the abolition of private property, the ruthless destruction of capitalism, the control by the laboring classes of all the machinery and sources of wealth, the promotion of an international fellowship among

the workers of the world. Old stuff, the revolutionary "dope," the old class hatred, and the old call to violence.

The young man on the platform announced a number of axioms:

"Power ought to be common to all as an ideal."

"Only work, manual and intellectual, ought to be paid for."

"Speculation is a crime against the crowd."

"Heritage is a theft."

"Those who prepare for war prepare wars."

"It is thought that has created progress. Men of thought must lend their life to progress."

"Those who do nothing are the militants of the *status quo.*"

A man by my side said: "If I stay here I shall stifle, and I have heard these ideas before."

He used his shoulders to push his way out, and I followed him. We talked together under the trees of a dark street where the air was fresh. The man by my side was, I should say, a mechanic, and something in his deep-set eyes told me that he had seen the realities of war.

"What do you think of it all?" I asked.

He laughed, not in a mocking way, but with a kind of shrug in his spirit.

"Comrades of mine used to talk like that in the trenches, until they had their heads blown off. . . . There is some truth in it. Society is all wrong, somehow. We ought to build up something better out of the ruin of war. But human nature, monsieur, is greedy, cruel, and stupid in the mass. Ideas are at the mercy of low passion. Look at the world now—after the war! I see no approach to the brotherhood of man. We are beginning new hatreds, preparing perhaps for wars worse than the last."

He shook hands with me and said, "American?"

"No, English."

He shook hands again.

"England, too, has her troubles, like all the world."

That was soon after the war. But the Communist creed still has its disciples and missionaries in France, in the back streets of Paris, in Amiens among the workers' dwellings, in many cities. Russian money pays for this propaganda. Now and again there are demonstrations and riots, broken up by the police. But the average mind in France is not touched by this revolutionary spirit, and hardly at all, outside the cities, by the idea of Communism. The French mind is essentially individualistic. The peasant proprietor holds fast to his little property and his thrifty savings. The shopkeepers are very prosperous. There is no unemployment in France for any man who wants work. It is not in prosperity that revolution finds its recruits.

PEACE—AND PREPAREDNESS

I need not recapitulate the gradual development of a peace policy in Europe which I have told in a previous chapter and with which France associated herself at the League of Nations (where Paul Boncour was the most eloquent and admirable delegate), and in the various pacts successively passed by groups of nations. M. Briand, present at most of these discussions, voiced all that was most generous and chivalrous in the spirit of France, and gave a lead to his people out of the old jungle of fear and hatred. As the part author of the Kellogg Pact—it was from his original suggestion of a permanent pact of peace between France and the United States that the wider pact had grown—he was the chief orator when that new pledge was signed at the Quai D'Orsay on August 27, 1928, and once again, as at Locarno, he held the assembly spellbound by his emotional eloquence.

"For the first time," he said, "in the face of the whole world, through a solemn covenant involving the honor of great nations, all of whom have behind them a dark past of political conflicts, war is renounced unreservedly as an instrument of

national policy, that is to say, in its most specific and dreaded form—selfish, willful war. There is not one nation represented here which has not shed its blood on the battlefields of the last war. I submit that we should dedicate to the dead, to all the dead of the Great War, the event we are about to consecrate with our signatures."

No one doubted the sincerity of those words. But the French Government and people are still extremely doubtful whether any of these new pacts are in themselves sufficient to prevent future wars and to give France that security which she needs. They are realists—and idealism, they think is admirable, but not a safe insurance policy. Human nature is most unreliable. Passions have not yet been eliminated from human psychology in individuals or nations. There are many smoldering fires beneath this present peace in Europe. Who knows when they may not break out into a new conflagration, when all treaties, pledges, pacts, will be burned as scraps of paper in the blazing fires of national rivalry and hatred? France is taking no chances, while coöperating as far as possible with the peace-makers.

In March of 1921, the French Chamber, by 500 to 31 votes, adopted a Government Bill for the organization of the country in time of war. Its provisions form a new chapter in the history of national defense, emphasizing the terrible and undeniable truth that in any new conflict between nations there will be no noncombatants. The whole nation will be mobilized, and every citizen will be allotted to a definite duty in a state of war which will threaten cities as well as fortresses, women and children as well as fighting men, and menace entire populations with death unless they are equipped with means of defense by having organized their own powers of attack and resistance—in munition factories, and chemical works, and all those industries from which supplies must come.

In February of 1930, after a full examination of financial

conditions, the French Government completed the defense reorganization of the army, and voted large credits required for the fortification of her eastern and northern frontiers according to the principles of modern warfare. The new system of defense will be completed according to plan by 1935, at which date France will feel the full and tragic effects of a low birth rate due to the massacre of her manhood in the war, when the number of young conscripts will fall, and stronger defensive works will be necessary in the event of a German attack. It is upon the eastern frontier that the new fortress system designed to prevent the rapid break-through of hostile forces, however well equipped with tanks and guns, is most strongly concentrated, closing the road to Metz and defending the metallurgical district of Briey. A chain of strong forts, linked up with deep earthworks and machine-gun emplacements, not unlike the Hindenburg line which the Germans organized so efficiently, but with many new defensive ideas, will be built. Along the whole frontier and to great depth there will be an elaborate series of shell-proof and gas-proof strongholds, equipped with heavy guns and quick-firing artillery of lighter calibre, communicating with supply depots providing every variety of mechanical transport and military material. On the Belgian frontier security will rest mainly on a system of irrigation which will permit of the rapid flooding of the country, shutting off any hostile army by the threat of drowning them, with guns and wagons, and thereby stopping their advance to the Channel ports. . . . All that is not any sign of confidence in the beneficent power of the Kellogg Pact, or in the ability of the League of Nations to stop a new war, if certain Great Powers run amok.

THE NAVAL CONFERENCE

France has no such confidence on land or sea. When Mr. Hoover invited the naval powers of the world to confer in

London during the early months of 1930, M. Tardieu, the French Premier, who had succeeded M. Poincaré on the illness of that statesman, and representing the Right Center of French politics, made a very eloquent and noble speech at the opening of the session. But he made it clear even then, by cautious words, that France would not reduce her navy below the minimum which she considered necessary to her vital needs of defense. French public opinion stood solidly behind him, except in the ranks of the extreme Left, and was deeply anxious that France should not be juggled into a position of inferiority or weakness by the emotional desires of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and the plans of American statesmen to make some dramatic act of renunciation before the world.

There is no doubt that many Frenchmen were nervous of a combination and secret understanding between Great Britain and the United States for naval supremacy. That idea, however, was not entertained by those more closely in touch with American thought, and in their case the prevailing opinion was one of pity for Great Britain, who was being forced, they thought, against her will to cut down her naval strength under the pressure of the United States, whose economic power is irresistible in any competition in naval armaments. The French delegates had no faith in the fair words spoken by the American representatives, because they saw no reason to believe that the Senate of the United States would enforce the Kellogg Pact by action against any nation violating its pledges. The Americans, they thought, desired other nations to jeopardize their safety by vague and weak idealism, while refusing to take any chances themselves on behalf of world peace.

M. Tardieu, bland, a little clerical in his appearance and manner, infinitely courteous, but belonging to the school of Monsieur Poincaré, was very firm in his refusal to abolish the submarine at the suggestion of the British and American delegates. That was asking too much! France cannot afford great

battleships, and does not need them for her naval situation, but relies upon the submarine as her chief method of coastal defense. The plea of humane warfare by British and American delegates, to whom the submarine was most dangerous, seemed sheer hypocrisy.

M. Tardieu's first memorandum, from which he never swerved, set out very clearly the governing principles of French policy regarding disarmanent in the following terms:

1. Naval disarmament is only part of the general limitation of armaments which must be settled by the League of Nations.
2. Land, sea, and air armaments must be considered as interdependent.
3. France's demands in tonnage will be based on her needs.
4. The naval problem must be considered in relation to the guaranties of security necessary for each country concerned.

Those arguments were a checkmate to any possibility of drastic reduction on the part of France, because they linked naval disarmament with land disarmament, thereby raising enormous problems which had been discussed for years by the Commission at Geneva without any appreciable progress. France refused to be hustled into a surrender of established force, and when the delegates of Italy, acting under the instructions of Mussolini, offered to reduce their navy to any minimum, however low, provided they had parity with France, the French delegates saw only a verbal trap into which they refused to be driven. They were not at all inclined to accept this offer of "parity" with Italy, when Mussolini had declared his intention of making the Mediterranean an Italian lake, and when he had allowed his controlled press to utter threats against French possessions in Africa and even to claim the French Riviera between Nice and Mentone. Only a few years

had passed since France had found it necessary to send battalions of Chasseurs Alpins and squadrons of Tanks over the mountains behind Mentone—as I happened to see them—after ugly incidents on the Italian frontier.

M. Tardieu left the Naval Conference in London, suffering from influenza caught in a London fog, but the political situation in France was also part of his malady. By one of those shufflings of political groups in the French Chamber which know no loyalty and are caused by secret intrigues and bargainings, his premiership was brought to a sudden end by a vote of no confidence in the Government. It was upon a financial point and had nothing to do with the Naval Conference, but M. Tardieu was perhaps glad to be relieved of a responsibility which he knew would result in disagreement with Great Britain and the United States. Once again France revealed to the world her skepticism of all that pacific idealism which seeks to substitute agreement and conciliation, pacts and pledges, for force of arms. Once again France desired to associate herself with that idealism while maintaining a strong army supreme in Europe at the present time, and a fleet sufficient to defend her coast against any enemy who may appear.

I am one of those who believe that these pacts do count for something in the security of peace, and that they may be made to count much more if nations put their faith in them and take the risk. I believe that there is no hope for civilization, or for Europe, if nations keep arming against each other and stand suspiciously behind their frontiers, waiting for war. But in the present state of the European mind France has many reasons for doubting the efficacy of idealism. There are a lot of bad men about! There are many hidden passions. There are stinking hypocrisies. Nationalism is still intrenched in the souls of men. The cynicism and the skepticism of France may be justified, though if it is so justified the outlook is black for babes who are now being born. What one must

admit, anyhow, is the intelligence of France. The French people are, beyond any doubt in my mind, the most intelligent people in the world. Because they think so, too, is no disproof. And outside Paris—in the provinces—they are, in my belief, the most charming people in the world, with the art of life instinctive in their minds. By centuries of culture which has gone deep into their racial mind, the peasant, the laboring man, the mechanic, the seaman, the small shopkeeper, the patron of the little *bistro*, has a philosophical outlook on life not to be found among such classes in other nations. They have an eye for beauty, in life and color. They have a sense of humor which plays over the problems of life. They have an historical tradition in their blood which is revealed in valor and gayety and the gift of words. They believe intensely in the rights of the individual mind, and in the liberty of the soul. Their ideas of sanitation leave much to be desired. They are not magnanimous to their enemies nor generous to their friends whom they suspect too quickly of treachery, as when they turned against England, who left a million dead boys in French soil. They are narrow in their national egotism. To them Paris is the center of the world, geographically and psychologically. But with many defects peculiar to their temperament, they have a quality which makes them still the intellectual leaders of the Continent and the strongest defenders of Individualism against the mechanization of the mind and all such tyrannies.

CHAPTER XIII

THE STATE OF ENGLAND

ENGLAND is the most mysterious nation in the world, though it seems so simple. China, that enigma of the East, is an open book compared with the baffling character of England and the English. Foreigners come over to study the problem and give it up if they are honest, or, if dishonest, because they have to write a book however false, they plunge deep into fallacies. The American novelist, Mary Bordon, who wrote *Jane, Our Stranger*—a most penetrating study of French society of a certain class—has an uncanny gift of getting below the surface of a group or nation after she has watched them for a while, but she confessed to me that there was one man in the world who was inexplicable to her, and that was an Englishman. He refuses to take off his mask. He hides deep and subtle secrets under his appearance of stupidity. He never gives himself away even to himself. It is the character of all the English folk, though they are unconscious of it, and do not understand themselves.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS"

Something has always been wrong with England. Looking back at its history, it is difficult to know why it founded the greatest Empire in the world and why it did not sink into the position of a third-class power centuries ago. After the Tudors, its kings were no great help to it. Under the four Georges it was governed mostly by corrupt and cynical politicians, brutalized by frightful penal laws, and debased by a low standard of social morality. Its peasants were despoiled of their land,

and when the industrial age arrived, smug-faced manufacturers with side-whiskers (and a belief in God) created a new system of slavery in their factories compared with which the lives of negroes on Virginian plantations was a seventh heaven. Nelson won his victories with the aid of the press-gang. Wellington fought Napoleon with soldiers who were flogged unmercifully for trivial offenses. After the Napoleonic wars there were poverty and misery in England worse than that which had caused the French Revolution, though starving men threw their ragged caps into the air and shouted "God save the King!" when fat George passed by. Victoria's golden reign began three years before the Hungry 'Forties. Boys and girls who had stolen a few potatoes or smashed a threshing-machine, Irish rebels, sturdy young ruffians, pickpockets and poachers, were sentenced to transportation for life and died like flies in the prisons and hulks. I met an old gentleman only a few months ago who, as a boy, was held up in a mob outside Newgate when a batch of eight were brought out for public execution. Charles Dickens's London was not a paradise, with its Fleet prison, and its Fagins, Artful Dodgers, and ruffians like Bill Sikes. Yes, something has always been wrong with England, although by some inexhaustible spirit, some secret genius of its people, some hidden virtue in them, it has won great victories by land and sea, extended its dominions far and wide, gained great wealth, given the world good gifts of beauty, poetry, humor, all kinds of art, increased the sum of knowledge vastly by its scientists and scholars, and led the way in civilization by its code of justice, its struggle for liberty, its faith in fair play.

THE HIDDEN SPIRIT

Before the last great war foreign observers believed in the decadence of England. German statesmen and German spies reported that the country was weakening and getting soft. Too

much wealth, they thought, and new ideas of pacifism and humanitarianism, and all sorts of liberal notions, were making it unfit to hold its Empire. It was not prepared to fight for its possessions. It was losing control in Ireland. Its women—the suffragettes—were hysterical. Its young manhood, given over to amusement, undisciplined by military service, were degenerate. The rising tide of democracy was anti-imperial and unpatriotic. So they reported, or wrote in their newspapers, not without some evidence which made old-fashioned Englishmen anxious and doubtful about their own nation. Well, there was a surprise for them when the war came. Those "effete" young men suddenly stiffened, and were the officers of a great army which fought from first to last with a courage and self-sacrifice which was almost supernatural. Out of the slums, out of the workshops, out of the cities, and out of the fields there came an endless tide of young manhood, and there was nothing wrong with them, then, nor with the women serving in factories and canteens, doing the jobs of the absent men, looking after their children in the air raids, standing steady, with some exceptions, in all that agony and time of death.

So one has to be careful when one asks what is wrong with England. The remembrance of history should be a check to calamity-howlers. Yet all is not right.

THE GENERAL STRIKE

The General Strike which happened in May of 1926 during a Conservative Government under Mr. Baldwin revealed once more that the national character of England is always seen at its best when it has to face the worst.

For several years there had been a black shadow over the economic situation, owing to the depressed condition of the coal fields and the rising tide of unemployment. A crisis was imminent when the Government withdrew the subsidy which had been granted to the coal-owners in order to lower prices

in the export markets against foreign competition. It became acute when the coal-owners drew up a revised schedule of wages on a scale so low that the miners refused to consider it even when lockout notices were posted up. Both owners and men adopted an uncompromising attitude, and Government intervention was not helped by the threat of a General Strike which reached them from the Trade Union Council.

In August of the previous year, at Scarborough, the Trade Union Congress, the most important assembly of organized labor in Great Britain, voted measures which were deeply dyed in the color of Moscow, which is Red. They were subversive, anarchical, and revolutionary. Steady-going people were alarmed by such un-English resolutions, but the Parliamentary Labor Party pooh-poohed them as the fantasies of irresponsible young men who had pushed themselves forward in the Trade Union Committees.

The Government was not reassured and took steps privately to safeguard the social system. Those measures also seemed a little "un-English." They had a touch of Italian Fascism. A mysterious body called the O. M. S. (Organization for the Maintenance of Supplies) was quietly recruiting and organizing young men of the University and Public School type. Over private dinner tables there was a good deal of flesh-creeping talk of an England without trains running or factories working, without light or fuel, while millions of idle men, led astray by revolutionary leaders, played hell in the great cities.

"Scottish labor," said one of these gloomy propagandists of the O. M. S., "will go Red, especially in Glasgow. The Clyde is rotten with Communism. Liverpool, Hull, the mining districts of Wales, the London Docks, and the East End will be centers of violence." They were doubtful of Mr. Baldwin as Prime Minister if such trouble happened. He was too easy-going, they thought. He had socialistic sympathies.

Anxieties increased in all political parties. The Labor mem-

bers of Parliament were haunted by that black shadow over the coal fields. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, deeply convinced that labor could win its way to power only by constitutional principles, was the last man to wish for any conflict which might lead to violence. Only the extremists on both sides were ready to risk it. In the Conservative ranks there were some who thought that the fight had better come to "clear the air." They had made up their minds to ruthlessness if it did come.

It came. To this day it is not definitely settled whether it need have come at that time. Mr. Baldwin was consiliatory to the Trade Union leaders, including a truculent person named Mr. Cook, who was out for trouble. Negotiations were proceeding to late hours night after night until one night they ended abruptly. The compositors of the *Daily Mail* had refused to set up a leading article which they regarded as hostile and unfair to the Trade Unions. The news was brought to the Prime Minister and his Cabinet advisers, among whom was Winston Churchill—not exactly the soul of patience and discretion—negotiating that evening with the Labor leaders, who again used the threat of a General Strike. They had actually issued strike notices which could only be withdrawn if the Government forced the coal owners to surrender their lockout. Mr. Baldwin, still anxious to avert a clash, was forced to agree that the act of the compositors was an unpardonable attack upon the liberties of the Press and a declaration of "war." Without a final word to the delegates of Labor, who were unaware of this incident, conversations were suspended. The strike notices were not withdrawn. The unbelievable had happened.

There were thoughtful men and women in England that night who felt a sense of apprehension and dread as on a night in August of 1914. The nation might be divided against itself, as only once before in history. Who could tell what forces of evil and anarchy would be let loose by this industrial

conflict? With millions of men idle in great cities, there was no knowing what might happen. It was impossible to believe that there would not be rioting, mob violence, looting, lawlessness. If this General Strike were to last any length of time, the food supplies of the people would run short. There would be hunger in mean streets, and hungry men would be desperate men. The Government would put down disorder ruthlessly. It would be bound to do so with all the forces at its command. Machine-gun fire opened on a mob of rioters might set the nation aflame. Anything might happen. What did England know of the temper of its own people since the war? Who could estimate the forces of revolutionary propaganda which had been spread about secretly among the unemployed and in factories and workshops?

The next few days would reveal the British people to themselves—their old qualities of good-nature and self-discipline, or new qualities of cruelty and lawlessness. If the extremists of the Trade Council beat the Government by this weapon it would be the end of Parliamentary rule in England. It would be the end of England and all its liberties.

These alarms seem absurd now, looking back on what happened.

For a few days the wheels of life did not turn. At least the railway system was brought to a standstill. Factories closed down. Millions of men slouched about the cities. No omnibuses or tramcars left their sheds. No newspapers were published and the British Isles seemed to be cut off from the outside world and from knowledge of what was happening within, until some days later a few sheets appeared on the streets—the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and others which had withered away to the size of pocket handkerchiefs. "Wireless" came into its own and people who had an aërial over their chimney-pots crowded round the loud-speakers, listening to bulletins, called out by announcers acting under Government

orders, and to official notices by a new authority called the Chief Civil Commissioner, who had assumed powers of dictatorship in all matters connected with the essential services of national life.

One thing was reassuring to people who believed in law and order. The Government had not been caught napping by this attack on the social system and this menace to food supplies. That mysterious organization called the O. M. S. was functioning with rapidity and success. It had enrolled thousands of volunteers—ex-officers and business men and undergraduates—as lorry-drivers, engineers, dock laborers, special constables, and workers of all kinds. A milk depot had been established in Hyde Park to which all deliveries of milk were to be sent for distribution in London. Transport for feeding the great city had been provided under adequate protection. Amateur engine-drivers and signal-men were already prepared to organize an elementary train service on one of the main lines. What was not so reassuring, because it suggested something like revolution and counter-revolution, was the Government's grave view of the situation and its preparation for conflict. There could be no other meaning attached to the urgent calls for recruits made by the Home Secretary over the wireless instrument. Every district in the country was enrolling special constables. Fifty thousand more were demanded within twenty-four hours for London. All the Universities, Banks, Insurance offices, and country houses were sending their young men to enroll. The nation was being divided into two camps—the middle classes on one side, the laboring classes on the other. There was great military and naval activity. The power stations upon which the electrical energy of the nation depended were being worked by naval ratings. The Docks, deserted of laborers, were guarded by troops. Machine-gun sections had been posted at strategical points. Battalions of Tanks were moving up to London from the Aldershot direction. They

passed my country house one night, shaking the earth, with their searchlights gleaming over the hillsides. Was it the beginning of civil war? . . .

It was not. England, and her sister peoples of Scotland and Wales, were saved once again by a good-nature, a sense of humor, a lack of cruelty, a sporting spirit, which stood the strain of those days marvelously. There was nothing wrong with those boys and girls of the middle classes—the sons and daughters, the younger brothers and sisters, of those who had faced the ordeal of the great war. All that revolt of youth of which so much fuss had been made was forgotten now in a time of crisis. Battalions of girls who found no transport to take them to offices and shops on the first day of the strike started walking from the suburbs—three miles, five miles, ten miles—with a click of their little high heels along the streets, and made a joke of it until the humor wore a little thin when it started raining. Even then they kept their spirits up and hopped on to lorries and private motor-cars which offered them free lifts. Legions of medical students, University young men, and public-school boys, dressed in "plus fours" to show their status—a touch of snobbishness!—swarmed into the Docks to unload meat and cheese and vegetables, brought out the busses and drove them on erratic journeys, offering free fares to pretty girls and scrawling up legends to make a game of the job:

"Please don't stop me. I can't start again!" "Flappers not charged. Others threepence all the way."

Young gentlemen in blue suits and white spats became engine-drivers and stokers. I went with such an engine-driver on a train which hoped to get to Manchester. He was very merry and bright, and conversational with his passengers. "It's all right," he assured them, "as long as I don't run off the rails." He ran off the rails ten miles out of London, and

was apologetic. "No bones broken, I hope?" No, but my nerves were shaken.

I went down to the Docks where a battalion of Guards were on duty with their regimental band playing Gilbert and Sullivan opera in one of the sheds. There was enough brandy stored here in casks to make London mad drunk if a mob broke in. But the dockers were not trying to break in. Crowds of them were talking quietly round the Dock gates. They put their point of view to me. "What's all this talk about revolution?" they asked. "All we're trying to do is to help the miners, and we've dropped good wages because we're loyal to our pals."

Here and there were ugly episodes. Some of the amateur bus-drivers were stoned by mobs of young hooligans who didn't like the look of those "plus fours." Some of the special constables scattered them by baton charges. There were riots in Hull and other cities. But in the mass the strikers were peaceful, law-abiding, good-natured, and steady. In Wales the miners started to whitewash their cottages. They challenged the police who went down there, not to combat but to football matches, and both sides enjoyed themselves. They admired the pluck with which the young amateurs handled heavy lorries and stuck to their jobs, or unloaded ships' cargoes until they were covered with grease and sweat. And those middle-class boys had more respect for Labor. To them this strike was an amusing adventure, an agreeable break in the routine of University life or office work. The dirtier the work the more they saw the humor of it, knowing that in a little while they would be back again in pleasant homes, in well-cut clothes, among their own crowd. But they knew that the fellows who had to work like this all the year round were worth their salt and perhaps more important than themselves in the scheme of things. Both sides had a new understanding of each other and it did them good.

Foreign correspondents who had come over to England ex-

pecting to record bloody strife were amazed. They confessed themselves to be utterly baffled by this experience. In no other country in Europe, certainly not in the United States, could such a thing have happened without bloodshed, anarchy, and violence. But from first to last in England, Scotland, and Wales no shot was fired on either side. Those battalions of Tanks were not needed. There was no clash between the Army and the civil population. Those millions of idle men behaved for the most part like philosophers.

The truth was that there was no revolution in their hearts, no violence or venom of class hatred, no lust of cruelty and greed. They were loyal to the orders of their Trade Union Leaders. They were loyal to the general interests of their class, which they believed was menaced by low wages and a lower standard of living. But apart from loud-mouthed tub-thumpers, the agents of revolution in the Russian style, the little propagandists of Marxian philosophy at the factory gates, they were not out to overthrow the Constitution or to play hell in the old country which they had served in time of war.

The very men who had engineered the General Strike were afraid of the weapon they had unsheathed. Their greatest anxiety was to call it off. They had used it as a threat. They were deeply disconcerted when their challenge was accepted. They were profoundly relieved when the Parliamentary Labor Party enforced their surrender.

From the very first this General Strike was proved a failure owing to motor transport which defied the paralysis of the railways, and showed that the roads of England could carry all the supplies of life from one part of the country to the other, now that there were so many motor-cars and so many people who could drive them, including women and girls.

For some time after the calling off of the Strike there was an aftermath of political bitterness. Mr. Baldwin was accused of having broken pledges which he made in broadcast

speeches, promising that there should be no victimization and no reprisals if men went back to work. His political opponents did not forgive him for breaking off the conversations so abruptly, or for the display of military power against unarmed men. All that is negligible now in English history. What remains as the great memory of the General Strike is the renewed proof that the character of the people had not lost its old qualities of steadiness and spirit. "The good-nature of our people," as I wrote in a novel dealing with these events, "staggered the imagination of our friends and enemies. And something else was proved, worth proving. That youth of ours, so harshly criticized, so careless of criticism, such rebels against authority, so reckless of convention, so self-assured, played the game according to the rules and in the spirit of the old tradition." Is it fair that doubts about them should be creeping in again?

LABOR RULES

At the time I write these words there is a Labor Government in power, though not in full power, because it could be turned out at any moment by a combined vote of the Conservatives and Liberals, which will one day happen. Just now there is no intention of letting it happen, because both the Conservatives and Liberals have an uneasy belief that if the Labor party were to be forced to the polls again, they would be returned by triumphant majorities which would give them a long lease of political life and real supremacy in the House of Commons. They have done well in foreign affairs, apart from signs of weakness in Palestine, Egypt, and India. They are on their way to make war more difficult in the world. They have promised new gifts to those who vote for them, at the expense of those who vote against them. They hold the court cards in this game of "Beggar-my-Neighbor." So one sees the curious spectacle of two historic parties in England refusing to defeat this newly-arrived Labor party, whose political principles

they profess to abhor—which rather wants to be defeated. Something is not quite right with England when the Mother of Parliaments has become an insincerity.

The Election which brought Labor into power in 1929 revealed the extent of the social revolution which had happened in England since the war, and the new mentality of its people. For weeks before Election night the cities and villages of England had been placarded with the posters of the Conservatives and Liberals—Labor, having little money, could not afford that kind of advertising. Mr. Baldwin, the Conservative Prime Minister, issued his slogan of "Safety First," extraordinarily characteristic of a man who believed that a genial smile with a pipe between his lips was the right attitude before a people who did not believe in wild-cat schemes or dangerous adventures of democracy. And yet, by some strange paradox of character, or by some private pledge to his wife, or by some streak of sentimentality, he had engaged his country in one of the most dangerous adventures in democracy, or at least one of the most uncertain experiments in national government, by enfranchising every young woman of twenty-one.

THE FLAPPERS' VOTE

It was the "Flappers' Vote" which was to be tested at the polls for the first time. All those battalions of young girls in knee-short frocks who go by early-morning bus to city office or big store, all the little factory girls in the industrial towns, all the lip-sticked little ladies who parade before the shop windows where their underclothes are exhibited, were to have a say in the government of England. They listened to political addresses over the wireless and said, "How boring!" They glanced at that poster of "Safety First!" and said, "How unadventurous!" Secretly some of them made up their minds which way they would vote and went, a little shyly, as I saw them, to the booths and voted—but not on the whole for Mr.

Baldwin. Most of them were the sisters or daughters of workingmen, or men without work and on the dole. They voted for their class, hoping for more wages with less work. The more elegant sisterhood did not rally up so much.

THE SPLENDID PROMISE

Another kind of appeal had been made to the nation by an old leader who was once their hero. David Lloyd George, whose Liberal party had dwindled and deserted, made one more bid for power, and he had a magic formula which promised to do the trick. "We can conquer unemployment!" Those words, written in letters of light, ran across the night sky of London and many great cities with endless iteration, and men who had been out of work for two years, three years, or all the time since the war, looked up at them and wondered. And other men, anxious about England, because of that drain on its industrial life, its pool of human hopelessness, and the growing pauperization of so many able-bodied men, stared up at that pledge and were half inclined to believe that there might be something in it. That old wizard—"as artful as a cartload of monkeys," said his enemies—had prepared a scheme which he was ready to begin if the nation brought him back. He would raise a loan of two hundred million pounds. He would build new roads, bridges, docks, canals, and all kinds of public works which would add to the productivity of the country. He would reduce the unemployment figures to normal rates—though he was careful not to define that normality. Just for a moment many men, sick to death of the do-nothing policy of Stanley Baldwin with his pipe between his lips, in the face of a creeping paralysis of the working manhood of England, were inclined to believe him. Then they thought back to his history after the war. Hadn't he let them down by his trickiness, his lack of any settled convictions, his appeals to mob passion during the khaki election, his share in

the Peace Treaties which had made such a mess in Europe, his call to war again when Greece could not hold her new Empire, his games of poker with political friends and enemies? He was the only man in England with any fire, but somehow it left them cold. He was the only man with any cut-and-dried scheme for curing the disease of unemployment, but they doubted whether it would work. Ramsay Macdonald talked emotional platitudes and did not make any pledges, but all up and down the country his followers had been talking class stuff in little halls or at street corners. The rich could still be taxed. They had too much money while others had a thin time. They had made the war—or at least they hadn't stopped it. Let them pay for it. The whole social structure of England was founded upon hypocrisy, injustice, snobdom, and inequality of reward. So the forward young men and women of Labor spoke to their crowds, among whom were the "flappers" who were going to vote for the first time.

ELECTION NIGHT

On the night of the election I went to Selfridge's big store where the results were to be shown to invited guests. It was a curious scene, very modern in its psychology, revealing in a dramatic way the social changes which had happened in England since the war. Mr. Gordon Selfridge, dear man, would have been called "a damned tradesman" by the society of Victorian England. If he had solicited the patronage of high-born ladies, they would have kept him waiting in the front hall and sent out their footmen to say "Not at home." Now they came to his evening party, on the top floor of his shop, above the fancy goods and the pajamas and the ladies' undies. There was a duchess or two there, and many countesses and titled ladies, whose daughters, perhaps, served in little hat-shops, not so imposing as Selfridge's, and peers of the realm, looking not nearly so distinguished as Mr. Selfridge's shop-

walkers, and young gentlemen from the Universities, uncertain of their future but glad to meet their pretty friends here, for free drinks and a dance, with an eye now and then on the election results. Famous actors and actresses came in after their performances. H. G. Wells, Michael Arlen, W. J. Locke, and other literary celebrities appeared in this queer gathering which cut through all social castes. Financiers of Oriental descent, judges, the ladies of the beauty chorus, journalists, pugilists, and politicians mingled in a crowd that became dense and hot while an orchestra played jazz dances and a little man shouted the election results below a distant board where the figures appeared. . . . *Labor again.*

"Hurrah!" shouted H. G. Wells, in his high little voice, amused by this scene around him. "Hooray!" cried a little lady in a hooped gown. But they were in a minority of two among a crowd who looked through the mist of cigarette smoke to those figures on the board and saw a menace to the old foundations of English life—and something more on the income tax.

"Nero fiddles while Rome burns! . . . Let's do a waltz, Birdie," said a young gentleman, languidly.

I went upstairs to the roof of Selfridge's and looked down into Oxford Street far below. There was a sea of faces down there, white in a glare of light from great lamps. It was a densely packed mass of excited democracy—the people who had voted that day before going to their work.

Labor again.

A hoarse roar of cheers rose to the roof of Selfridge's, thunderous. It was like a scene in some drama of revolution. It was such a scene, and it was the drama of social revolution in England, not bloody, not sensational, but far-reaching in its effect upon the structure of English life and its crumbling strongholds of caste, privilege, and tradition.

Mr. Jack Hayes, ex-policeman, with waxed mustaches as when he went on his beat past area railings, with the flash of

a bull's-eye lantern on the locks of rich houses, became Vice-Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household. Mr. Clynes, who went to work at the age of ten in a Lancashire cotton factory, became Home Secretary. Mr. Tom Shaw, with the same kind of childhood behind him, became Minister of War. Mr. J. H. Thomas, who began his career as an errand boy at the age of nine and then became an engine-cleaner, was now Lord Privy Seal. Ramsay Macdonald, the son of a Highland peasant, was now Prime Minister of England.

THE OLD GENTILITY

Those peers and duchesses and titled folk assembled at Selfridge's, or elsewhere, have lost their place in life and know it. Their titles mean nothing now, because they carry no privilege beyond that of paying more for what they buy. In some cases their fathers and their forefathers ruled England by right of rank and wealth and blood. In others they ruled England by some quality of character, or intellect, noble or evil, which had lifted them out of a lower caste. They had the virtues and the vices of their age, its cruelties, its courage, its corruption, its elegance, its splendor or its brutality. Their stock had produced the noblest characters, the most charming and beautiful lives, odd types, heroic souls, great villains, adorable women, degenerates, and weaklings. Their blood had watered the battlefields of the world. Their spirit dominates English history. Until the last Great War they were still intrenched in their old estates, behind high walls, which seemed impregnable despite the advance of democracy, in great old houses filled with treasures of art and all fine things and distinguished ghosts. They gave more of their blood, unstintingly, and much gold to their country during that menace to England, and when the war was over it was they who had to pay for it in proportion to their wealth. They haven't groused much about that, to do them justice. Even before the war Lloyd George

and others set about them to get their inheritance, by death duties and other taxes. After the war, which had to be paid for—in those four and a half years England had spent as much as in two and a half centuries of previous history—they were marked down for sacrifice. And they didn't wail, to be fair to them. Three deaths of heirs in a family takes most of what they have for death duties. Year by year half, or nearly half, their incomes go to the Exchequer. So many of them have sold their land to speculative builders who put up little bungalows and jerry-built houses to spoil the old beauty of England —the pressure of population demands new house room—and have taken down the pictures off their walls to sell to rich Americans, and sold their ancient homes for hotels or schools or public institutions. Their daughters have gone into little hat-shops, or write social gossip for papers which still pretend there is an aristocracy, or go into the beauty chorus, or the film studios. Some of their sons have become "something in the city," or salesmen of automobiles, or breeders of pedigree pigs, or young gentlemen who dress the dummies in the windows of big stores, or anything they can get to earn an honest living—which is good for them. The caste system of England is gone, and with it much that was silly and something that was fine. Because some of these people had a tradition that was not mean or ignoble. And those who have succeeded to their wealth, because there is still great wealth in England, are the financial gentlemen who somehow manage to dodge the income tax, and leave that patriotic duty to more simple souls who don't know the game of bulls and bears and pay out of what they earn by hard work and anxious business.

THE BURDEN OF TAXATION

The professional man—lawyer, doctor, artist, writing-man, civil servant—has no means of escape. The tax-collectors know his earnings to the last shilling. The uncomplaining, or at least

unresisting, middle classes and the old aristocracy are bled white to pay for that two and a half centuries of national expenditure which was poured into four and a half years of war when England, in addition to her own expenses, lent vast sums to her allies and afterward let them off one thousand million pounds of debt without gratitude from them, without any kind of kudos for heroic generosity, while paying interest on her own debt to America to the extent of thirty million pounds a year, which put another shilling on the income tax. It is a burden that weighs crushingly on the shoulders of the middle-class man, driven almost scranny sometimes by the inquisition of the tax-collectors and by the difficulty of paying the yearly levy on his hard-earned money. For four months every year a moderately successful man has to sit down to work not for himself or his family, but for the national Exchequer. It checks initiative. It digs crows' feet into anxious faces. If there is any slacking off of work, a month or two of illness, any slowing down of mental energy, the income tax has to be paid out of some small capital which was put by for old age. But some one must pay that annual budget of eight hundred million pounds, for carrying on the country.

It has grown to that figure since the war, partly because of war debts, partly because of additional benefits to those who are mostly exempt from income tax. In 1911 the revenue demanded in respect of social services—education, health, poor-law relief, and so forth, was sixty-three millions. In 1929 it was nearly four hundred millions. More than six times as much! It is getting beyond a joke. It is a burden which can hardly be borne by any nation threatened, as England is, with restricted trade and fiercer competition by foreign nations.

It seems likely that a socialistic government in England, pressed by its Left Wing to provide still greater benefits for those to whom it owes its power, will find before long that they are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. There is a

limit to the taxation of wealth. There is bound to be a decline in the receipts from death duties, because so many old estates and pre-war fortunes have been drained dry, and now men who have money to leave are bequeathing it to their heirs during their lifetime, or turning themselves into joint stock companies which are not supposed to die. Other small capitalists are abandoning England with what wealth they have, for the sunny exile (and infinite boredom) of the Riviera or the Channel Islands. The financiers who could well afford to pay a fairer share of wealth which they earn, not by the sweat of body and brow, but by little conversations over the telephone with fellows who know a thing or two about mining shares and other forms of gambling, can hardly be caught by Chancellors of the Exchequer because they have the secret of shifting money beyond the reach of tax-collectors as conjurors will pass a pack of cards under the nose of an onlooker unaware of this sleight-of-hand. "The Labor Government," says one of its critics, "is aiming at two opposite objectives—to diminish unemployment and to bribe the elector. To achieve the first they must reduce taxation. If they continue to pursue the second, unemployment must multiply. They will be overwhelmed in due course by the inexorable pressure of economic reality."

SOCIAL CONDITIONS

"The patient ass," as the taxpayer is called in political cartoons, does not revolt. He knows that with all his anxieties he is luckier than the class below him in the social scale, or at least in the great industrial belt where unemployment is a hideous menace. At least this redistribution of wealth, taken mostly from his pockets, has effected a social change which is in a thousand ways good. He would be a cad to deny it, and he's not that as a rule. A great deal of the old squalor has been removed from English life. Apart from overcrowding, still

frightful in certain areas of London and great cities (and small villages), the life of the laboring classes and all small wage-earners has been lifted up amazingly. There is nothing like so much of that wretchedness, that ghastly, ragged, hopeless misery which used to disgrace the East End of London and the poorest districts. In streets where, before the war, one saw the derelicts of civilization and the tatter-demalions of the slums, one now sees troops of young girls in silk stockings and good frocks, and legions of young men smartly dressed. Their manners have changed. They have a different outlook on life. Drunkenness, which was due to horrible conditions of life and no chance of decent recreation, has largely disappeared. Instead of slouching round the "pubs," the younger crowd go to the "talkies" or to tea-shops. They have their dances. They are self-respecting. They are earning good wages if they are working. Before the war field laborers earned twenty shillings a week in some counties. Now they get two pounds ten shillings. If they are not working they go on the dole, which keeps them out of the doss-houses, especially if other members of their family are able to help a bit. If they are without work and without the dole, which demands certain conditions to be fulfilled, they apply for poor relief and keep their heads above the waters of utter destitution. They get free schooling for their children, free doctors, free libraries, all sorts of good things for nothing.

There is a lot on the credit side. The general chance of happiness is higher since the war. Something has been gained, not without sacrifice by the whole nation.

After the tremendous ordeal of war, during which Britain lost a million dead—the fine flower of her youth—it has only been by spiritual valor, despite some weakness and inevitable depression, that she has faced up to many difficulties, enormous responsibilities, and some dangers. The English folk were first among nations to demobilize hatred and give their former

enemies fair play and generosity (after the injustice of the Peace Treaties and a political appeal to the passion of revenge), thereby earning for themselves a reputation for treachery and hypocrisy from former allies. They were the first to pay anything toward the American debt, though they remitted vast sums they had loaned to others without recognition or gratitude in any country. At a time of financial insanity and the inflation of money, they steadily brought the pound sterling to parity with American dollars by an austerity of deflation which was crippling to their export trade, with the one advantage—not a small one—of retaining their position as the financial center of Europe. They have absorbed eight hundred thousand more men into industry than those employed before the war, which takes some of the sting out of the unemployment figures. They have given more than lip service to the League of Nations and reduction of armaments is the settled policy of the English people, although they have to police a great Empire and mandated territories whose people are restless and turbulent. They have not lost their good-humor, nor their sense of social discipline, as they proved during the general strike and the years of bitterness and disillusion following the war. But for unemployment, which fluctuates about the million average, including women and boys, and that crippling taxation which checks industry and enterprise, and certain weaknesses in their social philosophy, England would be economically sound, with a standard of life steadily improving. It is unemployment and all the moral consequences surrounding that problem which menaces the well-being and the spirit of the nation.

DEMOBILIZED MEN

Ever since the end of the war, that has been the haunting anxiety of the English people, and the problem which their politicians have faced—or shirked. It began when millions of demobilized men swarmed back from the war zone and, after

a week or two, or a month or two, of slouching, looked out for civil jobs. Some of them went back to their old jobs, to the same office stools. Others found their places filled by men who had stayed behind or by young women who did their work just as well for less pay. Many had been too young to have any kind of job before they were drafted into fighting battalions, and they were untrained to peace work, although they had been very good riflemen and machine gunners and aviators and signalers. Others had become too old to slip back into civil life where they had started at the bottom rung of the ladder, or too nervy or inefficient, because of something that had snapped in them under the strain of war. For a long time hundreds of thousands of men who had helped to save England trudged around for work and wore their boots out, and their hearts. Some of them stood at street corners and spoke bitter, sullen, dangerous words to small crowds. . . . "What did they promise us—these blighters who stayed at home while we went into the filthy trenches? . . . What the hell were we fighting for? . . . What's our reward?"

Some of them put their heads into gas ovens. Some of them became street cadgers. Some of them found a prison wasn't bad as a peace time billet. They had been the heroes of the great war. . . . It was the time of bitterness. England, at that time, found it difficult to assimilate all this labor. Europe was in ruins then. The defeated nations had lost their purchasing power until their industry revived it. English manufactured goods couldn't find their old markets. Even coal, the black treasure upon which England's wealth was built, had only a temporary boom and then lacked buyers. Those were the worst years, with more than two million unemployed.

They passed without riots and bloodshed. What saved that unpleasantness was the much-abused dole and generous pensions for disabled men (with lamentable cases of injustice), and a pouring out of money in poor relief. The dole itself was

called by a wrong name. It was a legal right given to workingmen temporarily unemployed according to the scheme of unemployed insurance adopted by Lloyd George before the war and copied from Germany. The workman paid a small contribution out of his wages. The employer contributed his share. The Govenment added something more. In ordinary normal times the scheme would not have been uneconomical. It was only in abnormal times after the war that it became a terror. So many men lived so long on the dole without finding work, and without a hope of work, that at last some of them settled down to it as their means of life and gave up looking for work, and at last, demoralized, wouldn't take work when it was offered.

During the past ten years seven hundred million pounds have been poured into poor relief in Great Britain. That vast treasure has been utterly unproductive. If spent on creating new work, developing new resources, getting jobs done which want doing, it would have produced new wealth, and stimulated the spirit of the nation. But all it has done is to keep people patient with idleness, and to encourage them in the belief that they will be kept comfortable—or at least alive—even if they never do a stroke of honest work. It is helping to kill the initiative of the younger crowd. It is a policy of pauperizing a nation. It is producing a horde of scroungers—those who would rather be lazy on a little than earn a better living by sweat of body. The main mass of British workingmen still want work rather than charity. It is amazing and splendid that so many have kept their pride against all odds. But there are youths in England now, living at home with their parents —I had to do with one not long ago—who will lay off a job after a week or two because they are "fed up" with work, and will then take a holiday—and draw the dole again for pocket money. That kind of thing is death and damnation to any nation.

THE DANGER OF THE DOLE

The Conservative Government under Stanley Baldwin knew all that, but hadn't the courage to strangle this devil of the dole by a leadership which would insist upon some kind of work for any kind of pay. The Labor Government, prodigal in promises to the under dog, had no sooner come into office than they produced a bill to increase the benefits of the dole, especially to young persons, and to eliminate a clause in the old conditions which insisted that applicants should be "genuinely seeking work." They proposed to give unemployment pay of fourteen shillings a week to boys unemployed after school age—so that they should start life with free money. It was to add twelve million pounds to the annual Budget, already intolerable, and that limit, insisted upon by Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had to provide this additional taxation, was fiercely contested by forty members of the Left Wing of the Labor Party, led by James Maxton, the mock-Marat of the social revolution, who were contemptuous of such paltry additions to their great ideal of full maintenance to workless folk. They are filled with admiration and envy for the conditions under a Labor Government in Australia, where men down tools with the cheerful prospect of getting from two pounds ten to four pounds ten a week as out-of-work pay, with the result that in 1929 a coal strike lasted ten months, involving many other trades, and the timber trade was practically at a standstill for seven months.

LACK OF LEADERSHIP

Something is wrong with the will-power of England. It is lacking courageous leadership. The steel has gone out of its temper, for a time. It is refusing to face facts, and is playing with an easy-going optimism not justified by the relentless pressure of competition from peoples who work harder, think

harder, and put tremendous energy into the job of life, with a surer basis on which to build, because they have the land under their feet. Since the war, France, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia and other nations have done marvelous things in building a new prosperity above their ruin. France has no unemployed at all. She imports foreign labor. Her peasantry is very prosperous. Her industries have been reorganized with the newest machinery after destruction in the war zone. Her manufacturers have linked up with Germany for the production of steel and iron. Germany, defeated in the war, is becoming victorious in peace, owing to one supreme power within herself, the genius of industry, which is intense in her national character. In spite of all the money the Germans have had to pay in indemnities and reparations, in spite of a time of financial bankruptcy (and partly because of it—that wiping out of internal debts by worthless paper), they have put full steam ahead into an industrial drive. Krupp's changed over in a night from the making of guns to the making of ploughs and all other kinds of metal goods. The Government led the way in national trade by subsidies and bounties and direct assistance to new industries, such as civil aviation. German scientists, business experts, industrialists, collaborated with a cold-headed enthusiasm for efficiency which has lifted their nation out of despair to a new era of prosperity almost equal to the heavy burdens still imposed upon it by the cost of defeat. Her export trade, which before the war and afterward was far below that of Great Britain, has now drawn level.

England has not shown that efficiency. Since the war many of her people have been listless and indifferent to this new competition. They have been doped by politicians and Press into the belief that all will come right very soon and that meanwhile sport is very jolly, and holidays are more amusing than work, and that the seaside girl, or the little ladies on the Lido, are having a very good time—so why worry?

England has not the security of other nations in Europe, where agriculture is the basis of life upon which all else is built. English agriculture is dying. Fields once ploughed are turned to grass. Old farmsteads are being bought by week-end folk who turn the barns into dancing-rooms and the stalls into garages. The old peasant stock in England has gone, and its blood, which once recruited the cities, and the spirit of town-dwellers, no longer gives strength to national character which owed its greatness to a country-living folk, simple, deeply rooted in tradition, healthy, close to the earth and trees and all natural things. It is useless for English farmers to grow wheat. They can't compete with the Argentine export. German oats are dumped into English ports. Even their potatoes don't pay for the labor of growing them. Nothing is done for the farming class by politicians, who don't care a damn for them because their votes don't count very much. If one could get back an English peasantry of small proprietors, there would be less unemployment in England, and not the same desperate need of exporting manufactured goods to provide all but six weeks' food now coming from abroad, but there is not a chance of that, under a system of free trade which is demanded by an industrialized nation afraid of increased food prices.

FAILING TRADE

England is dependent for life upon her export trade, and the basis of that is coal. That black devil, demanding the lives of men—more than a thousand are still killed in the mines every year—was the evil genius which created the wealth of the Victorian age and demanded the beauty of England here and there, and some qualities of her soul, in return for great riches. Cheap coal meant cheaply manufactured goods and gave England a lead in the industrial race. It also meant a great shipping trade to all the ports of the world. Now this coal is not wanted to the same extent, and it is no longer so cheap

that it can undersell foreign competitors. There is a glut of coal in the world's markets, and the cost of production has increased above that of foreign rivals by deeper workings, old-fashioned machinery, royalties to landowners, a lack of combination between mine-owners, and a long hostility between owners and men, leading to constant strikes and lockouts which have been a drag on the wheel of English progress ever since the war. The greatest industry in Great Britain is its worst example of disorganization and lack of united efficiency. There is no settlement yet. . . .

It is only one example of a national failure to reorganize for new conditions. Business methods are old-fashioned and slack. The Prince of Wales, who is a good commercial traveler for his country, complains that British merchants do not market their goods properly. They won't put their prices in foreign currencies. They adopt the old arrogant attitude of "take it or leave it" which was their privilege when they had little competition. They won't take the trouble to find out the requirements, tastes, and fancies of their customers. Their advertising is pitiful.

England is the middleman of the world—the Exchange merchant. She has but little of the raw materials of industry in her own land, except that coal which is not so much wanted and is costly to produce. She buys wool from Australia and sends out woolen goods to the world's markets. She buys cotton from India and Egypt, and manufactures it in Lancashire. She buys steel from the United States, and makes other kinds of wares. But India is manufacturing her own cotton goods and boycotting the British stuffs. The Dominions are building their own factories. The United States are exporting more manufactured goods than Great Britain. Germany is a great competitor. The new nations made by the peace treaties are making their own ploughs, weapons, engines. Italy is getting

industrialized. What has England to offer the world at a tempting price?

CAPITAL AND LABOR

Her prices are high because of old-fashioned methods and old mentality. There is no coöperation of industrial effort, or not enough, because every Englishman is an individualist, suspicious of his rival. There is a deep-rooted hostility between capital and labor because of ancient history. The worker remembers his history from the times of serfdom. Under the feudal system he was treated as a chattel. He was the lowest of the castes. In the nineteenth century his children were the slaves of the factories. He has not forgotten. And today the mine-owner and the great manufacturer can only be brought by political pressure to sit opposite the workmen to discuss the conditions of the business in which they are both engaged. There are attempts at profit-sharing and partnership, but only here and there. The strike weapon on the one side, the lock-out on the other, are used still as a means of argument. There is no Henry Ford in England to devise a system of high wages for big output and a short day's work, instead of making profits out of underpaid and over-strained workers. When faced with the task of reducing costs, the English manufacturer or mine-owner has for years been limited in vision to one plan—cut down the wages, lengthen the hours! Only lately has it been forced upon his imagination that there might conceivably be other methods such as amalgamation, reduction of overhead charges, bigger trucks, labor-saving devices, and general reconstruction. Even now he treats Government intervention as an insult and refuses to sit at the same table as the miners' representatives, unless he is cajoled or threatened by Prime Ministers and the public Press.

On the other side, the trade-unionist is sullen and suspicious. Because he sees no chance of earning high wages, he limits his

output and is very leisurely. "No need to sweat yourself, mate!" It is a warfare of class against class, and only here and there has a truce been declared by employers with a human vision and workers who respond to candor and confidence. How can England hope to cut down the cost of manufactured goods with this hostile spirit in her factories preventing national efficiency? A few voices call across this No Man's Land between the barbed wire of opposing forces—Labor and Capital. Now and again, in this trade or that, there is a little fraternizing. But the war goes on. And yet, unless England can offer cheaper wares in the markets of the world, the export trade upon which her national life mainly depends will dwindle with the fatal inevitability of a Greek tragedy. Do none of her leaders understand? Is there no one who can speak truth to the people with a passionate courage and inspired anger?

THE GAME OF LIFE

The game of golf has added to the life average of the middle classes but reduced the business energy of the nation. Business men must have their week-ends, starting on Friday afternoon, ending on Monday morning at midday, in too many cases. Statesmen and politicians will get off for the week-end though the sky falls. They were all week-ending when the world was challenged by the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse in 1914. The younger crowd in city offices and factories keep their eyes on the clock. They are taking their girls to the cinema. Flossie is going to ride pillion with them. What's that about working overtime? Good God, no! Man does not live by bread alone. The fun of life is much more important than a little more money.

There is something in that. I'm all for the fun of life myself, though I don't get much of it. But it has to be paid for, and at the present time there are many people in England who want all the fun without paying for it. It has never been done yet

in the history of any nation. In this world today competition gets fiercer, and the struggle for life is going to be harder, I'm afraid, and even in England there must come a limit, as I have said, to the taxation of those who have made a bit of money by hard work for those who want a bit with less work.

It looks as though England has lost for a time its pioneer spirit. There is an underlying pessimism and anxiety among its more thoughtful minds, a restlessness, a frivolity, and a discontent among the younger generation. Three-quarters of a million men, unemployed through no fault of their own, are becoming sullen and despairing, in spite of that dole which gives them a bare living. There is no vision of any great enterprise ahead. There is no leadership with any voice like a trumpet call to stir the blood of the people.

I am not one of those who believe that the old spirit of England is dead. It may give the world more surprises yet. It may leap up again when it gets the chance, or when the next ordeal comes. These English boys and girls of today, so purposeless, so uncertain of their goal, so pleasure-loving, have the same stuff in them as their fathers or elder brothers who besieged the recruiting booths in the first days of the war. They are ready to take risks if they think it worth while, or if they have to, through sheer necessity, and they will take them laughing. But what *is* worth while? Where is the chance of adventure? Where is a leader worth following? They are fed up with the politicians. They are cynical of those gentlemen who ask for their votes. They see the humbug of it all. And why worry?

There is one adventure which might be worth while to unemployed men who are not satisfied with that miserable relief they get, and to a nation sick to death of political fumbling and futility. The idea of it came to me not long ago as a scheme, or a dream, which I still think is sound as a remedy for the social and industrial difficulties in England. It is the chance of adventure for a people who, under the right leader-

ship, would, I am certain, answer to the call. It is the promise of a great enterprise which might get behind it a national enthusiasm, a loyalty, a spirit of courage and comradeship and service which inspired the nation in the time of war.

It is a scheme for a new Empire settlement—and at first sight that sounds dull and difficult and deadly, as I am well aware. But in its leading idea and in its details, it differs a good deal from other proposals of this kind, as I shall explain later. But in the first place, let me set it out briefly in its main arguments, as I submitted it to certain high powers who were favorably impressed by it, but found the time inopportune.

First of all, it is generally agreed in England, behind closed doors, that the country is over-populated and unable to absorb something like half a million men into its industrial life in the present state of trade and industry. It is also agreed, off the political platform, by all except the extreme Socialists, that all forms of charitable relief are of no permanent value as a remedy, and tend to demoralize the nation still more distressfully. Emigration to the Dominions, therefore, on a big scale, seems to be the only practical possibility. It is the only way of escape, if the population of Great Britain continues to grow and if its export trade continues to be forced back by foreign competition.

Unfortunately, as most people know, there are grave and almost insuperable difficulties. In the first place, the unemployed, including the younger crowd, are hostile to the idea of emigration, owing to the exile and the loneliness—no talkies, no dances, not a damn thing anywhere!—and the uncertainty of its prospects. Who can blame them?

Secondly, they are suspicious of politicians who propose this way of escape. Isn't that natural, looking at some of the politicians and their past history?

Thirdly, it must be admitted, and, anyhow, it is a grim fact, that the Dominions, and especially Australia, do not encour-

age British immigrants on a big scale, owing to political hostilities, a narrow-minded outlook, and their own labor troubles. In Canada there is a prejudice against the British immigrant, who has not always held down his job and made good. In Australia the trade unions are jealous of imported labor, and forced a recent Government to close down on assisted passages from England.

Those are formidable "snags." They have frustrated many efforts. They seem difficult to overcome. But the plan I have in my mind has, I think, the merit of removing these obstacles, which are mainly psychological. They would break down if loyalty and enthusiasm could be substituted for hostility and suspicion, and if comradeship instead of loneliness could be promised to the exiles.

A NEW CRUSADE

Briefly, it is my belief that a national and Imperial enthusiasm for a big scheme of emigration to Canada—or Australia—could be aroused if the Prince of Wales were to lead a new Crusade, calling upon the young manhood of the distressed areas to follow him in a great adventure by founding a new settlement overseas with the promise that he would be their leader, that he would go out with them, and would visit them from time to time. He would make a first call for a hundred thousand men, with their womenfolk, as crusaders in this new promise of life and as pioneers in this new land.

The Prince has won the favor of all classes by his courage, his sportsmanship, and his sympathy. His appeal on behalf of the miners was deeply appreciated. His personal leadership would call to the spirit of the younger crowd in a way impossible to any other man. It would break down political suspicion not only in this country, but in the Dominions, where every ex-soldier and very loyal populations would be greatly stirred. It would give a new purpose, a stimulating idea, the

chance of a big adventure to this younger generation of ours, and the older folk as well, who after the war have been without any inspiration to national service and depressed by lack of faith in the future. Above all, the nation and the Empire could not let the Prince down if he offered his leadership in this adventure, as I know he would, eagerly, if he were assured of the right support.

It would cost a lot of money, but it would be a good investment. Mr. Lloyd George proposed raising a national loan of two hundred million pounds for road-mending, bridge-building and other forms of work for the relief of unemployment. Practicable or not, this work would have had but temporary effects. It was not greatly productive. It would not have relieved the pressure of population in these islands or built up new sources of future wealth. But the same amount of money put into some new England overseas, fertilizing new fields, raising new harvests, building new homes and a new way of life for a pioneer stock, would before many years produce good returns.

With such a loan subscribed by rich and poor it would be easily possible, by enthusiastic organization and leadership, to create a settlement overseas in some No Man's Land of Canada or Australia—if either of those Dominions would not cramp the scheme from the outset by pettifogging hostility—where there would be at first little townships of wooden huts linked together by light railways, and providing the amusements and resources of civilization to the agricultural workers. There would be cinemas, entertainments, reading-rooms, dance-halls, within reach of the farmsteads. There would have to be churches and schools and hospitals.

Such things were done in the war behind the lines on an enormous scale. They could be done just as well for a hundred thousand settlers, increasing perhaps to two hundred and fifty thousand, if there were the same national drive, the same

spirit of service, the same gayety of enthusiasm for an adventure of peace. Why not?

There is only one reason against it, and that is the will to do it. The money could be found, for there is plenty of money for high-class loans. The men and women could be found, for there are thousands who would volunteer if they were assured that it was not a political dodge, or a bogus job, or a scheme for shifting them out of the old country into some frightful desolation where they would be exiled from all social life. The land could be found, for in Canada and Australia there is room for an enormous increase of population. To insure success three things are necessary, and they all belong to the mind and not to material resources. They are leadership, organization, and enthusiasm.

PIONEER BATTALIONS

In my scheme—or my dream—this new colony would have to be organized very much on the same lines as the Expeditionary Force in France and Flanders, applied to the purposes of life instead of death, and construction instead of destruction. There would have to be a G. H. Q. staffed by administrators and experts, including engineers, agricultural officials, and surveyors and social organizers.

They would have to appoint their intelligence officers for each district, and these men would be instructors in charge of training centers with local knowledge of agricultral conditions. There would be camp commandants and town majors, who would be responsible for the elementary discipline required for the smooth working of these community settlements. There would be pioneer battalions of single young men who would prepare the hutments for the families to follow them. Carpenters, road-makers, railway men, engineers would make ready for the farmers and foresters. It is an essential part of the plan that light railways should link up the

small townships so that there could be centers of social life easily accessible from the farmsteads. Agricultural machinery and general coöperation would relieve the settlers from much of that slow, back-breaking, individual labor which had to be faced by pioneers of an earlier age who fought nature with their hands and finger nails.

When one thinks of the seven hundred million pounds that were spent during the past ten years in poor relief, getting nothing in return, and when one envisages the next ten years with an increasing population of young workers and no rosy prospect of greater opportunity in a congested country, the financial side of a scheme like this does not seem fantastic or unprofitable. It would be substituting productive work for wasteful charity, and an adventure of hope for stagnation and despair.

It must be on a large-scale plan. One hundred thousand settlers seems to me the minimum that should be proposed as the founders of the new colony. The bigger the plan the easier will it be to achieve, because the spirit of the whole British Empire would respond by offers of money and service, by combined effort, by the old comradeship for a common purpose, which was the one inspiration of the war, if the idea is big and bold enough to stir the imagination of the race and to appeal to its old spirit of adventure and enterprise.

One could count on the women as well as on the men. They would like to take a hand in the building of that new England overseas. They would go out as farm girls, as milkmaids, as lorry drivers, and as housewives, to those young men who had the pluck to take this chance instead of lounging round street corners, outside labor exchanges, waiting for the dole. There would be volunteers from thousands of middle-aged men who did a good job in the old war and would step out again to serve the country in this adventure of peace. There would be concert parties, theatrical companies, entertainers

of all kinds, eager to keep up the spirit of the pioneers. Girls who find themselves without much purpose in the social round would rally up for work in canteens as their elder sisters did fourteen years ago. I honestly believe that there is more than a dream in this; I believe that with the leadership of the Prince of Wales it might be the way of escape from that despondency and doubt which lately has been creeping over England and saddening many of our minds.

I stress the value of the Prince as the leader of this adventure for many reasons. If he went down into the distressed areas and said, "Follow me," they would go with him. They believe him to be on their side, to be deeply sympathetic with their distress, to be keen to help them. They like his courage and his sense of humor. They like the way he puts things. He has, even now, a supreme position in the mind of the world's youth. But apart from that, the Prince is the only man who could break down the political opposition of the Dominions and rally them up to a new ideal of service on behalf of the mother country. No one can ask him to give that lead unless he is utterly assured of national support and the practical possibility of any plan with which he is willing to associate himself.

But I dare to believe that if any British Government were to adopt some such scheme as this, putting it forward with an imaginative and emotional appeal, they would stir a tidal wave of enthusiasm among all classes, including their political opponents, and get the support of the best brains and the best hearts in their country for something which would be bigger than any party catchword or any class interest. Then the Prince of Wales could call for the pioneers, or the new crusaders, who would not, I am certain, hesitate. The heart of England, and of Scotland, would leap up to this chance of service.

Or is this scheme just a dream which has no reality because the city streets have choked the spirit of the younger men and

the dole is good enough, and adventure no longer calls to English youth? . . .

WILL ENGLAND LOSE THE EMPIRE?

England is at the cross-roads of fate. One way leads to a powerful confederacy of nations, under the same chieftainship, with just and strong governance over peoples not yet ready, not nearly ready, for self-government. The other leads to a little England, divorced from old possessions, with a voluntary surrender of former power, a quiet retreat from restless races —to the state of a country like Denmark, but with a socialized democracy without rich or poor and with perhaps a fair general prosperity, living a good deal on foreign tourists, exhibiting its historical antiquities, proud of its past, unambitious, resigned to a lack of influence in world affairs. At the present time it is this way which is being taken, by the turning away of public opinion from the other and harder road, by the weakness and vacillation of political leaders, and by a new mentality which is hostile to authority by force of arms.

At the present time in England there is no enthusiasm for Empire among the general masses. It is a word that was used too often by loud-mouthed speakers at public banquets and parades as an appeal to national egotism and arrogance. It is associated in the mind of democracy with the grabbing of other people's lands, the bullying of natives, the exploitation of mines and oil fields, and little wars which cost a lot of life and money. The Kipling school of Imperialism with its creed of the white man's burden is unpopular. The younger democratic crowd want to slip off that burden with other responsibilities. They have forgotten the spirit of service which was the code of honor among men who administered the Empire without selfish motives and the justice and rescue that were brought to primitive races who before had nothing but cruelty and oppression, disease and hunger. They do not realize or

understand that a withdrawal from territories where British rule still stands, though weakly, would not be an act of liberation, but a betrayal of simple peoples who would be delivered over to corruption and cruelty.

There are few young men in England today who would volunteer to fight in any war to maintain British authority over alien races or tribes, not because they lack courage, but because that watchword of President Wilson, "the self-determination of peoples," disarms their will-power. Why should England "boss it" over peoples who want to be left alone to rule themselves? Why shouldn't they govern themselves according to their own ideas, even if they are wrong ideas, or contrary to the Western code of civilization? Why can't we mind our own business? . . . Those are plausible arguments. I have some sympathy with them. But I see that if they are carried out too fully or too fast they will result in the loss of India, a withdrawal from Egypt, a retreat from Mesopotamia, a surrender of the mandate in Palestine, the relinquishment of many spheres of influence, the abandonment of South Africa.

Why not? ask the advanced young men in the Labor Party which has as its central creed the self-government of races freed from British rule by force of arms or British rule by political dictation. Why not give Dominion Home Rule to India? Why not Egypt for the Egyptians? The answer to that why not would be written in letters of fire above burning cities in India which must be governed by a dominant race or fight its way through anarchy and bloody war between princes and races and castes to some tyranny less beneficial than the British rule, and based upon the starvation of millions, upon plague-stricken provinces, and upon the corruption of native officials at present held in check by the British administrators, judges, engineers, and doctors. If England withdraws from Egypt, the Egyptian fellah in the fields will not get his water

so freely. His taxes will be increased until he is squeezed dry. If England withdraws from Egypt, some other power—France or Italy—will go in and rule, after anarchy or bankruptcy. If England shifts its burden of Empire from tired shoulders and takes the easy road of irresponsibility in the name of liberty, or some other fine-sounding phrase like "the self-determination of peoples"—not yet ready for such ideals—defenseless against their own tyrants or devils—there will be great disorder in the world, many massacres, and no high destiny for an island race which has surrendered its heritage because of heart failure.

I find it hard to write these things, because I have always been on the side of democracy and my mind is steeped in the liberal tradition which detests the arrogance of a ruling caste and the intolerance of the Jingo mind. But I see the sign-posts ahead. England is hesitating at the cross-roads, now, uncertain which way to take, lured by the easy road, tempted that way by her present rulers and her present mood.

The sister nations of the Empire are very independent. They admit no direction from Whitehall. The link that binds them to the mother country is a lingering sentiment, still strong here and there but not allowed to stand in the way of their own trade interests or national development. What has England to offer them? How can she bind them closer to her in a community of interests which it is worth their while to maintain and defend? That is a problem of vital importance to the future of England. If things are allowed to drift they will drift away. If there is weakness, indifference, lack of leadership, and lack of vision, in the mother country, this confederacy of nations will dissolve partnership and England will be a little island with a great history but no big future. It is by some such scheme as mine, not today but tomorrow, not under this Prince of Wales, perhaps, but some other leader, that a new enthusiasm could be aroused and a new brotherhood formed. There must be some Imperial economic union—a pooling of

resources and industries—led, inspired, and supported by the spirit of the English people, as a means to the revival of British trade and industry and as an outlet for the energy of the coming generation.

In the beginning of 1930 Lord Beaverbrook, who was once Max Aitken of Canada and is now a newspaper proprietor in England, started a campaign for Empire Free Trade which aroused a considerable amount of enthusiasm in the Conservative Party. Another newspaper peer—Lord Rothermere of the *Daily Mail*—joined forces with his colleague in Fleet Street, and together they started a United Empire Party which threatened to put Parliamentary candidates in the field against any Conservative who would not adopt this new policy. Faced by this menace of the newspaper magnates and by the desertion of his own followers, Mr. Baldwin yielded step by step and finally adopted the policy as the official program of his party, with a pledge to submit the question of a tax on foreign-grown food to the British people.

Lord Beaverbrook based his case on the potential value of Imperial markets. He pointed out that England's colonial possessions, apart from the great Dominions, buy each year two hundred and fifty million pounds' worth of merchandise—only one quarter of which is ordered from Great Britain. Canada, as he points out again, is buying from the United States about one thousand million dollars' worth of goods and only two hundred million dollars' worth from Great Britain. Australia is buying from foreign countries about sixty-five million pounds' worth of manufactured goods, most of which should surely come from British factories. By a system of Imperial preference Great Britain might restore her industries, do away with unemployment, and intensify the production and exchange of her vast resources within the Empire itself. However sound the argument may be theoretically, it is doubtful whether the Dominions will support this scheme even for

the sake of obtaining greater markets for their grain and raw materials. The difficulties of Empire free trade are great, although the advantages that would be reaped by the British Empire even by some modified form of economic unity would be enormous. That is the most vital question which faces the British people today and it will dominate the political situation.

In June of 1930 a committee of the Trade Union Congress issued a Report recommending that the Labour Party should examine the question of tariffs and other means of protecting British trade without political prejudice—a startling departure from the Free Trade principles previously held almost as a religion by Labour leaders. In July an important group of bankers created a political sensation by a declaration in favour of Imperial economic unity and tariffs on all foreign imports—another astonishing reversal of faith in Free Trade.

But the politicians are playing the party game, so small and mean. The Dominions are busy with their own politics and trade disputes. The English people are turning away from the old traditions, and the younger crowd are without any guidance, groping their way to some new philosophy of life which is an old kind of paganism, very free in their way of speech, out for a good time and be hanged to Mother Grundy, very alert to all those new vibrations which come into their minds from all sides, realists in their quest of truth, rebellious to discipline, a little nervy, extremely charming and amusing. Something is a little wrong with England.

CHAPTER XIV

AMERICA AFTER THE WAR

IN ANY future history of the world by some bold fellow with the audacity and genius of H. G. Wells, one chapter will be devoted to the mental and moral history of the United States after the war. It will not be a narrative of melodrama, like the story of European nations—Russia, Italy, Hungary, Poland, Greece, Germany—during the past twelve years of revolution or reconstruction. There will not be many exciting events to record. But there will be, if well and truly done, the study of a nation's soul in a time of tremendous transition, after an experience which shook its old foundations of belief, and when it stood at the gateway of a new era, uncertain of its destiny, distressed by a challenge to its old traditions, enormously prosperous when half the world was ruined, yet seething with intellectual and moral revolt, sensitive to a new and intense self-criticism, and groping toward some new discipline and ideal of life. It ought to be interesting. I can only provide a few notes. . . .

WAR FEVER

Twelve years ago the people of the United States still had a pulse several points above normal on account of the war fever which was not yet spent. They were still exhilarated by a sense of victory and by pride in their national effort and adventure. Truly, when once they had got going, it had been a terrific manifestation of power and enthusiasm, and dynamic energy and inexhaustible resources, and triumphant propa-

ganda—all those Victory drives, all that oratory, all that service, all that teamwork for a common cause.

The emotion of it lingered on after the Armistice. It rose again to fever pitch when some of the men came back from "over there." The Twenty-seventh Division—New York's own—marched down a Fifth Avenue transformed by triumphal arches of white plaster from which hung a vast display of Indian trophies and emblazoned shields and spears and banners—"like an undergraduate's cosy corner!" said a wit in the crowd—and then, further down, a net of glass jewels designed by Chalfin, suspended between two white pillars surmounted by stars, swaying and glittering under the searchlights with a thousand colors of rubies, emeralds, sapphires and diamonds. "That's all right!" said the men of the Twenty-seventh. "And when do we eat?" The crowds roared their cheers at these home-coming men. They had won the war, all right. They had taught the world how Americans could fight. "We won the war!" shouted middle-aged men who had served on patriotic committees and knocked off sugar for the sake of the Allies. "You bet we did," said some of the home-coming men, "but don't forget the French and English had something to do with it, three years before we came in and afterward. We were the last straw. Well, it's nice to be home."

The hotels were doing great business. There were home-coming banquets, patriotic speeches, the last waves in a tide of oratory that had never ceased since 1917, enthusiastic cheers for England and France, the "Star-spangled Banner," and "Marseillaise," "God Save the King," glasses raised high before the time of Prohibition. Middle-aged fathers smiled emotionally at young men sitting rather silent at their tables, and introduced them to friends who had come down to New York.

"This is my boy from 'over there.' Just back!"

Somehow or other the men who had come back did not

have much to say for themselves. They didn't seem to like talking about the war much. Or if some of them talked now and then, it was with a kind of bitterness, surprising and disconcerting to the elderly men who had stayed behind. German atrocities? Oh, that was all punk! Eternal friendship with France? Yes, but the French civilians had raised their prices on the Americans. Good business people! . . . A great adventure for civilization? A crusade for liberty? Glory and heroism? Well, one doesn't think like that in a front-line trench. It's just filth. . . . Oh, hell, can't we talk about something else?

It was queer, that moodiness, that bitterness, that dislike of war talk among the men who came back. And some of them didn't seem to find it easy to settle down again at home and in the old job. They were restless and bored and irritable. Something had changed in them since they had been away. The married men—many of them—seemed changed to their wives. They sat about moodily and nothing seemed to please them. It was as though something had snapped in them, over there. Perhaps the nerve strain had been too great. . . . So I was told many times by American friends who did not know that the same thing was happening in England and France among home-coming soldiers unable to get back into the old grooves.

BACK TO REALISM

The American people had been over-emotionalized during the war—all that beating up of patriotic fervor—all those calls for self-sacrifice on behalf of other peoples—all that high-sounding oratory—and one can't live on emotion forever. There is bound to be a reaction. It came very rapidly in the United States. It was like a fever that passed, leaving the depression of convalescence. It was followed by a time of disillusion and disgust. The word idealism had been worked too hard. Give

it a rest! Better get back to realism. The European nations were quarreling over the loot. That Peace Conference in Paris was not exactly an exhibition of Christian charity. Wilson had sat down among bandits . . . and he ought never to have gone there at all . . . and he had played a party game, anyhow . . . and what right had he to pledge the United States to agreements which were not backed by the nation and were clean contrary to American interests and traditions? If the League of Nations were adopted, America would find herself drawn into other wars as the big policeman of the world—among that crowd of nations who had the mentality of thugs. Not on your life!

So people talked, as I heard them, over American dinner tables after the war. There would be the preliminary compliments, the general chatter of conversation, the laughter of women. Then some one would mention the name Wilson. . . . Crash! Some grave man on the other side of the table would start the argument. Perhaps, after all, he thought, it was the duty of the United States to coöperate with Europe for the benefit of humanity. Mr. Wilson might have been mistaken in his methods—he was certainly wrong in antagonizing and humiliating the Republican party—he had been very ill advised—but he was a man of high ideals. His League of Nations. . . . The argument became heated. I could see smoldering fire in the eyes of thoughtful-looking men. Mr. Wilson, said some one, had pledged the United States without authority. He was a man of narrow self-conceit, most obstinate and arrogant. He had been bamboozled by the European diplomats. The Senate would repudiate his Peace Treaty and refuse to enter a League which would drag America into the jungle of European quarrels and violate the Monroe Doctrine. The traditional policy of the United States was to maintain its independence and isolation. So the argument went on.

THE TRAGEDY OF WILSON

For some time after his return from Europe President Wilson had believed that the mass of public opinion in the United States was solidly behind him and would rally to his cause. Even when he was aware of the deep hostility of the Senate to the Covenant of the League, he maintained an outward composure and proclaimed his intention of appealing to the people. He set out on a speaking tour to arouse the nation by explaining his ideals and hopes for humanity, by telling them how Europe looked to America for the honoring of pledges he had made in their name and as their representative. He seemed confident, and the line of his lips hardened with proud resolve to carry this thing through. But within his mind there must have been an agony which he allowed no one to see. He had been received in Europe as a kind of savior, before the Peace Conference. Countless millions of people had looked to him to give them justice, and he had done his best in matters of great perplexity. It had all been very difficult, but he had tried to fulfill his great mission. Now the Senate threatened to repudiate his authority and throw over his Covenant. If that happened he would be dishonored in the eyes of the whole world. It would be the greatest failure in history. It would be—intolerable. Something snapped in him. One night he wept before his audience. He felt very ill. He had to go home to the White House. He felt very ill indeed, and one morning in September he had a stroke in his bathroom and was found there twisted and paralyzed.

Throughout the United States this news of the President's illness came as a shock, silencing the rising clamor of political passion for a time. There was no one without pity for him. Presently tragic whispers passed, sinister and terrible rumors that the President had lost his reason, that he was merely the

living shell of a man who had gone "gaga." This was disproved by visitors to the White House, and very slowly the President resumed his interest in affairs and, though his body remained inactive, his brain showed no sign of weakness, except perhaps that of increasing irritability with friends who had served him during his illness. First Colonel House was dismissed. Then Mr. Lansing, his Secretary of State, then even Mr. Tumulty, his private secretary and most faithful companion. There was no one to tell him that he had lost his hold on American opinion and that a tide of opposition was running against his League. He insisted that the Democratic party should make the League the only issue on the presidential elections that were shortly to be held. He had hoped that he would receive the compliment of nomination as a candidate, but it was Governor Cox of Ohio who was selected by the Democratic convention in San Francisco. He was a supporter of the League and paid a visit to Mr. Wilson in which he expressed his belief in victory. Mr. Wilson took that for granted. "Anything else," he said, "would break the heart of the world."

The election results in November, 1920, did not break the heart of the world. In Europe it was already broken by the war. But it smashed the hopes of Mr. Wilson. The Democratic candidates had been routed even in states which had been their strongholds. It was a sweeping and smashing victory for the opponents of the Treaty and the League. A man named Senator Harding, not famous as an idealist, was to be President of the United States. On March 4, 1921, Mr. Wilson sat at his side in a carriage which was to drive the new President to his inauguration. They exchanged a few humorous stories. But the figure of the ex-President, sitting rigid in that carriage, was like a ghost passing. It was a ghost which haunted the imagination of the American people after his death, three years later, on February 3, 1924. It haunts them still.

THE POLICY OF ISOLATION

What was the cause of that overwhelming defeat which left the League of Nations, as General Smuts has said, like an illegitimate baby on the doorstep of Europe? Was it directed entirely against the League or against Mr. Wilson? I heard other explanations in America. One friend of mine, who had some right to speak, told me that the main question asked in the Presidential election in everybody's mind was, "Are you sick and tired of the present administration?" and the answer was, "By God, we are!" Almost everyone wanted to get a change of government for special reasons. In some minds it was associated with a war mentality which now disgusted them. There had been too much flag-wagging. In many cities there had been a coercion on behalf of war charities and Victory bonds amounting to a social blackmail. A man was marked down if he didn't subscribe up to the amount expected of him. And although in time of war all sections of the American people had closed up for a common cause, now, afterward, old racial instincts and sentiments surged up again among great numbers of men and women who had come not long ago from European stocks. They were Americans, yes, and proud of it, but that Peace Treaty hadn't given justice to Germans with whom they were related. Italy had been scurvily treated, and they had Italian grandfathers. The Irish were being rounded up by English Black-and-Tans, after a war fought for liberty, and Irish blood is stronger than water. But mostly people said:

"Our forefathers came to America to escape Europe. We can't do anything with those Europeans, anyway. Their ideas are not our ideas. Let us get an Administration which will pull us out of all that mess, collect the debts owing to us, keep us free from entanglements and obligations with alien peoples,

and concentrate upon an exclusive American policy according to our old traditions."

That, ten years, nine years ago was, I believe, the mental attitude of vast numbers of Americans who had been enthusiastic for service and sacrifice in time of war, and now, in the time of disillusion and depression, wanted to clear out of Europe, to recover their debts, and get back to business. Business was bad at the time. Prices were bumping down. There had been a vast over-production and bankrupt Europe was not buying. There were five million unemployed in the United States, two years after the end of a war in which great fortunes had been made, it is true, but not generally distributed. It was time to get back to "Normalcy" as the new President truly said, inventing a word of his own. The best thing to do with Europe was to forget it, apart from its war debts. That was the opinion of a vast majority of hard-headed Americans, "fed up," as the English say, with a prolonged orgy of war sentiment.

UNEASY MINDS

But all over the country at that time there were others uneasy in their minds, and even in their conscience, about this repudiation of the Peace Treaty and the League, and this turning away from a stricken Europe. There were still followers of Mr. Wilson who believed that in spite of personal defects—his aloofness, his impatience of advice—he had proclaimed ideas which could not be repudiated by his own people without moral loss to them and broken pledges to Europe, which had been convinced, falsely, that he spoke with the authority of the United States.

In many cities between New York and San Francisco there were men and women who had served in Europe during the war, not necessarily at the front, but in hospital units, canteens, Y. M. C. A., or the American Relief Association. They had seen the suffering of stricken peoples, the starvation of children,

the misery of refugees from the war zone. They had been glad to get home again, at first, out of all that wretchedness. But now, somehow, they felt uncomfortable. The more the United States got back to "normalcy," the more uncomfortable they felt. They were haunted by what was happening in Europe—all that poverty, all that ruin, all that heritage of fear, while the United States, so utterly secure, three thousand miles away, was mightily prosperous in spite of a temporary slump in prices and a passing phase of unemployment.

In many American drawing-rooms at that time, when I went on a lecture tour through the United States, twice repeated in following years, people took me on one side to say things which they wished to say quietly. One of them was a young woman who had been in France.

"I saw something of the war," she said. "Over here people who didn't see it can't understand. No words can ever make them understand. Sometimes when I stand in a drawing-room like this, among a lot of women wearing diamonds and a lot of men talking about Big Business, I want to scream. I want to say, 'Don't you ever think of the millions of men who were killed in the war? It was our war as well as theirs, wasn't it? Why should we be rich like this while nations who fought on the same side with us are trying to rebuild their ruins? We're all too prosperous. And we betrayed the world when we refused to join the League of Nations.' "

She was slightly hysterical because of those war memories and this contrast. But there were others not hysterical, who regretted that America had not found it possible to become a member of the League of Nations. Many times when lecturing I noticed that a passing reference to the League would be greeted by a scattered fire of applause. Even among those whose votes had swept it aside, it remained as an uneasy ghost which appeared to them reproachfully. They hoped that it was well and truly dead. Over and over again American news-

paper correspondents in Europe cabled the news from London, Paris, or Geneva when some crisis had happened at Geneva, *"The League is dead!"* Well, they had always thought it would happen. Europe hadn't wanted it. Mr. Wilson's dream had never had any reality. The Senate had done right in turning it down. . . . And then, somehow, it showed signs of life again. The blamed thing refused to die. It was like a cat with nine lives.

THE WAR DEBTS

Then there was the question of war debts. Every time it was raised it caused a heated argument throughout the United States and embittered the relations between America and Europe. "These people are trying to get out of their indebtedness," said the average man. "We loaned the money but they don't mean to pay. They squeal about their poverty, but arm themselves to the teeth. Let them cut down on armaments and pay what they owe. Why not?"

There were some who tried to point out why not, but their arguments did not gain converts among the mass of American people, nor with the President and the Senate. I remember debates at that time behind closed doors with American bankers and financial leaders. With hardly any exception they agreed that it would pay the United States to wipe the slate clean of all her European debts. What America wanted at that time, and afterward, was a revival of world trade to provide markets for her immense powers of production. The purchasing power of Europe had fallen to a low ebb. Many nations were on the edge of ruin. Some, like England, were hard pressed by the enormous drain of wealth for the purposes of war, and by economic distress due also to the failure of markets. Their financial state and their purchasing power were not likely to be improved if the United States exacted payment for her war loans. The banks did not want to be cluttered up

by the world's gold, which would raise prices and remain stagnant. They wanted a rapid exchange of goods, an increased consumption of American exports. Those debts were better dead. But as they then avowed, they dared not advocate such views publicly. They would not appeal to New York clerks and stenographers who had invested money in Victory Bonds, or to Western farmers who had backed the loans with their years of saving. And when Mr. President Coolidge, who succeeded to the Presidency on the death of Mr. Harding, heard arguments of that kind, he stared out of the window of the White House and played with the window tassel and was very patient and silent, until at last he turned and asked a question which ended the special pleading. "But they hired the money, didn't they?" He expressed the mind of the American people, barring those who looked at these war debts from an angle of sentiment and emotion.

Those sentimentalists used other arguments. They said—as one of them, Mr. J. F. B. Mitchell, has written:

"We were in the war for nineteen months. For fourteen months out of the nineteen we had no army at the front, took no real part in the fighting, suffered no losses. All that we could do was to provide money; and if that money be repaid us we shall be in the position where for three-quarters of our participation in the war we shall have done nothing. . . . During that time 550,000 of the Allies were killed and over 2,000,000 wounded. . . . Supposing we had been ready and that we had had an army that could have taken its place on the front line? . . . We should have fed them, supplied them with munitions, and should have paid for their supplies ourselves. At least 200,000 of the killed would have been our killed. What is the value of 200,000 lives? What of 2,000,000 wounded? . . . Because we did not have the armies, because they gave their men and their lives, we ask them to pay."

Such arguments, put forward by many generous minds in

America, did not carry conviction. A debt was a debt. It would have undermined the faith of every American business man in the integrity of the Allies if they had asked for repudiation. When Great Britain sent Mr. Baldwin to make a settlement, and when he did so, the moral stock of the British people went up to par. "These people have honored their bond," said the Americans. "We never doubted they would. If they had failed to do so, we should have lost faith in human nature."

They did not realize, and still do not know, that Great Britain, who lent twice as much money to her Allies as she borrowed from America, has remitted more than a thousand million pounds, although the war exhausted her inherited capital and has put an intolerable strain of taxation upon her people.

Senator Mellon's arithmetic, suggesting that only the post-Armistice debts are being collected, has been disproved by financial experts in his own country, who show that no part of the principal of any debt has been canceled. But the argument is closed. It is all too difficult, anyhow. But the plain fact remains that it was not greed for gold that caused American minds to insist upon the ratification of those debts. It was their utter conviction that all business morality would vanish, and all international relations would be made impossible, if loans made to a nation in time of need should not be paid back honorably and without evasion. England, at least, accepted that verdict, and I, for one, am glad, though I do my share of paying.

The Heart of Charity

But the American people were accused of selfishness by Europe, upon which it seemed they had turned their backs. In their prosperity they seemed callous to the sufferings of other nations. This demand for the payment of debts con-

tracted in a war which was also theirs angered those who stood in the midst of ruin. "Shylock!" shouted an ill-mannered Press. All the "idealism" of American women's clubs, the moral superiority assumed sometimes by American orators in their attitude to Europe, seemed more sickening hypocrisy on the part of a nation which had withdrawn from a League forced into the Peace Treaty by one of their Presidents, and had retired behind its tariff walls to gloat over the gold of its former associates. But that was not the truth of things, as I well know. Politically the United States had made up its mind to escape from the European madhouse—I do not blame them, remembering the insanity of Europe at that time—but privately the heart of the American people was wide open to charity. That idealism of the women's clubs was not mere talk. They translated it into action. The hard-faced American business man was very soft inside when there was any appeal to him on behalf of starving peoples or suffering childhood. America had a deadly fear of Bolshevism, not without cause, looking at all those recent immigrants and a seething unrest in the underworld of labor. Nothing would induce them to "recognize" the Russia of Lenin. But they "recognized" the famine in Russia. They poured out their dollars to save Russian children and Russian men and women from that belt of death on the Volga where twenty-five million people were starving. The work of the American Relief Association was, as I have often written, the greatest act of organized charity in the history of the world. I saw it with my own eyes, I traveled to the Volga with its administrators, I saw the desperate need of those Russian people who were dying or waiting for death, and I saw the rescue which came to them. England and other countries were not behindhand. British relief was generous and magnificent. But the Americans achieved an almost miraculous effort when they fed eleven million Russians every day for a year, bringing these supplies across the Atlantic from a far

base, getting Russian trains to work when they had utterly broken down, organizing sledge transport drawn by half-starved peasants whose horses were dead along the tracks, taking food to remote villages, distributing it through committees of Russian men and women, getting efficiency out of a people stunned by all their agonies of war and revolution and Oriental in their lack of practical ability. All this was done by a small group of American officers ignorant of Russia, having to learn odd scraps of that difficult language, and often thwarted by the political situation of a country suspicious of foreigners who hated its code of life. To feed five million soldiers in time of war needed a great national effort. To feed eleven million Russians in time of famine and revolution was not an easy task, with headquarters in New York. But America did it. And the American people, who had "turned their backs on Europe," opened their wallets and pulled out wads of notes not only for starving Russians, but for starving Armenians, Greeks, Bulgarians, for homeless French in the devastated regions, for poor Jews in Palestine, for children's soup kitchens in Austria, for a hundred appeals to their charity in the years that followed war. That charge of selfishness breaks down in view of the boundless generosity of individual Americans in every part of the country, in every little town, in thousands of little homes.

FAILURE OF THE MELTING-POT

The United States were not quite happy with themselves, even when they had got rid of Mr. Wilson and the League, even when the unemployment figures dwindled and prosperity came back, at least in the industrial world, though the Western farmers were wailing as usual. Something was a little wrong, perhaps, in the soul of the nation. There were certainly symptoms of moral disturbance underneath this fair prospect of prosperity. During the war there had been a wonderful

exhibition of national discipline. For the first time America seemed to have established a racial unity, absorbing into its political state and historic ideals all those recently assimilated peoples of foreign stock. Now that assimilation did not seem so complete. The Irish, for instance, were making violent demonstrations of hatred against England, beyond the limits of decency due to a friendly nation. They were smashing up the meetings of English lecturers who came to New York. There was an Englishman named Gibbs who seemed to create a riot whenever he appeared on the platform of the Carnegie Hall or elsewhere, though he appeared to be a harmless, liberal-minded fellow, in favor of peace though he had been a war correspondent. What was this spirit of intolerance and lawlessness which was creeping into American life? It seemed to be something new, or some hark back to the dark ages. The Ku-Klux-Klan with its fantastic and preposterous rites, had declared war on Catholics, Jews, and Irish. The fear of Bolshevism was making industrialists suspicious of foreign-born workers in the factories. Strikes were leading to violence and rioting needing the presence of State troops. There was a growing hostility between capital and labor. And the negro problem was raising its head again after the war. When the negro division of New York returned its colors to the Union League Club—there was snow that day on their steel hats—Mr. Hughes had made a very moving speech, promising equality of rights and justice for their people after their service on behalf of civilization and the liberties of the world. A few months later, in 1919, there were race riots in many cities. Owing to the need of labor during the war, many Southern negroes had come North to work for high wages. But the home-coming men, unable to get back to their old jobs, resented their presence. The negroes defended themselves from attack with razors and knives, and there were man hunts in the colored quarters. . . . Crimes of violence were increasing

in many States. The war—that discipline of military life—that "crusade for civilization"—had not been successful as a moral education. On the contrary, men who had been taught to kill Germans seemed to have acquired a taste for killing their fellow citizens. There was something like an epidemic of hold-ups, bank robberies, raids on dance-halls, by gunmen who did not hesitate to shoot, and got away with it. The United States had adopted a moral attitude toward Europe, but its own home life was not as orderely as its idealists desired. Something had gone wrong here and there with the moralities.

"Sir," said one of my friendly hosts, "the United States are doomed. We are rushing downhill with the Gadarene swine. Justice is corrupt in this country. There is no law. We have abandoned our ancient code."

On the other hand, I heard an immense amount of "idealism" on my visits. The trouble seemed to be that all this yearning for service to humanity, all this pity for suffering Europe, all this groping toward some high destiny by which the United States would lead the world to universal brotherhood, talked to me by earnest men and women, was thwarted by a dead weight of national indifference and active fear of foreign entanglements.

Women's Clubs

The women of America were obstinate in idealism. Their men had gone back to business, but they were carrying on the torch of high endeavor. During the war they had served on innumerable committees of the Red Cross and other works of war charity and service. Now they refused to lapse into silence and social inactivity. The Women's Clubs were the strongholds of their intellectual enthusiasm, in which they debated incessantly the moral problems of life, with special attention to art and beauty, and with an earnest inquiry into the duty of the United States toward less fortunate and—alas!—less virtuous

nations. European lecturers were invited to discourse to them, and there was hardly a subject in which they were not interested at least for an hour and a half. To the annoyance of the polticians, they had become uncomfortably interested in politics.

I am told that the Women's Clubs of America have been killed by too much talk, and that their enthusiasm has been stifled by a surfeit of idealism so that their political power is waning and the bridge table attracts them more than the lecture-hall. I arrived before that falling off. They were at the very zenith of their intellectual fervor, and members of the Senate and Congress looked grave when they received notice that three million women in this state or that were solidly in favor of something which was a great nuisance to the party machine, or that five million women, representing the entire motherhood of the United States, were unalterably opposed to something before Congress.

It was the work partly of politically minded women, combining with the Puritan instinct of many States, which caused the Eighteenth Amendment of the American Constitution, enforcing the total prohibition of alcohol upon a nation which occasionally suffers from thirst and is not naturally immune from that craving for a little stimulant to hilarity, followed by languor and forgetfulness and a sense of peace, which tempts other human beings.

The passing of that law has had immense social and moral consequences in the United States, and is indeed the most important and vital Act which has happened in its social history during post-war years. That seems an exaggeration, but I honestly think it is true, because this denial of alcohol—trivial as it seems to the larger aspects of life—has had a profound effect upon the mentality of the American people. It has changed them. It has created many new and distressing problems. It has caused them to question their own laws, their

own standards of morality, their own claims to liberty, with an increasing self-criticism and bitterness. It has created a conflict from one end of the United States to another between obedience to authority and disobedience, between self-control and self-indulgence, between individual liberty and State law, between the old moral code and the revolt of youth.

the "noble experiment"

Ten years have passed since the beginning of "the Noble Experiment," as it was called—and it was not ignoble (in spite of all the ridicule poured upon it) in the minds of those men and women who knew the horrible conditions of the old saloons and the innumerable tragedies of life caused by drunkenness—but even now it is impossible to give an exactly balanced account of its results in human values. It is claimed by the Drys that below the wealthy classes, and among the mass of the working population, there has been an increased efficiency, a better standard of life, greater morality. Employers of labor, even though they may buy drink for themselves, maintain that they get more work out of their men who come fresh to their jobs on Monday mornings and spend their savings on motor-cars, gramophones, and good clothes. It is almost certain that if the Wets forced a resubmission of the Dry amendment to the people, as they have threatened to do, not without misgivings, they would be heavily defeated. Senator Borah "dryer than the deserts of his Idaho," as one correspondent has written, is complacent about this challenge, and reminds the Wets that two-thirds of the nation were dry by State law or local option even before prohibition was passed. It can hardly be doubted, after exhaustive inquiries, that a considerable section of the American population has benefited in health and social progress by release from the temptations of alcohol, owing to the difficulty and expense of obtaining it. On the other hand, there is a heavy debit account, amounting

to a tragic sum of figures and facts. Great numbers of Americans who, before the passing of Prohibition, took a little drink now and then without thinking much about it, began to think about it. It became a nagging and obsessing thought. They were like Arctic explorers on short rations who talk of nothing but food, see visions of glorious meals, remember ancient banquets, dream of delicious dishes. The thought of a "high ball," a Manhattan cocktail, a "horse's neck"—before this time of Prohibition I used to restore my fainting spirits with that delectable drink after the lecture hour—lured the imagination of men and women who previously had been indifferent to alcohol. There was plenty to be had at first from well-stocked cellars, but it wouldn't last. They drank lest they might never drink again, at private parties to which they were invited by generous distributors of life's good gift.

Then came the bootlegger, rapidly, efficiently, audaciously, dangerously, blinding some of his customers with wood alcohol, selling them poison at high prices, mixing up the good with the bad, and trusting to luck, until the traffic became better organized. Then came the private distiller who could produce astonishing cocktails in his bedroom, amazing imitations of whisky in his bathroom. Then came graft beyond anything known before in the United States. The police were in it up to the neck, the customs officials, the district attorneys, officials of the State Legislatures. From bell-hops to billionaires there was a conspiracy of evasion. The stuff passed. Anyone could get it who could pay the price. Then came the bootleg kings with their rival gangs, dividing up districts, raiding across one another's frontiers, shooting to kill if their territory was invaded, quarreling, blackmailing, murdering, with an astonishing immunity from legal punishment.

The Chicago gangsters and gunmen established a reign of terror and crime, largely due to bootleg liquor, and general lawlessness became a menace to peaceful citizens. In Chicago

alone during the past ten years 43,487 people have died violent and unnatural deaths, according to Dr. Bundeson, the overworked coroner. New York was less murderous in this department of business, but quite successful in defying the law. The murders did not matter very much. The gentleman who happened to be killed could be spared without a tear. What mattered was the general evasion of law by people who until then had been law-abiding citizens, the general loosening of the moral code, the temptation to drink not because a man was thirsty or needed a little stimulant, but because forbidden fruit tastes sweet, because it was a defiance of tyranny, because it was an adventure as well as a drink, because "by Heaven! if a man wants a drink, who's going to stop him, anyhow?"

Many women took the same view. Some of them were those women who had been in the war and who had never settled down since. The purpose seemed to have gone out of life. They were restless, discontented, nervy. "Was that the telephone? Yes! Is that you, Freddie? You're giving a party tonight? Some good 'booze'? Oh yes, I'll be there!" There were many parties of this kind. I went to some of them. I saw that in this kind of set—by no means a low crowd, but, on the contrary, a "high-brow" literary artistic set—the revolt against Prohibition was leading to a new bohemianism beyond the liberties in England or France.

The younger generation was also evading this law with laughing bravado. College boys carried flasks on their hips, girls of good families were indulging in cocktails. The old saloon had gone, but the speakeasy had come and was very fashionable. The laboring classes might be kept "Dry," but the wealthy classes, the intelligentsia, the smart set, those indeed who were the fine flower of this Western civilization, preferred to be "damp." The "noble experiment" had been too drastic. It was a law imposed upon the individual—millions of individuals—without consent. It tried to take away a pleasure

which is harmless and stimulating—giving a little song and color to life—if not abused. Unfortunately, contemporary chroniclers only record what is abnormal and violent, never the quiet, uneventful, good-natured, hard-working, cheerful lives of the majority.

It is foolish and unhistorical to over-emphasise any one aspect of a nation's life. In the United States, at this time of disillusion after war, and irritation with Prohibition, there were outbreaks of violence and intolerance, a wave of crime in many cities, an increasing materialism of outlook among people becoming very prosperous. I personally saw very little of all that, and came in contact mostly with people who were striving quietly to lead lives of good significance. They were keen to uphold high ideals. They were working in some way or other for other people as well as for themselves. They wanted the United States to help in the reconstruction of Europe and to lead the way on the road to world peace. They were no small minority.

THE HARDING ADMINISTRATION

Some of them were anxious and even distressed. The Government which had succeeded Mr. Wilson's Administration did not have their complete confidence. President Harding was a good-natured, well-meaning man, but not a man of first-class intelligence or first-class character. Some of his associates were distinctly low grade, and he was weak in their hands. He had not shaken them off after his elevation to power, like a Prince Hal with Nym and Bardolph and their gang. Already there were whispers of scandal about oil and political corruption. There was mysterious talk about a "Teapot Dome" and a man named Sinclair. . . . But there were others in the Government who would guide Harding along the right road and represent the United States worthily before the world. One of them was Mr. Charles Hughes, the Foreign Secretary,

the other, Mr. Hoover, looking after the Department of Commerce. By their history it was impossible that either of these two men should lead the way back to a complete isolation and indifference to European conditions. Mr. Hughes was a man of high honor, fine vision, and a belief in international justice. Mr. Hoover, in charge of American relief during the war and afterward, had steeped himself in first-hand knowledge of European conditions to the very depths of misery in the most stricken countries, and though he was no sentimentalist, he had a little flame of idealism hidden behind his puggy face, as I happened to know by prviate conversation with him.

President Harding had been carried to power on a wave of popular revulsion against European "entanglements" and a belief in isolation. His ambassador at the Court of St. James —that ugly, humorous, cynical, harsh-speaking, but generous-hearted eccentricity, Mr. Harvey—declared in his first official speech that his Government "will not have anything whatsoever to do with the League, directly or indirectly, openly or furtively." In England and France that seemed a knock-out blow to all hopes of American coöperation in post-war reconstruction. But I was informed by private advice that the Ambassador had gone beyond his book and that the Harding administration was busily searching the dictionary to find another word for "League."

AMERICA COMES BACK

The truth was that there could be no isolation for the United States. They were deeply and inescapably involved in European conditions. In the twelve months preceding June, 1921, no less than three hundred and fifty million dollars had been loaned to foreign borrowers by private American capital. As an American friend of mine said, with a certain irony, "American bankers are fairly unanimous in favoring a policy that will protect those dollars." There could be no question of

getting out of Europe. They were getting deeper in—up to the neck. Mr. Harding himself repudiated the doctrine to which he owed his supreme position. "We never were, and never will be, able to maintain isolation," he said fairly and squarely. And again, "We are ready to associate ourselves with the nations of the world, great and small, for conference and for counsel. . . . We must understand that ties of trade alone bind nations in closest intimacy, and none may receive except he gives."

Mr. Hoover carried this gospel in his mind and heart and, as he told me, tried to preach it to the Western farmers when they asked why the price of hogs had fallen in Minnesota. It was because Central Europe was not eating so much bacon as its appetite demanded. But it was difficult to get that kind of idea into the heads of the "hicks." They didn't want to hear about Europe from Mr. Hoover or anybody else. They were sick and tired of it. Ever since then the intellectual leadership of America has had to face the task of converting this dead weight of public opinion, this deeply rooted instinct of national isolation and independence, to the necessity of world coöperation not alone for sentimental or idealistic reasons, but as a matter of hard business and common sense.

Looking back to the history of the United States for the past twelve years, it will be seen that it has been marked by a series of steps in the direction of "conference and counsel" with the other nations. While not allowing the hem of its official garments to touch the League itself lest it should be contaminated by the breath of Mr. Wilson's baby, the Government of the United States has sent private observers to report upon the health of the child and even to offer advice upon the problems of its infancy. American experts crowd the corridors and the antechambers of this international nursery. American correspondents report its prattlings in thousands of columns.

There is nothing more interesting in recent history than the gradual, persistent, and increasing endeavor of American statesmen to bring the weight of their national influence to bear upon the reconstruction of the world after the war and to take up a leadership in the policy of disarmament without antagonizing the public opinion of the United States, deeply sceptical of European honesty, rooted in that old-fashioned tradition of isolation, and defended in those instincts by a Senate jealous of its own authority and stubbornly determined to avoid foreign obligations and entanglements. First came the Washington Conference, to prevent a competition in naval armaments; then the Dawes Plan, which liberated Europe at last from financial chaos, due to the difficulty of exacting reparations from Germany; then the further call to naval conference at Geneva, to enlarge the scope of the Washington agreement; then, in spite of the disastrous failure of that conference, the Kellogg Peace Pact, which seemed at first a mere emotional gesture, until its implications were understood and acknowledged; then the Young Plan which brought the Dawes Plan up to date; then the agreement, not yet ratified, to enter the International Court of Justice with certain reservations; and lastly the historic understanding between Ramsay Macdonald and Herbert Hoover which preceded the London Conference on Naval Disarmament, promising more than has yet been fulfilled.

THE ALIEN MENACE

But for several years the American people as a whole had their attention concentrated on their own social and political problems. The war and its aftermath had affected them more profoundly than the outside world knows, even now. It had indeed shaken the very foundations of their faith in national security. It had filled some of them with fears and apprehen-

sions. It had stirred up acute conflicts of opinion and prejudice, due to racial and religious hostilities.

Before the war the old American stock, largely Anglo-Saxon, had welcomed the tides of immigration which had brought cheap labor into the States. They believed that their "melting-pot" was quickly fusing all these racial elements from the Old World by education and propaganda. Now the war had revealed to them that these "hyphenated Americans," German-Americans, Irish-Americans, and still more the recent immigrants from Latin and Slav races, retained their old racial instincts, the religion of their forefathers, and political sympathy with their countries of origin. Worse still, it seemed likely, in heated imaginations, and even to some of the sober-minded, that this alien tide still flowing strongly from the Old World—300,000 in 1922, 500,000 in 1923, 700,000 in 1924—with millions of others clamoring behind them for escape from stricken lands—might bring with them the mental infection of political ideas—Bolshevism—more dangerous than physical disease. Writers like Lothrop Stoddard and many scientists raised a cry of "Shut the gates!" They proved by their writings and reports that the old American stock—the "Nordic" stock, as they called it in their new jargon—was in danger of being swamped by this Latin-Slav-Jewish immigration. Their statistics showed that the American birth rate was being increased prodigiously from the masses of poor immigrants, while the Americans of the old stock—the 100-per-cent Americans—were dwindling in numbers. The most intellectual among them, the most cultured, the professional women, were marrying late or not at all, and having few children. They prophesied the doom of Anglo-Saxon America if such a state of affairs were allowed to continue. Their political propaganda had its effect, and in 1924 new laws governing immigration were passed by great majorities, restricting the number of immigrants allowed each year, and placing the races into

various categories according to their assumed value. The "Nordics" were allotted about 80 per cent, and the Latins and Slavs about 13 per cent in the annual quota. Asiatics were excluded entirely.

The scientific reasons for this restriction were not those which appealed to the average American mind. Mainly it was the old Puritan instinct deeply rooted in many States, which took alarm at this foreign invasion and permeation of American life. Religious hostility influenced political bodies who believed that the old American traditions of thought and culture were being invaded and overthrown by alien influences. In many states and districts remote from the easy cosmopolitanism of New York, which they regarded as a Babylonish city, the Protestant mind of the communities—which was hardly touched, though challenged, by modern scepticism and free thought—disliked the rapid growth of the Catholic Church in the United States. They believed quite simply, and beyond all argument, that the Pope of Rome was getting a strangle grip upon American life and liberty. Was not Boston, the very home of the old tradition, dominated by Irish Catholics who voted as their priests told them? Was not the same thing happening in every city and small town where Italians or Poles or those aggressive and politically active Irish built a new church and flaunted a faith alien to the instincts of "real" Americans?

THE KU-KLUX-KLAN

In 1919, and in the four years that followed, the Ku-Klux-Klan raised its head in a white cowl, and astonished a nation which believed it had been long dead by threatening persecution to all enemies of Protestant America. This secret society, with many strange rites of a childish character appealing to the romance and chivalry of undeveloped minds, and with many grotesque names for its officers, from the Grand Sorcerer

of the Invisible Empire to the Grand Dragon and Grand Turk of its subordinate realms, had been formed in the Southern States after the Civil War to terrorize the Negro and keep him under the subjection of the white race. It had committed many brutalities of burning and lynching. Now, after a war for "liberty and civilization" in our "Age of Reason," it was revived by Colonel William Joseph Simmons to maintain the Holy Bible in American schools against the insiduous attacks of Roman Catholics and Jews, to deprive Roman Catholics of citizenship, to send the Negro race back to Africa, to expel Jews working against Christianity, and to proclaim the teaching of Jesus Christ as the standard of American conduct in public and private life. The method of carrying out this teaching of Jesus Christ was by stirring up dark waters of religious bigotry, racial hatred, and political intolerance!

Fortunately, the sense of humor of the American people came to the rescue, and after three or four years of political activity the Ku-Klux-Klan was ridiculed to death. Its absurdity was an extreme symptom of intolerances and bigotries still lurking here and there in the "backwoods" of American thought. Even when diluted by more modern views and checked by intelligence they were still a powerful influence in political affairs. They were among the forces which defeated Democratic candidates for the Presidency.

THE DAYTON TRIAL

New York, essentially cosmopolitan, in touch with Europe by a thousand links of interest and culture, liberated—perhaps too much—from the old traditions of American life, was startled and amused by another manifestation of religious emotion, belonging, as they thought, to a mediæval mentality. It seemed to the intellectuals and modernists of the United States a well-nigh incredible thing that an American citizen—a professor of biology—should be prosecuted for teaching the

principles of evolution to his college students in Tennessee. In the twentieth century! In 1925! Surely it belonged to the witch-finding period in Massachusetts? Impossible! Yet so it was when John W. Scopes was indicted at Dayton for breaking the state law by teaching in a state college that mankind was descended from a lower order of animal life. The trial aroused a national and even a world-wide sensation, for reasons far beyond the importance of John W. Scopes of that little town in Tennessee. The newspapers devoted innumerable columns to it. They sent their best descriptive writers, their comic writers, their religious editors, their most brilliant essayists, and battalions of photographers. Little Dayton, inhabited by a community of primitive Protestants who had never been under the glare of publicity, was invaded by mobs of cynics and scoffers, and rechristened Monkeyville. William Jennings Bryan, the old orator and statesman, the champion of fundamental Christianity, who believed in the literal interpretation of the Bible, was the chief character in this drama, when he gave evidence on behalf of the prosecution and answered a searching cross-examination day after day with flaming affirmations of faith.

This trial still has more than topical interest. It was one of those incidents which caused the intellectual mind of America to indulge in destructive self-criticism, to raise doubts about the liberty of their state and their freedom of conscience. And it revealed in a dramatic way the tremendous gulf that existed between the simplicity, the deep religious convictions, the abiding Protestantism, of many millions of people in the United States and the tolerance, the scepticism, the unbelief, the new paganism of many other millions who had abandoned dogmatic forms of religion or had modified their faith according to modern theories.

In its crude way the Dayton trial represented the conflict between science and religion which is in progress all over the

world. The Fundamentalists, as they were called, saw the foundations of their faith threatened by all this new science, these pagan ideas, invading America from foreign countries, this new licentiousness of youth, this revolt against the tradition of the American fathers, this disbelief in the miraculous side of life. They stood by the literal text of the Bible, knowing and caring nothing about the work of great scholars, Protestant as well as Catholic, allowing for symbolism, not insisting upon the historical accuracy of the Old Testament, allowing themselves much freedom of interpretation. They knew nothing and cared nothing about the philosophical views of the most advanced scientific minds who had abandoned long ago the old materialism of the neo-Darwinians and saw in every form of life an intelligence beyond mere mechanism. They believed that if they allowed any doubt to creep into their minds about Balaam's ass or Jonah's whale they would surrender the very stronghold of Christian truth to the pagan enemy—this post-war world of naughty unbelievers, smoking cigarettes, drinking cocktails, dancing jazz, with the licentiousness and infidelity which had crept over from France and other countries of wickedness. . . . One must reckon with this mentality of Bible Christians as one factor in the traditional policy of America to cut loose from Europe and to regard all foreigners with moral disapproval until they had been assimilated in the American code of ethics.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE

There were many other forces at work in the post-war mind of America in which there was a great leavening of liberal, generous, broad-minded, sane, and far-seeing intelligence. In 1924 Senator La Follette challenged Mr. Coolidge in the presidential elections as the representative of the Western farmers, fretful because the industrial East was getting rich while they were heavily mortgaged. He was also the mouthpiece of many

groups, utterly unrelated except in the desire to express their discontent with the Republican tradition.

Senator La Follette himself was a vague idealist, without any clearly defined philosophy. He was no revolutionary, but many rebels gathered under his banner. He denounced the Treaty of Versailles because of its injustice to the vanquished nations, and so gained the support of the German-Americans who hated France, and of the Irish-Americans who hated England, at that time. He proclaimed liberal doctrines regarding the relations between capital and labor, and received the support of mild socialists and social reformers, though he did not go far enough for the extremists. He had a touch of pacifism and appealed to idealists eager for a more advanced policy in the direction of international disarmament. He preached religious tolerance and so gained the sympathy of all those who were alarmed by the renaissance of the Ku-Klux-Klan and other forms of bigotry, including many of the intellectuals who were impatient, anyhow, with the conservative tradition of the Republican party and wanted a less rigid attitude of mind in world affairs. La Follette polled five million votes, but he was disastrously defeated by Mr. Coolidge. The majority of the American people felt happier with "Silent Cal" than with an eloquent idealist. Mr. Coolidge said nothing at all, mostly, and that was a great quality after so much talk. And he stood in their imagination as a typical American of the old school, Protestant, Anglo-Saxon, shrewd, honest, unadventurous, safe. He would not lead them into foreign entanglements. He would not undermine prosperity, coming along very nicely, by any wild-cat schemes of social reconstruction. He would just do nothing, and that was what they needed.

Mr. Smith and Mr. Hoover

Four years later, when Mr. Coolidge intimated his decisions not to stand for reëlection, the same forces were at work in the

presidential contest between "Al" Smith and Herbert Hoover, although the political adversaries had more distinguished qualities of character. Mr. Smith was an Irish-American of humble origin and a practicing Catholic. As Governor of New York he had won golden opinions from all classes by his helpfulness to the under dog, the poor immigrant, the philanthropic societies, and all good works for social improvement. Large-hearted, full of humor, of racy and eloquent speech, courageous, idealistic, a fine type of liberal-minded Catholic, he won the admiration and even the affection of all who came in touch with him. And he was a worthy antagonist of a man even of Mr. Hoover's distinction. But he hadn't the ghost of a chance. Mr. Hoover was not quite so silent as "Silent Cal," but he has no gifts of oratory and fought his election mainly from his own room, with an occasional speech over the radio. He made no great promises or pledges. He knew that despite all the eloquence of "Al" Smith, captivating as it was to vast audiences, the traditional instinctive and religious forces in America were working on his own side. It was practically impossible that Al Smith, an Irish-American and a Roman Catholic, should sit in the White House, not because of any clause in the Constitution, not even because of religious bigotry, but because it would be alien to the vast mass of American opinion, however tolerant, even as a Catholic king would be alien to the instincts of the English people as a whole.

Bigotry there was, working underground. Incredibly false and foolish propaganda was poured out from the printing-presses of the most ignorant societies of the Protestant backwoods. "Shall Rome rule at Washington?" was the mildest of their silly slogans. They disgusted liberal-minded Americans who believe in liberty of conscience and fair play. Mr. Hoover had no part in that. He, too, is liberal-minded and a man of honor and fine human sympathies. They counted in his favor, but without them he would have won by the enormous major-

ities which annihilated the hopes of Mr. Smith. He had behind him the most solid and conservative opinion of the United States, the support of the "Anglo-Saxon" element which has always ruled, and in addition the votes of a vast number of men and women who believed that he was marked out for great leadership by experience and character, and would give the United States a foremost position in the counsels of the world.

AMERICAN PROSPERITY

The war and its economic consequences had transformed the United States from a debtor into a creditor nation. It no longer called upon the Old World for capital to finance its industrial adventure, as it had done up to 1914. It had more capital now than it knew how to use on its own development, owing partly to the tremendous increase in plant and machinery for war purposes in excess of its own requirements, now that peace had slowed down the process of production. Europe was in the throes of reconstruction, but without the necessary capital. It was ready to offer higher rates of interest for loans than could be obtained from American banks. Naturally and inevitably American capital flowed steadily and at an increasing pace into European channels from government and municipal loans and private industrial ventures. At first it reached an outflow of a million dollars a day, then quickened its golden tide until, ten years after the war, more than twelve thousand million dollars had been invested in European securities. The "melting-pot" warmed to the needs of its racial strains. People of German, Polish, Italian, Czech and Jewish ancestry were sympathetic toward the financial appeals of their distant relatives, and anyhow it was good business. It was not their fault that Europeans who borrowed all this money on high rates of interest began to feel that they were in the grip of the money-lenders and that the United

States was obtaining a strangle hold on the financial and political independence of necessitous nations. De la Rochefoucauld, that old French cynic of the eighteenth century, had remarked truly enough that to confer a favor is to make an enemy. The Americans did not earn the gratitude of these to whom they made these loans.

The Old World marveled at the prosperity of the New World, and was jealous of what seemed to them an unfair distribution of luck after a war in which they had escaped lightly from all the ruin and desolation it has left elsewhere. The Americans took another, and natural, point of view. They believed, not without reason, that there was more than luck in this wealth that had come to them. There was efficiency, industrial genius, moral character. It was true that nature had provided them with a considerable portion of the world's supply of raw materials, but it was the pioneer spirit of America, the energy of the whole people, and a modernization of methods keeping pace with science, which had enabled them to lead the world in industrial production. Europe jeered at them for standardization. But that was their secret. Let Europe learn and get prosperous, instead of wallowing in misery. Europe accused them of materialism, and claimed spiritual qualities that could not be counted by the number of their bathrooms. The American people as a mass—apart from intellectuals and sentimentalists who, they thought, had been bitten by foreign bugs—prided themselves on a code of morality higher than that of their critics, and could not see with any blinding light the finer spirituality of European nations, armed to the teeth against each other, quarreling about their share of German reparations, and extremely anxious to get hold of American dollars if they had anything to sell at four times its real price.

The prosperity of America after the war was something not previously known in history when considered in relation to all

classes of a nation. Wages were high, so that all this wealth was widely distributed. The standard of living gave comforts and luxuries to the workingman which in olden times were denied to an aristocrat.

Mr. Henry Ford had established a philosophy as well as an industry. By overhead economies and standardized output, and by getting the fullest energy out of men and machines, he paid high and ever higher wages for lessened hours of work, so increasing the spending capacity of labor and its demands for the products of other industries. It seemed to work! The workingman had his motor-car, his gramophone, his radio, his bathroom, his central heating system, and leisure for the movies and other forms of pleasure. The employer was making big profits. Big Business was making enormous fortunes, partly by selling surplus products to foreign nations and protecting their own industries from foreign competition and cheap labor by high tariffs. There was a snag here somewhere, as far as exports were concerned, because obviously foreign nations could not go on paying for American goods unless they were allowed to enter the American market with their own products. But the flow of capital to Europe solved that problem for a time at least. Europe was buying American goods with American money obtained by loans.

American Tourists

There was another way in which the balance was redressed. The tourists of America spent their money in Europe. They bought in Europe itself many things which were not on the list of American tariffs. They bought the thrill of the old battlefields round which they traveled in motor-coaches. They bought the beauty of France and Italy and England as they went from city to city. They bought French fashions and wines and scents, Venetian shawls, Italian furniture, and the heirlooms of antiquity. They bought innumerable meals in

innumerable hotels, and spent their dollars with a royal carelessness, at a time when European money in many countries was pitiful in value. Half a million of these Americans came over annually for the first ten years after the war, spending a sum of money which has been reckoned as not less than eight hundred million dollars in the year 1928 alone, though I believe that to be vastly exaggerated. Without exaggeration their money was of great benefit to foreign countries, especially France, to which most of them went, and helped to check the unnatural balance of economic exchange.

Psychologically it had other effects. It intensified the irritation of foreign observers whose nations were in financial difficulties and distress. When they saw Americans throwing their money about, even using French and Italian paper money to light cigars, they said, "These people ask us to pay tribute when they have all the gold in the world. God is unjust. . . . And these people have no souls."

But the American tourists, not conscious of any lack of soul —on the contrary, feeling very soulful in Continental churches, picture galleries, museums, and streets—learned to look at life with a new vision. These foreign tours took them out of Main Street. They saw that other types of civilization were not too bad. They began to understand the difficulties and dangers of all these different nationalities. They saw that there were two sides to a question such as the problem between France and Germany. They saw a liberty of conscience, an ease of manner, an individuality, a charm, a beauty, a culture, which were rather attractive. Perhaps an American small town did not possess all those qualities. Perhaps there was something more than immorality, even in Paris, something better than snobbishness, even in London!

Thousands of them had no need of such education. They brought something with them to Europe in knowledge of art and literature. They took back a few treasures and an added

desire to be of help to Europe. It was, after all, natural, they thought, that some Europeans should be a little envious of American prosperity.

GETTING RICH QUICK

American prosperity had a slight setback. The joy of it, the belief that nothing could ever stop its onward march, the desire to have more even than the gifts it offered, because the heart of man is never satisfied, led to a period of gambling in stocks and shares which no warnings could check. Mr. Ford's philosophy of increasing the consumption and demands of the working-classes had gone a little too far, and other classes had been affected by the desire to mortgage the future. The hire purchase system had tempted people of moderate means to extend their commitments. The Ford car was exchanged for a Packard—on the hire system. A bigger apartment was brightly furnished with new stuff—on the hire system. It was perfectly all right, because Mr. Coolidge had promised prosperity, and shares were soaring up in public utilities, gramophones, industrials, mines, everything. How easy to take up an option and gain the difference on the rise! How simple to buy at fifty and sell at three hundred! How perfectly glorious to get rich on American prosperity just by watching the figures go up on the board! *Tutti fan cosi.* Everyone was doing it, from the bellhop to the big boss. Women bought shares over the telephone after their morning orders at the stores. Schoolboys were buying shares with their pocket money. College men were up to their neck in the game. Small clerks were jotting down their profits in little notebooks, and promising young wives a European trip in the summer holidays. Then, at the end of 1929 something happened. It happened with a crash. Millions of shares were flung on to the markets. There was never such a panic, I suppose, even in Wall Street. The game had gone too far. The banks were calling to order. The Big

Bears were ruthless with all these millions of small optimists. Those were just eliminated, and in thousands of little American homes and in many large and splendid mansions there was consternation and calamity. The collapse reached over to Europe and caused dismay among many Americans in England and France. They took the first boats home, and there were not many who traveled first class in the floating palaces which had brought them over. One American who had invited a friend of mine to a party at the Ritz canceled the party, and had to borrow his fare back. The jewelers' shops in Bond Street kept their stock on their hands. The luxury shops were doing very little business. On the Riviera, the playground of the rich, the hotels were deserted by their American clients and the tennis-courts were a desert of empty seats. There was no gleeful satisfaction at this setback to American prosperity in the minds of those who had resented it in the time of their own tribulation. Only a few unkind people here and there said, "Well, it will do them good. Rather chastening!" It was only a cautionary whipping to rash children who think there is easy money to be made in Sinister Street and safety among sharks. The industrial state of America is too strongly founded to be undermined even by an earthquake in Wall Street.

REBEL YOUTH

Like every other country in the world, the United States has been disturbed and distressed by a break away from old traditions among the younger generation in these post-war years. Indeed, I believe that America has been more affected by this revolt of youth than any other nation. During the past twelve years the code and conventions of American life as they existed before the war have been challenged and invaded by a new spirit.

There were many reasons why this should happen so violently in the United States. The chief reason, perhaps, was

the strength of the Puritan tradition which has lingered there half a century longer than in England. Mother Grundy had her cap pulled off in England a long time ago. The New Woman and the Suffragette exiled the old lady, but she still sat prim and stiff with folded hands in Philadelphia and Boston and hundreds of American small towns.

There was a moral severity—a moral tyranny, dare I say?—in some American states which put too great a strain upon modern youth. Not to drink, not to smoke, not to wander in the byways of Vanity Fair—it was asking too much in a world seething with new ideas, quivering with new vibrations, questioning everything, challenging everything, daring everything. America could not insolate herself from all that modernism, not even in the tabernacles of Tennessee, not even in Main Street.

The advance of education in the States, the opening of a college life to enormous numbers of boys and girls whose parents had not been able to afford that privilege, gave the younger generation a new liberty of ideas and experience. Dayton might deny evolution, but what about all those cheap little books pouring from the printing-presses, heaped on the bookstalls, and stuffed with alarming facts and dangerous theories? American youth reached out for them. They read in tabloid form the sex studies of Freud and Jung and Adler. They read little textbooks on psychology, with theories about mechanism and behaviorism. They read the *Story of Philosophy* by Durant, the *Outlines of History* by H. G. Wells. Under the cushions in their college rooms lay bright little books—more dangerous—which had arrived by post, translations from the French and Italian, not to be left about in Puritan households, but very interesting, teaching them new things about life which they wanted to know, challenging old simplicities of faith, which gradually slipped from them. Then there were novels which must be read—best sellers, and "masterpieces,"

breaking down old restraints of thought, opening new horizons, shattering the old conventions, raising terrific problems. American youth, from little middle-class homes, had gone into another world of thought than the one inhabited by their parents of the old type. They wanted to know. Gee, there was nothing they didn't want to know, if it wasn't too boring! The war had made them ask serious and tremendous questions which some of their fathers and mothers would not answer, or shirked. Like all the youth in the world today, they were born with a sense of realism, and without reverence for tradition. How could they have reverence for a tradition which was hypocritical, they thought, in its evasion of realities? They rebelled against authority. Fathers, teachers, and clergy did not dare to enforce authority, because secretly they were doubtful of the old laws. New voices were calling through the open windows. New ideas were traveling through the ether. The curtains of the sanctuaries had been torn aside.

How could the old simplicities of the Puritan code be maintained in any town where there was a picture-palace and a "movie"? That great new industry, earning millions of money for its promoters, dominating the imagination of the world from Hollywood, was not exactly Puritan, though it made virtue triumphant in the long run and gave the goods and the girl to the successful go-getter. Its patrons were men who believed in morality, at least for other people, but they revealed the naughtiness of life upon their screens and showed its drama of passion this side of censorship. They emphasized, and overemphasized, the place of romantic love in life—love through the ages, love in palaces, love in cottages, love among cowboys, gold-diggers, chorus girls, love in South Sea islands, long distance trains, airplanes, garrets, submarines. They gave close-ups of kisses, long, lingering, voluptuous kisses, and in the darkness of the cinema college boys and girls said, "And very nice, too!"

The wealth of America, broadly distributed, although massed

mostly and magnificently among the millionaires, gave liberties to American youth not enjoyed by boys and girls of their own age in other countries. Boys of eighteen had their automobiles. They could take a girl for a ride to a wayside inn at any time of the day or night—and why not? they asked. They could get up little parties in dance-halls where the jazz band was full of pep and where the lights were dim—and why not? Prohibition? . . . They had their hip flasks. . . . Puritanism? In the age of Sinclair Lewis? Who's coming to that petting party? . . . I have had letters from American girls—my unknown correspondents—describing those petting parties with amusing detail. If I were a younger man I should like to be invited, but if I were the father of a pretty girl I should be anxious!

THE AGE OF INDISCIPLINE

I have not read *The Revolt of Modern Youth* by Judge Lindsay, except for a few extracts. Perhaps he exaggerated the paganism of the younger generation in the United States. Personally, I was very much impressed by the manners and thoughtfulness of American college boys whom I happened to meet. But many Americans have told me that they are alarmed by the liberty, and indiscipline, and free speech, and moral bewilderment of their young people, especially in the well-to-do classes. I can only say that Europe is haunted by the same alarms, although personally I believe that this younger generation of ours has a frankness, a high spirit, and a joyous realism which is better, I think, in spite of all its dangers and many tragedies, than the old secretiveness and furtiveness of the older generation. So far they have not found a balance between liberty and discipline. It is what the world is now searching for, and if they do not find it, it is going to be bad for the world.

There is no discipline, I am told, in those very expensive

private schools established for the sons of millionaires or highly successful business men. The buildings are magnificent. Every comfort is guaranteed. The teachers are men of education and culture—some of them imported specially from Europe. There are wonderful gymnasia, the campus is beautiful, the technical equipment is magnificent and costly, as I have seen with admiration. But there is no discipline, they tell me, such as prevails still in English schools. The boys have too much pocket money. They play poker in their dormitories. They smuggle in books and pictures which are not exactly edifying to the mind of youth. They laugh at the admonitions of anxious teachers—those old-fashioned guys—who are not allowed to give them a flogging, as in English schools, and are afraid of expelling a black sheep lest it bring scandal upon the school, which, anyhow, must be made to pay. It is all very difficult in this age of rebellious youth.

THE NEW PAGANISM

And youth does not get much spiritual leadership from age, or at least it is not forced back by its elders into the ancient code of obedience to authority and reverence for tradition. Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Joseph Hergesheimer, Ernest Hemingway, Mencken, and others are not in the first flush of flaming youth, but they are the intellectual leaders of revolt against the old taboos, the moral conventions of the pre-war world. A host of brilliant writers have turned the searchlight of their genius upon American social life, and do not find it to their liking. Their satire is ferocious, their criticism destructive. They have smashed the old complacencies of the American mind, and ridicule the moral attitude which it was apt to assume toward the rest of the world. More than that, the most modern school of American writers are intellectual Bolsheviks, proclaiming a contempt for the old moralities, demanding freedom of "self-expression," denying the virtue of

self-discipline, hating asceticism, which to them is a betrayal of life, advocating moral anarchy, and escape from all inhibitions, suppressions, and tyrannies of the mind and body. They are the leaders of the new paganism which is spreading apace all over the world.

It reached America late, but they have made up for lost time. Many American writers are more candid in their realism than their English contemporaries, and their "language" is less restrained. The American stage produces plays which would never be permitted by English censorship. They take the lid off life in its vilest, most sensual, and most morbid aspects. Perhaps all this was an inevitable revolt against insincerities and taboos, and an "Early Victorianism" of mentality which lasted longer in the United States than in Europe, and could not be maintained against the waves of free thought beating against the old inclosures of the mind.

I am not an intellectual reactionary regarding all this, although I think that the revolution has gone too far into a wildness of anarchy and intellectual violence, as all revolutions do, in the mental and moral sphere as in the social and political world. I believe that the general sanity, sense of humor, and moral balance of the United States will be strong enough to reduce these things to their right values, accepting a liberal outlook on life without abandoning a spiritual and moral code which is utterly necessary to human society and the individual mind. But this revolution of ideas is now in full force in the United States, sweeping away old barriers, opening the gates of mental prisons—letting out some very ugly beasts—and creating an intellectual disturbance from New York to San Francisco. One thing only is certain. The American people are not isolated from these new vibrations which are transforming the human mind everywhere, calling the younger crowds to new and perilous adventures. Isolation is a myth to this modern world.

NO CHANCE FOR ISOLATION

There never was a divorce between the United States and Europe. There was only a legal separation, caused by incompatibility of temper regarding the League of Nations. Truly it was impossible for the New World to be dissociated from the passions and policies of the Old World. Everything done in Europe had a direct effect in the United States, upon its trade, its financial position, its defensive needs, its political ideas. With all those thousands of millions of dollars invested in European securities, the United States could not be indifferent to the chances of peace and war, and the economic stability of European nations. The possibility of revolution in Germany was bound to give anxious thoughts to American bankers. The war between Poland and Russia, threatening an advance of Bolshevism into Western Europe, was deeply alarming to the American Government. The industrial and financial difficulties of England were watched with sympathy and anxiety by all intelligent men of business in the United States, and the Federal Reserve bankers helped by every means in their own power to establish "parity" between American dollars and English money. Reductions or additions to the British Navy had instant reactions in American public opinion, and the naval relations between Japan and Great Britain were the cause of grave uneasiness of mind, because of a fear—the shadow of a fear—that there might be a naval war in the Pacific. No, there was no chance of "isolation." It was a ridiculous and impossible policy. The United States Government, whoever the President might be—Harding, Coolidge or Hoover—realized that it was to the urgent interest of the United States to cooperate with the powers working for world peace, disarmament, and the economic reconstruction of Europe. They were anxious to lead the way. Their first call was to the Washington Conference in 1921-22.

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

Great Britain had brought to an end her naval alliance with Japan which, during the war, had given her security in the Pacific. But American naval men, and public opinion generally, were disturbed by the chance of war with Japan and by the British superiority in numbers of battleships and cruisers. The Big Navy Party in the United States was beating up propaganda for new ship-building programs to give their country equality and more than equality with the sea power of Britain. Behind all their arguments lay the problem of the Freedom of the Seas, which in their minds meant the absolute right and determination of America to break any blockade which might be imposed by Great Britain upon a nation with which the United States was not at war. Already there was talk in the smoking-cars of long-distance trains—I heard it—about the "inevitability" of a naval war with England at some future date. Already there were preparations for a competition in naval armaments which would lead surely to that calamity.

All that inflammatory stuff was stifled when Mr. Charles Hughes, Secretary of State in the Harding administration, rose at the first public session of the Conference and very quietly and suavely made a series of propositions which created a world-wide sensation and might have caused an apoplectic stroke—but didn't—to Lord Balfour and the British delegation. His main proposal was to establish a "parity" in battleships between Great Britain and the United States, and to arrange a ratio with other naval powers, including Japan, which would be sufficient for defense without aggression. Lord Balfour gripped the arm of one of his colleagues, but otherwise showed no sign of emotion. It would mean scrapping a large number of British ships built for the naval war with Germany, but it would mean also a truce to the appalling prospect of a naval race between England and America. Silver-headed Balfour

rose to the occasion when he uncoiled his long legs, fixed his pince-nez, clasped his nervous hands behind his back, and in that high, thin voice which, in England, had been so deadly in debate, so wise in counsel, accepted on behalf of His Majesty's Government the principles of the proposals laid down by Mr. Hughes.

The Washington Conference dragged on into detail, failed to abolish or reduce submarine warfare, owing to French opposition, left out all limitations of cruiser strength, but resulted in an agreement about capital ships which destroyed the possibility of naval competition in that class, and arranged a four-power pact between the United States, Great Britain, France, and Japan which safeguarded their mutual interests in the Pacific. It also guaranteed that certain islands and naval bases should not be fortified by Japan or other powers, thus reducing the chances of a naval war in the wide waters of the Pacific, because without such bases no fleet could operate successfully against another owing to the vast distance between them, at least in theory.

THE BIG NAVY GROUP

It was only a first step to naval disarmament, and after emotional speeches and congratulations, new doubts arose later, new suspicions were created, and the need of extending the scope of the Washington agreement became blindingly apparent in the United States. England carried out the terms of the agreement, scrapping many ships and "axing" numbers of naval officers and men. But the British Admiralty did not go beyond the terms of the agreement, and strengthened her greatly reduced number of cruisers—still in excess of the American cruiser fleet—by building more modern and powerful types. A Conservative Government also began the fortification of a naval base at Singapore, which did not seem to show much confidence in permanent peace in the Pacific.

The Big Navy group in the United States became clamorous for real "parity" with England. They forced their views on a reluctant President, now Mr. Coolidge, and insisted upon the speeding up of the naval program by the addition of extra cruisers. There was an increasing uneasiness in the public mind, and the Press brought charges of ill-faith against England. In that country, dependent for her life upon the naval protection of sea routes, there was equal uneasiness. The Government had scrapped many battleships. Well, now that first-class battleships cost seven million pounds, the saving to an impoverished nation would be worth while. But any further reduction in cruiser strength might jeopardize England and the British Empire, now that France and Italy were not on the best of terms with each other and were launching submarines in the Mediterranean—the way to Egypt and India—like shoals of sardines. Again the United States gave a call to naval disarmament by invitations to Geneva.

DEADLOCK AT GENEVA

That conference was, as everyone remembers, a lamentable failure, and its breakdown led to a renewal of recriminations, suspicions of unfairness, fears of unpleasant consequences. It was left to the naval experts, who argued in terms of tonnage and classes, without reference to world policy or moral values. One strange figure, subsequently notorious but then unnoticed, by most observers, haunted the corridors. It was a gentleman named Shearer who was industrious in propaganda, for certain private considerations, and did not ease this unfortunate situation by his influence in the American press. The experts revealed a sharp conflict of views. The American claim to parity in all classes with the British Navy, while insisting upon their need for ten-thousand-ton ships, seemed from the English side to give the United States supremacy in battle strength. The British claim to large numbers of light cruisers armed

with six-inch guns, while demanding that America should be limited to a small number of heavier armored ships, seemed, from the American side, to give England unfair advantages because of her large mercantile marine which could be converted by gun-mountings into fighting units.

The experts on both sides became rigid in their arguments. Such opposing views could not be reconciled unless they were outflanked by a change of political philosophy driving the argument outside its trenches of naval arithmetic.

THE KELLOGG PACT

It was Mr. Kellogg who made that possible—though without deliberate intention as regards the naval situation—by his proposal to outlaw war as an instrument of national policy. Mr. Briand had first proposed such an idea between France and the United States, but Kellogg seized upon his suggestion and widened its scope to include all nations. It seemed a visionary ideal, a mere moral affirmation of virtue, which could have no practical results in a wicked world. I confess that when the Peace Pact of Paris was ratified in 1928 I was as skeptical of its value as most other political observers, except as one more pledge which might have a moral value in the soul of the world and make the declaration of war more difficult among nations because they would have to invent more excuses for the violation of such ideals. Few people believed otherwise. It was President Hoover who made the Pact of Paris an instrument of reality. Even now, in public opinion generally, there does not seem to be any direct relationship between the Pact of Paris and the London Conference on Naval Reduction, but I believe that if we knew the secret thoughts of Mr. Hoover we should find that he sees a way out by the Pact from that most dangerous problem of the Freedom of the Seas which is the chief danger of conflict between the American and British Fleets. Before the Kellogg Pact was signed it was certain that

the United States would not allow her commerce to be cut off from any country with whom she was on terms of neutrality in time of war involving action by the British Navy. In such a case a clash would be inevitable. But after the signing of the Kellogg-Briand Pact it seemed impossible for the United States to remain on friendly terms with any nation wilfully breaking that pledge. Here was something new in that definition of the Freedom of the Seas.

THE LONDON CONFERENCE

Be that as it may, Mr. Hoover gave the world a new promise of peace, a new advance toward security, when he ignored the failure of the Geneva Conference and called for a new consideration of the naval problem in London at the beginning of 1930. The argument was no longer to be fought out by naval experts, leaving out of consideration any moral understanding and agreement. Statesmanship had preceded arithmetic, and the two statesmen who had made up their minds to this were Herbert Hoover and Ramsay Macdonald. In any narrative of these years which may be written when events fall into their right place and proportion, I think the future historian will throw his searchlight upon those conversations between President Hoover and the Labor Prime Minister of England in the autumn of 1929; and upon a document handed out to the world by these two statesmen after their private talk.

Referring to the Kellogg Pact they said:

"We have agreed that all disputes between our countries shall be settled by pacific means. But our governments resolve to accept the pact not only as a declaration of our good intentions, but as a positive obligation to direct our national policy in accordance with its pledge."

American and English people should learn by heart one paragraph of this document:

"We approach the old historical problems from a new angle

and in a new atmosphere. On the assumption that war between us has been banished, and that conflicts between our naval and military forces cannot take place, these problems have changed their meaning and character, and their solution in ways satisfactory to both countries has become possible."

Unfortunately that paragraph and the spirit of it was speedily forgotten on both sides. The Naval Conference in London would have been a fuller success if the American delegates had been instructed to take a risk for peace by declaring that the American Government would not remain on neutral terms with any nation violating the Kellogg Pact. Many members of the American Senate did not interpret President Hoover's intention with courage and generosity, although the Treaty was ratified in August of 1930. The Naval enthusiasts of both countries did not recognise the validity of that pledge I have quoted above.

These are the salient facts, as far as I know them, of twelve years of American history—since the war which changed many things in the spirit of the world. There are other facts perhaps more important but more elusive—the work that is going on in scientific laboratories, in artists' studios, in libraries and quiet rooms; the thoughts that are going on in meditative minds, in the imagination of youth, in the genius of men and women yet unknown; the spiritual adventures that are hidden in the hearts of a people endangered perhaps more than others—because of their prosperity—by the materialism of modern life, the blare and shouting of the marketplace, the loss of individual character by a standardization of character, custom, and ideas. The people of the United States stand at the open gate of a new era, uncertain of their future destiny, bewildered by this turmoil of new ideas among the younger crowd, conscious of many stresses and strains within their own social state. Their enormous power is a little frightening because of great responsibilities. They have lost (or are losing) their

old confidence in a moral superiority to the rest of the human family. They are deeply self-critical. They are watching themselves not without anxiety, because of increasing lawlessness in certain classes. But, in the vast majority, they have an energy, a joyous vitality, an alertness of mind, a shrewd humor, a balanced common sense, a good nature and a gift of laughter which can hardly fail them whatever the dangers and difficulties ahead in this uncertain world.

CHAPTER XV

THE RECORD OF THE LEAGUE

AT THE beginning of 1930 the League of Nations celebrated its tenth birthday, and its decade of history is an astonishing drama—not free from melodrama. That it should have grown through fever-stricken years and through periods of almost mortal weakness to its present strength and prestige is almost miraculous. Its imminent mortality was predicted many times. Indeed, "Death of the League" was a favorite headline in the sensational press. Now no enterprising journalist dare serve up that news item. For the League has resisted all attacks and is sure of a long lease of life.

I watched it in its cradle at Geneva and there were times I am bound to say when I despaired of it. In its early days it seemed ridiculous to its critics in a world of disillusion and despair after the war—and rather helpless to its adversaries. How could it be otherwise in those first years of its life? The United States had repudiated the President who was its founder. Russia was out of it. The former enemies of the allied and associated powers were not admitted. The Council of Ambassadors and especially the Ambassadors of France and Britain, dictated the policy of the victors. The Treaty of Versailles had bequeathed a heritage of injustice to the new Europe and had created many new causes of hatred and war. Europe was under arms, hysterical, fever-stricken or shell-shocked. Many countries were starving or staggering toward bankruptcy and anarchy, as I have recorded in this book. In such a world the League of Nations dominated by the representatives of the Victorious powers could not hold out much hope of inaugu-

rating a new era of international justice, disarmament, and peace.

INFANCY OF THE LEAGUE

I attended some of those early assemblies of the League at Geneva and look back upon them as nightmares of film dramas produced by fantastic imaginations. The representatives of all the nations of the earth were there, even if they were not in the League. By the waters of Lake Leman they swarmed, speaking all tongues, and those unceasingly, in anger, in agony, in pleading, in ridicule and contempt, and in all human passion. While the Council of the League sat behind closed doors, knowing their own weakness, there were intrigues in the corridors, in the cafés, in the bedrooms of hotels, in the gardens of outdoor restaurants. Journalists of all nations jabbered at one another, buttonholed their favorite big men, and sent off telegrams at urgent rates announcing that "The League is dead" or other rumors even more alarming. Frenchmen shrugged their shoulders and said: "Foch rules. Why all this talk?" Italians flung their arms into the air and cried, "We have been betrayed." Germans drank more beer and said, "There is no justice and therefore there can be no peace." There was a lot of other conversation. Few people believed that the League of Nations could fulfill any of its objects and ideals in a world of national antagonism and economic madness.

Things looked bad for the League in 1920, when Poland and Lithuania quarreled over the possession of Vilna and refused to obey the League's efforts to arrange a settlement by conciliation.

"It is ridiculous, that League," said the cynics of all countries.

Things looked worse for the League in 1923, when Italy, under Mussolini, issued an ultimatum to Greece because of

the murder of some Italian officers fixing the frontier line between Greece and Albania. Corfu was bombarded by an Italian warship during a session of the Assembly, and the League Council shut itself up and wondered what in God's name they could do about it. They could do nothing on the appeal of Greece except hand it over to the Ambassadors' conference and ignore the open scorn of Mussolini for their dignity and status.

"The League is dead," cabled the excited journalists again.

It was not a good augury when a proud nation like Spain withdrew from the League because it was not admitted as a permanent member of the Council. It was bad when the admission of Germany was blocked by intrigues and bad faith. There were other times of weakness when the smaller nations on the Assembly revolted against the power of the Council and threatened to secede. There were many times when even its most fervent supporters weakened and despaired because the League seemed to be incapable of rising above the national interests of its strongest powers—France and Great Britain—and acting with a sense of justice and sincerity for the good of all peoples or for those whose appeals reached them.

MEN WITH FAITH

But there were some who had faith, with an idealism reaching beyond their own frontiers, and a gift of patience and diplomacy, which enabled them to steer through all these troubles. The names which seem to me singled out in this way are those of Lord Cecil, Dr. Benes, Dr. Nansen, and Aristide Briand. Lord Cecil, above all, was the guiding spirit of the Council, in these early years, infinitely patient, with a genius for drafting amendments which could be accepted as a common formula by opposing pleaders, quick to see a point which would raise new dangers or excite new animosities, suave, courteous, conciliatory, and very wise. It is not an exag-

geration to say that but for him the League would actually have died in violent convulsions. Dr. Nansen was the champion of the smaller nations and sometimes exasperating to the Council delegates of the big powers because he insisted upon the democratic rights of the Assembly, thereby preventing the League itself from being dominated by the Council.

Dr. Benes of Czecho-Slovakia was admirable in his judgment and common sense and played a very difficult part in holding the balance between the French and British points of view, when often they were utterly opposed. Aristide Briand did not share the drudgery of this work in the Council and Assembly, but came now and then like a shabby old god out of the machine of French diplomacy to electrify the Assembly by tremendous oratory in times of international crisis. There were many other valiant champions, like Paul Boncour and Albert Thomas. But even they would have been powerless and the League would have failed but for the increasing pressure of public opinion in many countries of the world, which insisted upon the ideals of the League and clung to them as the only hope of peace in Europe. The League of Nations Union in Great Britain did a very noble and useful work in educating this public opinion and keeping the League alive in the imagination of ordinary folk.

And something happened to men's minds at Geneva. I saw it happen. Some mental atmosphere there, a contact with former enemies and other types of intelligence, perhaps some spiritual vibrations reaching them from the outer world, broadened their vision and enabled them to see beyond their own boundaries. They learned to think internationally. They became the missionaries of the League ideal. They exerted pressure on their own governments. They refused to let the League be betrayed by the cynics. They did admirable and unknown work. They helped to save Europe from utter downfall. They did actually stop fresh outbreaks of war.

There was something rather extraordinary in this psychological influence of the League. Friends of mine who had been harshly intolerant of any policy except that of their own national egotism became changed. It was as though at Geneva they could see the world from an outside place, looking at it for the first time with philosophical detachment. It was not that they became less patriotic, but somehow they saw that patriotism is not necessarily opposed to the interests of other nations, and that coöperation is more reasonable and even more effective than a sullen and jealous isolation. Away from newspaper sensation and the political controversies of their own Parliaments they began to realize that the League could actually do real work in adjusting national disputes and trampling upon smoldering fires. It was stopping fresh outbreaks of war, whatever the critics might say.

VICTORIES FOR PEACE

By a threat of economic blockade the League stopped a conflict between Jugo-Slavia and Albania in 1921, thus preventing another Balkan war which would have been a spreading fire. When Turkish troops were over the frontier of Mosul in Mesopotamia the League Council stopped an almost certain conflict between Turkey and Great Britain by inducing the Turks to accept a provisional frontier line and an impartial commission of inquiry. They prevented war between Greece and Bulgaria in 1925 when troops had already advanced on both sides. Within sixty hours of the Council's action after Bulgaria's appeal to the Covenant of the League, the armies retired to their own frontiers and their governments accepted the arbitration of the League's commission. Other frontier disputes—between Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, and between Bulgaria and its neighbors—were settled by the machinery of the League. They were victories for peace, forgotten now, though there would

have been more slaughter of men and more weeping of women if they had failed.

But the League gained other victories for peace even more valuable in the recovery of Europe because they produced a gradual change in the mentality of the nations and substituted charity for vengeance, and coöperation for national selfishness. That was a pretty good work at a period of history when ideals had gone down into the mud.

The financial reconstruction of Austria under the control of the League of Nations, which in 1922, as I have told, raised a loan of £27,000,000 for this purpose, was the first experiment in the recovery of Europe by international coöperation. It was an admirable success and saved poor Austria, once the gayest, most light-hearted, most art-loving country, from that misery and disease which made it a stricken nation after the war. The wise and sympathetic administration of its financial state under the officers of the League was an object lesson in international statesmanship and good sense. It was the beginning of sanity after the folly of the post-war mind.

The financial stabilization of Hungary by a loan of £10,000,000 raised by the League, followed in 1923 with great success.

In 1924 the League came to the rescue of the Greek refugees —1,000,000 of them—who had been expelled from Turkish territory after the victory of Mustapha Kemal against the Greek lines in Asia Minor. That exodus of Christian peoples from their own homesteads is one of the most tragic chapters in history and the misery and disease which overtook these homeless exiles are indescribable. Thanks to the League, supported by the generous service and help of philanthropic societies in Great Britain and the United States, these people were saved, housed, clothed, fed, and settled on the land where they are now doing well for Greece. The Bulgarian refugees were helped in the same way.

In Danzig Free City the League keeps the peace between Poles and Germans by a resident High Commissioner who has settled many disputes and raised municipal loans. It is good work in one of the powder magazines of international conflict. Far too numerous to mention here are the League's good offices in the protection of minorities under alien rule, like the German settlers in Poland. The League is also responsible for the administration of the Saar Valley while the French are in possession of the mines—but in this case French influence and authority are supreme.

THE PARLIAMENT OF NATIONS

This is not a bad record of achievement during years when the League was struggling for survival and when there was a tug of war between some of the great powers—notably Britain and France—in the general policy of Europe, with German reparation as the cause of friction until the Dawes report gave Europe a chance of economic stability and the admittance of Germany to the League on equal terms with all other powers strengthened the chance of peace.

I have already described that day when the late Dr. Stresemann made his great speech before the Assembly in September of 1926 and when M. Briand welcomed him with an eloquence which was unforgettable. It was an historic episode at Geneva which counts as one of the turning-points of the post-war mind. For the first time it was possible to envisage an era of peace and reconstruction. Those words spoken by the representatives of Germany and France, not as liars, but with deep and emotional sincerity, were the real beginning of armistice between ancient enmities.

Since then the League of Nations has been secure in the organization of the post-war world. Its influence has extended because the nations have more faith in it as the most reasonable method of international intercourse. Step by step it has evolved

its procedure for conciliation and arbitration leading up to the Permanent Court of International Justice, which is the supreme court of appeal among all the nations upon matters of international jurisdiction. Now that the United States has agreed to membership with certain reservations, it is the most important tribunal which the world has ever acknowledged for the interpretation and judgment of legal disputes between one people and another.

Many treaties and pacts have been signed between nations independently of the League, though registered within the League. Some of them, in my judgment, are not consistent with the League ideals and envisage war rather than peace.

In actual progress toward disarmament the League has so far failed lamentably. Session after session has gone by and no progress has been registered. Every great power has put forward its special needs of security on land or sea and there has been no basis of agreement. Fear of the future, fear of neighbors, fear of another convulsion overwhelming all the machinery and idealism of the League, has been the wrecking agency present at all these discussions. And yet the discussions have not been wholly vain because they have kept the question in the mind of the peoples of the world, and that public opinion is getting ready and impatient for drastic reductions of military strength.

Other activities of the League of Nations during these ten years of history have passed unnoticed because they have not excited passion among the peoples.

The League health organization, and especially its conference at Warsaw in 1922 attended by twenty-eight States (including Russia and Turkey), has been a most powerful influence in preventing the spread of epidemics from Eastern Europe and laying down principles of international health control.

The League's conference on the protection of children and

the traffic in women have created legislation in various States checking cruelty and immorality and educating world opinion.

One of its most humane works was the repatriation of 500,000 war prisoners who still despaired behind their barbed wire four years after the Armistice.

Another was its rescue of Russian refugees and other victims of war and revolution. In this work the American Red Cross gave generous help.

A committee of the League was appointed in 1924 to secure more efficient suppression of slavery and forced labor among primitive peoples, and its conventions have been signed by forty-six States.

The Opium Commission has not yet succeeded in restricting the traffic in that drug, owing to the fortunes gained by the evasion of regulations.

The absurdity of the passport system in Europe and its constant annoyance to travelers have been lessened by representations from Geneva to various governments.

MORAL EDUCATION

The League of Nations is not a super-State. It has no power beyond that of agreement, conciliation, and intelligent recommendation. Its representatives are not independent of their governments and cannot move without official sanction from their Foreign Offices. They are not beyond the reach of public opinion and the national prejudices of their own people. It is indeed a League of intensely national States all trying to safeguard their own interests and all limited in vision by their own traditions, ambitions, fears, and anxieties. That is what it is meant to be. If it were other than that, it would be a danger to the world and a new form of tyranny, or something unreal and alien to the practical business of life.

Its success, not negligible in these last ten years despite many failures and much weakness, has been due to its educative

influence upon governments and peoples whose representatives have met in conferences and have discovered that coöperation is more effective, often, than hostile diplomacy, and that agreement is cheaper and more productive of good results than national selfishness and ill-will. It is the sounding-board of national grievances. It is a true Parliament of Nations in which there is open discussions of all disputes. Its procedure is becoming a habit of mind in the psychology of a new world. At times in its early history it has been nigh to death. It has survived by a spirit prevailing over ridicule, contempt, and obstruction.

CHAPTER XVI

THE RESTLESS RACES

THE massacre of Jews in Palestine in 1929 and the outbreak of racial fanaticism in the Arab mind came as a grim reminder that Western civilization is still encompassed by hostile and restless peoples who refuse to accept its dictates and its power except by force of arms.

This is a setback to peace-loving folk who have been looking forward to a new era of human progress and coöperation. In Europe, at the present time, there is a real tendency to bury ancient hatchets and to get on with the work of reconstruction and disarmament. There is a fair, but not certain, prospect ahead of closer union between industrial nations relieved of the old competition in armaments and of the fears that created them. Despite all cynicism the various pacts of peace to which many nations are pledged give the promise, or at least the hope, of a new law and order in the Western World.

THE COLORED PEOPLES

Not to the Eastern World. Not to teeming peoples, vast in territory and numbers, whose minds work in a different way, who are increasingly resentful of Western influence, disliking its ideals, manners, and industrial mechanism, and desiring to govern themselves according to their own faith and traditions. Over a wide area of the world's surface there are enormous populations stirring with the spirit of revolt against this Western pressure and domination, and inspired by the passion for racial liberty.

The war had something to do with this unsettlement of the

Eastern mind. The colored races of the world, black, yellow, and brown, saw the white peoples torn by strife and massacring each other in great numbers. "Our chance is coming," said the Black Man, the Yellow Man, and the Brown Man.

The French and British asked for their help. They brought Indian troops to France with Senegalese and Moroccan regiments which were slaughtered by German gun-fire. Each man who went back was a propagandist of revolt, or at least as dissatisfied with old conditions as the white soldiers who went back expecting a new kind of world.

The British armed Arab armies against the Turks, and afterward these Arabs wanted a bigger reward than they were given, after generous promises unfulfilled. They wanted the liberty of their own race and their own chieftainship. Colonel Lawrence, that "mystery man," was on their side. The "mandates" that were given to England and France over the Arab race seemed to them a violation of their immemorial rights. The desert tribes in Syria resisted French domination, attacked French troops in Damascus and Cilicia, and were crushed ruthlessly. Public opinion in France believed, and believes to this day, that the British incited them to this revolt and armed them against French troops, an illusion which was utterly without truth, as far as I know.

ZIONISTS AND ARABS

In Palestine, peace was maintained under the British mandate for a considerable time, and when I was out there a year or two ago for one brief glimpse on a tourist trip I was struck by the apparent tranquillity of that country, held by very few troops and by a gendarmerie which had no more than a moral power, being a scattered few in these mixed populations of Mohammedans and Jews. Tourists went about the Holy Land in battalions of Ford cars. There was a twelve-mile speed limit through Nazareth, as though it were Piccadilly Circus.

Young Jews, speaking with a New York accent, were working in their colonies within rifle-shot of Bedouin camps. English tact and conciliation, a very real respect and liking for the Moslem leaders and people, seemed to have secured a peace of mind which contrasted favorably at that time with the turbulence of Syria under French rule.

But we were deceiving ourselves. From British and Americans, familiar with the hidden mind of the East, I was warned that this was only a surface tranquillity and that there were smoldering fires underneath. The Arab tribes were deeply resentful of the Balfour declaration which promised Palestine as a national home for the Jews. The land which these old Canaanites claimed as their own was to be parceled out among foreign settlers.

Sympathies are still sharply divided on this subject. There is something romantic and beautiful, no doubt, in the dream of Zionism to lead its people back to Palestine. Throughout the Jewish race it is an old yearning, though millions of Jews absorbed into the national life of Western nations would rather die than go back. Practically the Jewish cultivation of the land in Palestine has been more successful than the earth-scratching process of the Arab agriculturist, though costly to Jewish funds, in New York and London. But many English and Americans familiar with Palestine denounce the Balfour declaration as a policy based upon flagrant injustice to the Arabs—who own the land and who have it sold under their feet without their consent—and most dangerous to the cause of peace.

In August of 1929, racial and religious passions were inflamed to madness by incidents at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem, claimed as a holy place by both Mohammedans and Jews. From a mass of conflicting evidence it seems likely that there were insults and provocations by both sides. The Arabs contended that the Jews had only the right of access to the

Wall like the ordinary public. The Jews claimed the right to worship there with religious ceremonial. On August 23rd, according to the evidence of a British official whom I happen to know, a crowd of Jews on the roof of a building in the Jaffa road threw stones at an Arab crowd chanting in procession. Such incidents were merely symptoms of underlying hostility which broke out into murderous fanaticism on the part of the Arabs. There was a concerted plan of attack on Jewish villages and houses in many parts of Palestine, and for several days Jewish families and individuals were at the mercy of armed Arabs, who slaughtered them mercilessly. The British officials in Palestine were blamed for not having troops and police strong enough to prevent these atrocities, though perhaps they would have been equally blamed if they had held Palestine by strong military forces, instead of trying to keep the peace by conciliation and justice to both sides, which had been completely successful under Lord Plumer's administration. Be that as it may, the main result of the evidence in this tragic episode was the admission by Arab witnesses that practically the whole Mohammedan population in Palestine was united in hostility toward the Jews, and that this hatred is based on a fear in the Arab mind that they are being dispossessed of the land, gradually but inevitably. A more serious situation would have been caused but for the loyalty to the British Government of the Emir Abdullah of Transjordania who held back powerful Bedouin tribes anxious to support their kinsmen in Palestine.

When the tragedy happened people ignorant of the East were startled and shocked by what they believed to be religious fanaticism—although in reality it is racial rather than religious. We in the West were reminded abruptly of the pride and power, at least in numbers, of the Arab race, so close to the frontiers of Western civilization. To a friend of mine in Jeru-

salem during the recent troubles, an old man named the Emir El Hussein, the Grand Mufti and president of the Supreme Moslem Council, uttered a grave warning which cannot be treated with contempt or disregard.

"What has happened in Palestine," he said, "will reverberate in every corner of Moslem Arabia. It is not a religious controversy, but a national rebellion in which we have the sympathy and support of all the Moslem Arabs of Arabia, Syria, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and North Africa.

"British bayonets may impose tranquillity for the moment," he declared, "but ultimate peace in Palestine and Arabia will never be made so long as the Arabs are forcibly deprived of their rights, their land, and their independence." Meanwhile the British Government upholds the Balfour declaration in favor of the Jewish colonies and will not abandon their pledges.

"SELF-DETERMINATION"

In North Africa, under Marshal Lyautey, the French have established their civilization. There are fine roads, excellent hotels, many comforts for the tourist. And the French officers and administrators are sympathetic to the Arab and Negro races. There is no strict color bar, no "Jim Crow" cars. You will see French officers sitting in friendly converse with Moors and Africans. They have trained an army of North Africans armed with modern weapons, educated in machine-guns. The radio from the Eiffel Tower in Paris is heard in the bazaars. There are motor-cars in the desert. But the Arab mind, the Moslem faith, the pride of race, the yearning for independence, remain untouched by this superficial Westernization. Or rather the Arab mind is excited by ideas of self-government which come with vibrations from the outer world.

Ideas travel more quickly now, owing to the speed of communication. The world is a sounding-box of thoughts and

ideas. When President Wilson proclaimed his watch-word of "self-determination" it was translated by the students of Cairo. It reached out to the bazaars of India. It was roughly paraphrased in Bedouin camps. And news travels fast. Throughout the Mohammedan world after the war the news flashed that a Moslem leader had defied a treaty of peace forced upon his people by the victors in the war. It was when Mustapha Kemal broke through the Greek lines in Asia Minor, when Smyrna was set on fire by his irregular levies, and when he dictated his terms in Constantinople. What the Turks had done others might do. The Egyptian students started rioting. The Sirdar—the British Commander-in-Chief—was murdered. The Egyptian Premier, Zaghlul, demanded self-government for his people. There were reverberations throughout the Moslem world as far as India.

The East is not unchanging. During the last fifty years and especially during the last ten years many Oriental minds have broken with old traditions and developed new ideas translated from Western philosophy and twisted to their own mental outlook and desires. Indian, Chinese, Egyptian, Persian, and African students educated at Western universities have gone back home with odd fragments of philosophy taken from John Stuart Mill or Karl Marx, or Carlyle, or Napoleon, or Lloyd George, or H. G. Wells. Thwarted in their ambitions to get good jobs, they have become agitators and revolutionaries. But apart altogether from this political propaganda, the ideas of racial liberty which are instinctive have received an impetus owing to the speeding up of communications and perhaps a higher average of human intelligence.

EGYPT FOR THE EGYPTIANS

When I was in Egypt for a short visit a year or two ago I stood in the desert beyond Cairo with a young Egyptian whose

father was the Sheik of a distant village, and under the stars there in the great silence I talked with him about his people.

"Do they want the English out of Egypt?" I asked, presently.

He stood there with his arms folded under his brown cloak and was silent for a few minutes, thinking out his answer.

"It is like this," he said. "In childhood one obeys one's mother. One learns a little wisdom from her. One goes to her for all one's needs of life. But, however good one's mother, one's relations to her change when one reaches manhood. One must stand alone even though one makes mistakes. One must get free of obedience lest one's manhood is weakened. One must act on one's own judgment even if it leads to tragedy and misery. The Egyptian people are like that. England has been their mother, good certainly, just and stern, but protective and kind. But now we have grown up to manhood. Our minds have grown up. We must be free of this mothering even though we go forward to ruin. It is the law of life."

That is what is working in the minds of intelligent Egyptians now. They want to be free of mothering, even though they know that there will not be the same efficiency of administration as under the British, and even though they admit that corruption will creep in. A few years ago many British officials resigned their positions for a lump sum of money, so that many of the public services are already in Egyptian hands. Last year the British Government offered Egypt a measure of independence which is practically complete, and by the recall of Lord Lloyd, who opposed this plan, challenged all the old type of imperialists who have profound misgivings about this revelation of weakness, as it seems to them. The extreme nationalist party in Egypt—the wafdists—are still hostile to this British offer, which will never satisfy them as long as there is the faintest shadow of British protec-

tion over their land. New riots have broken out in Cairo on that account.

In Britain the Rudyard Kipling school of Imperialism is out of fashion, in the majority of public opinion. Those "mandates" which made Great Britain responsible for vast new territories after the war were extremely unpopular, and there was a great outcry from hard-pressed taxpayers on account of the money poured into Mesopotamia. There is an increasing sympathy in the British mind for the self-government of native races, and the Labor party, now in power, will certainly go far in encouraging this policy. How far is it safe to go? How far is it wise and humane to go? Can the Western World disarm itself to the point when its power of self-defense is so weakened that it cannot maintain order, or suppress anarchy, or safeguard its own type of civilization?

That is the most important problem in the world today, and no light answer can be given. There is no doubt that the East sees signs of weakening in the West. Such incidents as the recall of Lord Lloyd are interpreted that way. The treaty recently proposed by Great Britain to Egypt is interpreted that way.

Lord Lloyd, free to speak his mind after his resignation and return to England, was listened to with the deepest and gloomiest attention in the House of Lords when he warned that assembly that a policy of weakness in Egypt would lead to a very great disaster not only to British influence, and its security on the Suez Canal, which is the most vital artery of the Empire, but to the Egyptian people themselves. Speaking to me one day, after a private speech to a group of friends, he raised one point which seemed to me most interesting and important. It seemed to him, he told me, that the younger crowd in England had got it into their heads that there was something liberal and magnanimous and progressive in giving full independence to people in such countries as Egypt and

India. It was not a policy they thought of funk, but a policy of conciliation and common sense according to the advance of the self-governing idea.

"That," said Lord Lloyd, "is the very contrary of the truth. So far from being a liberal policy it is a policy of black reaction, because if we abandon our responsibilities and control, the people to whom we have given protection and justice will be handed over to the old tyrannies and cruelties from which we liberated them. They will be at the mercy of corruption. They will be taxed into misery. That will not be liberal progress, but retrogression."

HOME RULE IN INDIA

In India the new policy is resented, not without reason, by far-thinking men who believe that weakness there will lead to flaming massacres and religious wars which will light a torch throughout the East. The choice to be made is ruling India with a strong hand or abdicating in favor of Indian politicians. A recent authority says that there are 700,000 villages in India almost untouched by the politicians, where the people look to the British for justice, relief from famine and epidemics, and security of life. A British withdrawal from India would deliver them into a reign of terror.

And yet in the cities the half-educated Hindus, the followers of Gandhi, the dreamers and fanatics, the men without jobs, and the Westernized, highly educated graduates of Oxford and Cambridge are ceaselessly at work spreading their propaganda of revolt against Western domination, which, if successful, would place the masses of India at the mercy of an inefficient oligarchy. From time to time they declare a boycott of British goods, and their arguments for self-government are only interrupted by bloody strife between Mohammedans and Hindus

in villages where peace is restored by British intervention. It is all very dangerous.

Russian propagandists of Communism have been working in many cities of India to stir up revolt among the factory hands and students and nationalists of all races. Their aim is to link up the revolutionaries in united front against British rule whatever their creed or caste. This Russian Bolshevism is making headway in the industrial districts and leading to attempts upon the lives of British officialism. The narrow escape of the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, from assassination by a bomb placed under his train on a journey from Delhi, on December 23rd, 1929, was a sinister episode at the end of a year marked by riots, murders, boycotts, and sedition in many parts of India.

Lord Irwin's declaration on behalf of the British Government, that Dominion status for India was the ultimate goal of British policy, caused great political excitement. Owing partly to the vague terms in which this purpose was expressed, many Indian politicians seemed to think that Dominion Home Rule was to be granted without delay and were enraged when it was explained to them that it could be attained only by slow and gradual process. Public opinion in England among statesmen familiar with Indian problems was deeply disturbed by the thought that a Labor Government was "selling the pass," but the Labor Ministers proved beyond doubt that they were merely continuing a policy laid down by their Conservative predecessors.

Meanwhile the Indian extremists refused to accept anything less than complete independence. Gandhi, the mystic, who for a time had retired from active leadership to a life of meditation and prayer, appeared again as the prophet of a free India and preached a holy boycott against British rule and British goods.

A friend of mine who is a judge in India, recently home on leave, summed up the situation by saying that India with its

many races and creeds must always be ruled by a dominant people. If it is not the British it must be someone else—less beneficent, perhaps.

"These Indian politicians," he said, "are only playing a game of make-believe. They would be the first to run and hide and squeal, knowing full well that their throats would be cut if the British were to abandon their governing duties. From beginning to end this cry for independence is an illusion, and everybody knows it, except the simple laddies in the English House of Commons, who think that Western ideas of government can be introduced to an Oriental nation with three hundred million people separated from each other by a multitude of creeds and castes—desperately dependent upon a decent system of administration which prevents them from dying like flies in times of plague and famine, saves them from wars and massacres, insures their water supply as far as possible, and gives them a rough-and-ready justice which they could never get from their own politicians."

On June 10th, 1930, the British Government issued the first part of the Simon Report on India, so called because of a Royal Commission of Enquiry presided over by Sir John Simon; and on June 24th the second part was published. It stands as a penetrating and comprehensive survey of Indian conditions and contains a series of recommendations for the gradual self-government of British India. The first part of the Report emphasizes the outstanding facts which reveal the complexity of the Indian problem. They are the religious antagonism between Hindus, Mohammedans and other sects hindering any kind of political unity; the differences of caste among the Hindus themselves, numbering 2,300 at the last census; the tragic and terrible conditions of the lowest caste called the Untouchables (numbering sixty millions) without any social status or rights, even as regards the use of common water supplies; and the varying rights and powers of the Indian

native states—600 of them—who are independent of British authority except in extreme cases of misrule. In the second part of the Simon Report the recommendations were deeply sympathetic towards the national aspirations of Indian statesmen and leaders and went far in devising a system by which the local legislatures should have very full powers, even the police to be under the control of Indian administration. On the other hand, the British Crown would continue to be the supreme ruling power and the Army would be independent of Indian political control. In spite of very far reaching proposals in favor of this political independence subject to British guidance in vital affairs affecting the welfare, safety and human rights of a vast population, the Report has received almost unanimous condemnation by Indian rulers even outside the ranks of extreme fanaticism and by a chorus of virulent denunciation in the Indian Press. So India remains restless and revolutionary.

THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

Christendom, to use an old-fashioned term which has still a geographical significance, is surrounded by races seething with discontent and intensely hostile to Western ideas. Some of them have their representatives in the League of Nations. They have signed the Kellogg Pact. They have even voted on subjects of purely European interest. They dress in black coats and white collars in the hotels of Geneva. But their minds work in different and dark ways.

I remember going to a dinner party not long ago at which a Chinese was present. He spoke English perfectly. He had charming manners—until he drank a little too much wine. Then he lost interest in the conversation around him—the need of closer coöperation among the nations of the world, and the blessings of disarmament. He dozed a little and spoke in

a dreamy way. "The foreign devils must go," he murmured. "Every foreign devil must be killed. China for the Chinese!"

On New Year's Day of 1930, the Nanking Government issued a mandate, or official manifesto, declaring the immediate abolition of extra territorial rights in China, formerly possessed by foreign colonies. It was perhaps the subject of that dream which came to my little yellow man through the fumes of wine. Eighteen months previously, Dr. Wang, the Foreign Minister, had announced the purpose of his Government to recover complete control over Chinese customs, to bring foreigners under Chinese law in Chinese courts, and to take possession of foreign concessions such as Shanghai and Tientsin. Great Britain and the United States had expressed sympathy for these national aspirations, but emphasized their view that full surrender of treaty rights could only be by degrees and not until the Chinese Government was in a position to protect foreigners and bring their code of law into conformity with Western ideas of justice. After the issue of the mandate, the United States again insisted upon these requirements, and Great Britain gave a similar reply. So the question stands, but there is no doubt as to the nationalistic determination of the Chinese leaders and of all those young Chinese who have been educated in Western ideas.

Another example of that spirit was the seizure of the Russian railway officials in Manchuria and the state of war which followed the seizure of that section of the Chinese Eastern Railway which had been under Russian control. Both China and Russia were signatories to the Kellogg Pact and both appealed to the League of Nations with accusations of foul play against the other side. The episode would have developed into a "first-class" war if either power had been in a position to fight, but the Russian Red armies could not be fed and supplied so far from their base and the Manchurian Government could not count on military support from Nanking, hard pressed by

hostile Generals. It requires the subtlety of a Chinese mind, or at least an expert in the game of Mah-jong, to unravel the tangle of that long-drawn civil war which has prevailed more or less in China since the world was astounded by the news that the Celestial Empire had become a Republic. It has been merely a struggle for power among rival Generals who buy each other's troops and territory and sell their own forces to the highest bidder. There is a great marching to and fro, an endless sequence of treacheries and intrigues, very little bloodshed among the opposing armies, pirate warfare against British merchant ships, and continual poverty and misery among the peasants and traders. So far the only unity in China is that of hatred for the foreigner, and when at last there is a stable Government, as one day there will be under a new dictator, that enmity will seek to enforce its demands against foreign powers at all costs.

No, one must not forget China among the restless peoples of the world, awakened from a long sleep, becoming efficient as a fighting power, or, at least, learning to use machine-guns and rifles, convinced that it is marching toward a new destiny, although the march is a straggling, tortuous one—liberated from traditions which kept it quiet from the outside world, with a vast man power demanding new conditions of life. China is the great mystery of the future, or one of those mysteries which baffle prophecy.

THE BLACK RACES

There is a restlessness also, a breaking of tradition, a kind of soul sickness among the black races of Africa. I know nothing of that except on the authority of General Smuts, who has a right to speak. Those black men, too, are demanding self-government, and modern ideas have crept into the woolly-pated heads of young men who still wear nothing but a loin cloth and go to the witch-doctor for wisdom and healing. The

missionaries, according to General Smuts, have been responsible for evil as well as good in the black man's present state by destroying his faith in his own tribal law, which was his strongest moral discipline, not without virtue, though repugnant in some of its aspects to Christian ethics.

"For the missionary," says General Smuts, "good, bad, and indifferent in native practice, were met with the same ban, so long as it was not in the Bible or the advanced practice of Christian Europe. The whole tendency of the Christian mission has therefore been to hasten the disintegration of the native system, both in its good and in its bad aspects.

"To this has been added the introduction of the white man's administration through his own official organs, the breakdown of the authority of the chiefs and the tribal system, and the loosening of the bonds which bind native society together, with the consequent weakening or disappearance of tribal discipline over the young men and women of the tribe. The general disintegration has been powerfully reinforced by the improvement of means of transport, the opening of communications, and labor recruitment, which have led to the movement of natives and their mix-up on a scale which would have been impossible before.

"In the interests of the native as well as those of the European administrations responsible for their welfare, we are called upon to retrace our steps, to take all proper measures which are still possible to restore or preserve the authority of the chiefs, and to maintain the bonds of solidarity and discipline which have in the past supported the tribal organization of the natives."

General Smuts has not a reactionary mind inducing him to believe in treading on the neck of subject peoples or primitive races. He believes that in the supreme legislature of a country with a mixed population both colors should have representation. He thinks it repugnant to civilized ideas that the weaker

in a community should not be heard. In the case of South Africa he is inclined to advocate separate Parliaments for black and white instead of having members who represent both races in the same assembly. There would still be equal political rights and the Rhodes ideal regarding that would not be affected, but they would be exercised separately. The white man's civilization and the black man's code would live side by side, separated territorially but in intellectual and political contact. At the present time this solution has not been attained and the native races of Africa are among the restless peoples, dissatisfied with the white man's rule, disliking the white man's manners and morals, and looking forward to a liberation when their own race will be free to express its ancient instincts or its new dreams.

THE SLAV MENACE

Then there is always Russia . . . one day not enormously far ahead it may again be a powerful race not to be ignored in world history. These Russian people are not Europeans. They do not belong to Western culture. They stand between the West and the East with their own mentality, which is neither one nor the other. Even now the old Slav instinct is stronger than economic philosophy, and when the Slav race gets on the move it is a mighty force.

We do not know when or how they are going to move. At the present time they cannot fight a war because of difficulties of transport and supplies. They have no mechanism. But twenty-five years will make a difference, with American capital and German aid. Russia will be on the map again as one of the great powers. Already her missionaries and propagandists are great travelers in trouble, selling discontent, revolt, anarchy in Afghanistan, Persia, and other countries round about the world. At Geneva their representatives proposed

general disarmament. In Moscow there is intensive propaganda for a warlike spirit.

In many nations at the present time there is a spirit of peace, and there are many pacifists, of whom I am one. I have seen too much of war to have any illusions about its monstrous futility. My pen has been busy for ten years on behalf of the peace spirit. But there are those restless peoples about. One is inclined to forget them sometimes. One underestimates their passions and their numbers and their potentialities. The British Empire has very serious responsibilities for maintaining order here and there. Nor can other nations turn all their bayonets into safety razors. Until all nations are ready for self-government and peaceful coöperation with their neighbors there must be an efficient police force by land and sea. Still, one need not worry overmuch on that score. There is no stampede in favor of disarmament.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MARTYRDOM OF RUSSIA

WHAT is happening in Russia? . . . What is going to happen? . . .

The answers to those two questions are important to civilization, because what is happening in the midst of those hundred and fifty millions of people is not going to be without effect upon the Oriental races adjoining them and upon their Western neighbors. The new philosophy of life which has been adopted in Russia by a group or party and has been imposed by them, with iron discipline, ruthlessly, with the fanaticism of religious fervor, with missionary zeal, upon the whole nation, is a challenge to all ideas which hitherto have been the code of civilization among the white races. The traditions and the ethics upon which the structure of society has been built up for a thousand years in Europe have been denied and destroyed. The Russian Communists are developing not only a new order of society, not only an economic state based upon principles utterly opposed to the system of other peoples, but a new era of human thought. The younger generation brought up under this system, knowing none other, intensively educated in the new ideas, think differently from the rest of the world. Things sacred to other people are ridiculous to them. They have different motives. Their purpose in life is different. Their law of life is not as other people's law. . . .

THE HERITAGE OF THE PAST

The history of Russia has been a long agony, an endless tale of serfdom, massacre, tyranny, beastlike ignorance, maniacal

cruelty, relieved only by the spirituality, the heroism, the genius, and the charm of many of its people, by the nobility of individuals, and by a love which cannot be killed in human hearts even by cruelty. One cannot understand the things that are happening now without remembrance of the past. Lenin was born because Rasputin lived. The Terror came because Czardom had been. A thousand years of history led the way to 1917. The Cheka was heir to the *agents provocateurs*. Bolshevism was bred out of the enormous crimes, the endless cruelties, the long centuries of oppression in the Russian Empire. The ghosts of those long trails of Siberian prisoners marching in chains to the mines, and of those who died on the way, haunted the living souls of men. Religious persecution, floggings and executions innumerable, the slashing of men and women by Cossack knouts in the streets of Moscow and St. Petersburg, the shooting down of defenseless peasants presenting a petition to the "Little Father," could not be blotted out of the book of fate. The walls of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of many prisons, told abominable tales—students and young girls, intellectual men, the noblest minds, driven to madness and suicide for no other crime than a belief in liberty such as England had. The revolution with all its horrors had been dictated by Destiny.

THE TERROR

Yet no human mind will ever grasp the enormous sum of human suffering which happened in Russia during the revolution and the years that followed war. At first there was that Terror when the Bolsheviks struck down all those who, by blood or faith, were hostile to their purpose. It was not only the aristocrats who were executed in batches or butchered in provincial towns. Vast numbers of them had escaped under the Kerensky régime, when they had their warning. It was the bourgeoisie who suffered the most frightful degradations be-

cause those who stayed too long were caught without chance of escape and it was their class which Lenin and his crowd set out to destroy. The counter-revolutionary armies advancing into the heart of Russia left behind them in their retreats thousands of people who had supported them and then were denounced as enemies of the Soviet Republic. They were dealt with by the Cheka and the counter-revolutionary tribunals. Fear, no doubt, was the origin of the tides of cruelty that swept through Russia and made many victims. The Government in Moscow and its agents everywhere were afraid of plots against them. They had reason to be afraid. They knew their own insecurity. Not yet had they converted the mass of the population to the creed of Communism. They could only save themselves by a network of espionage, by utter ruthlessness against political enemies of whatever class—peasants and mechanics as well as bourgeois and aristocrats. They were ruthless. The civil prisoners I saw in Moscow now and then being taken through the streets by Red soldiers were not men of noble rank. They were haggard-looking workmen and ill-clad boys.

In order to establish Communism it was necessary to weed out its secret enemies. They were weeded out. There were spies everywhere. Young Communists betrayed their fellow students for ridiculing Karl Marx or for speaking disrespectfully of Lenin, as now in Italy it is a crime to speak disrespectfully of Mussolini. Professors were betrayed by other students for giving a bourgeois interpretation of history or economics. For a long time there lingered groups of the old régime, sons and daughters of the rich classes, counter-revolutionary people who were suspected of conspiring against the Soviet system or of not liking it. . . . The prisons were never empty. The executions went on. The Revolution was in danger. The agony of Russia went on.

THE MIND OF LENIN

In the Kremlin of Moscow Lenin sat thinking. That little bearded, slant-eyed man had nothing much to do with executions and arrests and police work. That was the work of the Cheka and the Minister of Justice. He approved of their severity, but had other things to think about. He was arranging a new order of human society. He was tearing up the history of mankind and starting afresh. His mission in life, he believed, was to teach people to think differently, and in Russia one hundred and forty-nine million people had never been taught to think at all. How could he get his ideas into their heads? How could he build up an intelligent proletariat of industrial workers, freed from their old superstitions, missionaries of his own faith, enemies of capital, caste, and religion? He had abolished capital in Russia. He had abolished caste. But religion still existed in the minds of the peasants. His own colleagues were talking nonsense, mostly. They were great phrase-makers. They talked and talked. They did very little. It was that great mass of peasants which seemed to thwart Lenin at every turn—the great, selfish, individualistic, ignorant, superstitious mass of people with their noses to the earth. How could he deal with them? They refused to give up their grain to feed the cities, and his rationing system was breaking down. The workers were leaving the factories for lack of food. They were not producing boots or clothes or machines. It was difficult to get raw material. How could one get raw material without capital? asked Lenin. That was the problem. If there had been a world revolution there would have been a free exchange. That was the whole idea. Otherwise Russia was shut up in a kind of fortress, exiled from the rest of the world. And world revolution wasn't working. Lenin had no illusions about that now. Old Radek, with his flat face and his red beard, sitting like a spider in the Kremlin, as once I saw him, weav-

ing his web of propaganda across the world, still hoped for revolution in Berlin, London, Paris. There wasn't much time to waste. Tchicherin in the Foreign Office, cooking his own food in little saucepans, suffering from indigestion, carrying his papers to his typists, was conducting correspondence with foreign governments, proving their diplomatic fallacies, answering their insults with cold irony. A remarkable man, Tchicherin, with the austerity of an ascetic and the manners of a noble of the old class, and an abstract intelligence which even Lenin found was very freezing. But Russia would not be saved by diplomatic correspondence with Lord Curzon and others. Perhaps Russia could not be saved for Communism. There was a famine on the Volga after two droughts. The reserves of grain had been commandeered to feed the Red army. Food was getting scarce even in Moscow. Lenin's great scheme for educating the people, teaching them at least to read and write, had broken down, because there was no fuel in the schools and half-rations for the teachers, and no books and no paper and no pencils for the children, and now perhaps no food. Even in the Universities the students had no materials for their studies, and the poor old professors were half starved. After war and revolution—and, now that famine on the Volga, creeping closer—the system of Communism didn't work. It had broken down. Everything had broken down, including railways and workshops. Perhaps even Lenin's mind had broken down. In the Kremlin he saw the failure of all that he had tried to do.

THE N. E. P.

It was in the autumn of 1921, while I was in Russia, that the Soviet Republic announced its New Economic Laws reëstablishing the right of private trading, and to some extent, not clearly defined, of private property.

Lenin was the author and interpreter of this new policy, and

on October 19th the official newspapers reported a speech (of which I obtained a full copy) giving his explanation and apology for this revolution of ideas. It was an amazing document expressed with an almost brutal candor.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that we have suffered a terrible defeat on the economic front. Let us retreat and rebuild everything in a new way!"

He admitted that owing to the hostility and ignorance of the peasants, who resisted the requisition of their foodstuffs, and the failure of world revolution, which prevented any international trade with Russia, industry had disintegrated, factories were abandoned, transport had broken down, and the system of rationing which had been put in force in the cities could no longer be maintained. He confessed the ghastly mistake of trying to force complete communism on a people not ready for it, because in their ignorance and illiteracy they had not even reached the proletariat stage, and he spoke bitter words about the idealism, the chatter, the phrases which took the place of action and efficiency.

"We must turn our backs on phrase-making and show actual results in restoring Russia to health, or the people will say, 'You talk and do nothing. Go to the devil!'"

Then he spoke words which were afterward suppressed in the reprinted speech of which I had the full text.

"If we fail now," he said, "if we work badly—we shall all go to the devil. They will hang the lot of us—and do splendidly. They ought to hang us if we fail to save them!" Extraordinary man!

It was at this time of transition from the rigid laws of Communism to the New Economic Policy that I went to Russia and saw how people were living, and dying, there under the Soviet régime. My mission was to find out the truth about the famine on the Volga—people in England were not sure there was a famine, for no one could believe any news that came

from Riga—but I wanted to find out the truth about Communism itself, and the ideas that were working in the minds of its leaders, and the general life of the people.

THE CITY OF MOSCOW

I went first to Moscow, and saw that fantastic city—like a painted backcloth in a Russian ballet—with its golden pear-shaped domes and fan-shaped battlements under a steel-blue sky. With its dilapidated houses, many of them wrecked by gun-fire in the first days of the revolution and not yet repaired, it had a melancholy, poverty-stricken look. But its people were not starving, though none of them had enough to eat, they told me. There were well-dressed people in the streets, the *commissar* and official class. At least they had good boots and looked warmly clad, though shabby. The peasants, dragging sledges over the cobblestones and the ruts, were in heavy sheepskins and were not haggard. When the American Relief Administration opened its first soup kitchen in the famous old restaurant, "The Hermitage," where once Grand dukes had given banquets to their ladies, thousands of children came to be fed, but on the whole they were not famine-stricken, only underfed and uncertain of the next day's meal.

There is a Russian proverb, "All things roll down to Moscow," and before I left that country after traveling a great distance and seeing indescribable tragedy, I realized that here, at the seat of government, things were not so bad as elsewhere, though bad enough. The old bourgeoisie had been effaced, but a new middle class of *commissars*, clerks, officials of all kinds, was taking its place, getting first call on food, clothes, and other elementary necessities of life which were not yet enough to go round elsewhere. The new proletariat was getting all the favors if it was loyal to the régime. And the rigid laws of Communism were being relaxed. I saw the first restaurants open in Moscow, the first shops. The markets opened, and

trading was allowed again. People were being paid in money instead of by tickets which they had presented at the window of a Government store for goods which weren't there.

It had never worked, that absolute severity of Communism which prohibited all private trading. Every person to whom I talked told me that he had only been kept alive by secret barter which he called by the name of "speculation." Most of them had gone to prison for it at one time or another, but it was the only way to get extra food and a few comforts. Women who had a trinket, or a muff, or a fur coat, or an underpetticoat, or an extra pair of shoes, sold them in return for butter or potatoes, and they exchanged part of that supply for other things they needed—fuel, boots, candles. Men sneaked out into the country and sold things direct to the peasants, who were taken by the glitter of a ring or the gold of an ikon, and parted with their grain or meat or butter. This New Economic Law, allowing private property and open trading, lifted an enormous weight from the spirit of the people. Life had become more human, they told me. Human nature itself had revolted against the rationing system.

SURVIVORS OF THE OLD RÉGIME

I went into the Trubnaya market in Moscow and wandered among the booths. The narrow lanes between them were crowded by peasants, Red soldiers, and Soviet clerks. And out of the cellars and basement rooms and attics and tenements into which they had been pushed, there had come men and women of the old régime to sell some of the little treasures they had saved out of their ruin. This new liberty allowed them to do so openly, whereas, before, they had risked imprisonment and perhaps death itself if they were caught at the game. I could detect them easily as they stood among rows of hawkers. Their hands were begrimed—there was no soap in Russia—their boots had worn out, they were shabby

in pre-revolution clothes, but one could see at a glance that they did not belong to the peasantry or the "proletariat." They were frightened even now. These women of the old régime looked scared as they held out their wares for the inspection of Red soldiers and the wives of Soviet officials—old clothes and furs, little things of silver and gold, trinkets, shawls, knick-knacks of all kinds, and, I remember, a pair of baby's shoes.

When I spoke to one of these women in French, she became very pale and the little tray in her hand trembled. To each question I asked, gently enough, with sympathy, she replied in French, "I do not know." Then she whispered to me, "How did you know I spoke French?"

"I guessed," I told her.

"Please do not speak to me," she pleaded. "It is dangerous."

When I passed her again next day, she would not look at me. She was very much afraid because of the Terror which had been lifted for a time. It might come back for people of her class.

I met other people of her class, and heard their stories, which were pitiful. On the whole they showed great courage and a wonderful spirit of resignation, with some pride in their suffering, like soldiers in the front-line trenches.

I found such pride in a girl belonging to one of the noblest families in Russia, who, after escaping from the Bolsheviks, came back again to "see it through" with her people.

They were living, as I found them, in two rooms, divided from the public passage by an old curtain. There they had been since the Soviet officials had taken their big house and all that it held, with their jewels and pictures and treasures of every kind.

The father wept a little when he showed me the wretched room where he slept, the size of a small bathroom, heaped up with logs which he used for fuel with anxious economy. He had been a great diplomat in Paris in the old days. Now he

brushed the tears away and shrugged his shoulders and spoke the word "Courage!" as though to his own soul. The mother's hands were toil-worn like a peasant woman's. When the two girls went to visit an English friend, they took turns because they had to share a pair of boots. "We live like gypsies, you see," said the elder girl, and she laughed.

It took some courage to laugh for those people who had known all the comforts of life, and even too much luxury. They had not been hardened to the rough ways of life. Now they were hardened, and some of these ladies of the old régime had taken on the appearance as well as the clothes of the women of the people.

In an apartment house of Moscow, filled with groups of intellectuals—professors, students, girl clerks, and so on—I met another lady of the old caste. She was lying ill in bed, but received me very graciously and asked me which of five languages I would like to speak. I chose French, and toward the end of a conversation in which I learned all the tragedy of her life, and guessed at all her courage during the years of Terror, I asked how much she earned and just how she lived now that things had changed. She earned a bare living by teaching her five languages. She said, "I live on bread and tea, bread and tea, bread and tea!" But in spite of this threefold repetition, spoken gayly, I could see that she would not live very long.

She was wonderfully brave in her philosophy, and told me that hardship had done good to the younger people of Russia —those of the old régime who had been too luxurious and too soft.

"Now," she said, "they have learned how to work and how to suffer. It is by suffering that one learns most."

I did not agree with this dying lady. The suffering had been too great, the sacrifice too frightful.

LENINGRAD

People of the old class were suffering most in Petrograd, or Leningrad, as it is now called. That city, grim but magnificent as I saw it under heavy snow, had a sinister and tragic look. During the war its population had been over three million. Now when I walked along the Nevsky Prospect (where all the shops but six or seven were barricaded with wooden planks) there were, I was told, less than three-quarters of a million people in this great city. Its palaces and picture-galleries, great mansions and offices, wide and splendid streets, cathedrals and churches, all crowned and gleaming under snow, were mainly deserted and unlighted. Here and there groups of those who had been government officials, rich merchants, factory owners, were shoveling snow in the streets, or dragging loads of wood on sledges over slippery roads. They wore bowler hats, black coats with ragged collars of astrakhan, the clothes of a genteel world that had gone down into the great gulfs of ruin. At every street corner were men and women selling cigarettes or sunflower seeds, which Russians eat, and outside the station I bought some cigarettes from a woman who stood there in the snow lightly clad, though the cold was intense. She had been a great lady. Her hands were dirty, and as thin as claws. She was dying, as I could see, and wept when I spoke to her. She belonged to a class which had been doomed. It exists no longer in Russia.

In this city of Leningrad, which was once Petrograd, I walked up the stairs of a place called the International Hotel, once the Angleterre, and then used as a billeting house for foreigners because there were no ordinary hotels. On a notice board in the hall were some words in Russian and German:

"We are establishing another and a new world. Those who were nothing are now everything."

But it happened that just before reading them I had come from a place in the city called the Refugees Camp. They were refugees from that famine which I had come to see and had not yet seen. They were the advance guard of legions of homeless people whom afterward I saw moving through Russia, crowding the railway stations, camping on the river banks, living in cattle trucks, on the long trail from the region of hunger. In Leningrad they had hoped to get rest and food. It was the end of the journey on which their hopes had been set as on a Promised Land for which they had struggled over thousands of versts, for which many had died on the way.

I went among those who had recently arrived. They were in the old barracks of the city. There was no heat there, though it was twenty degrees below zero (Centigrade) outside. There was only the heat of human bodies, lying close to each other on bare boards in the frightful stench of this exhalation of fever-stricken, unwashed, vermin-haunted men and women and children. I saw them lining up for their meals, thin potato soup and a bit of bread, and some of them could hardly stand, but leaned weakly against the walls while waiting. Others did not have the strength to stand, but lay listless among their sheepskins, with the look of death.

A door was opened in a yard through which I passed. "Two days' dead," said a man. I looked into a room used as a morgue. There was a pile of bodies there, of men, women, and children, flung one on top of the other like rubbish for the heap. *Those who were nothing are now everything!*

And yet I heard laughter, gay voices now and then, even in Leningrad. I remember hearing the chatter of young people coming back through the snow from the Marinsky Theater. Youth refused to be despondent, even in Russia, even at this time, when things were worst. The immortal spirit of youth made the best of the worst. And the Soviet Government was

on the side of youth, with the intention of molding their minds, converting them to this new creed, making missionaries of them in this new faith which denied all the past and all the heritage of civilization before the war. They were given privileges denied to old age. They were given music and art and drama, even when bread was short.

The opera was very brilliant in Leningrad, some distance from that Refugees Camp. I went to the Marinsky Theater and heard "Carmen." It was marvelously staged, admirably sung, and there was a packed audience of young Trade Unionists on free tickets, but as everyone in Russia had to belong to a Trade Union or die, it did not specify their character very closely. I think most of them were of the clerical and student class, with a few mechanics. In the Imperial box with its eagles covered under the Red Flag, sat a group of workmen from some factory with their wives, and between the acts in the magnificent foyer, once thronged with dazzling crowds with decorations and jewels, there was now a procession of young people who looked as though they belonged to the lower middle class, as we should say on the Surrey side of London.

A young Jew spoke to me in English.

"Has there been a revolution in England?" he asked. "Are people starving over there?"

In Moscow I saw the anniversary celebration of the revolution in the Opera House, which was filled to the last seat. Lunarcharsky, the Minister of Education, made a long speech which I did not understand until parts of it were interpreted to me. He spoke of the priceless gift of liberty, which the revolution had brought to the Russian people. He said nothing about that famine on the Volga. Isadore Duncan danced for an hour or more in a dramatic pantomime of a slave, nearly naked, breaking her chains and struggling for the freedom which came at last with ecstasy. Some Russians near me

laughed at her. They thought her style of dancing was frightful. And others asked me in French and German what was happening in Europe. They knew nothing of the outside world. They were like people on a desert island cut off from the rest of mankind. They only knew what was told them in the newspapers, which of course were censored.

THE DREAM AND THE REALITY

Gradually, from people here and there in Moscow, I learned their way of life. Only for those of the old régime was it quite intolerable. For the young, for students and artists, for those who believed in Communism, for its officials and leaders, there was not enough to eat, but almost enough, and there was anyhow a little hope ahead. Lenin's New Economic Policy would make things better, they told me. On paper there were wonderful schemes for making a new world. Russia would be electrified and mechanized. Illiteracy would be stamped out. The production of industry would be intensified. The standard of living would be raised for everyone. But it was only on paper, and meanwhile that famine on the Volga was creeping closer, and food was getting scarcer, even in Moscow. Those "damned peasants" everywhere, I was told, had made trouble since the beginning of the revolution.

That was true. The peasants, who numbered more than 85 per cent of the population, resisted the decrees of the Soviet State and for a time were not touched by Communism. They had more land, though not much more, because when the great estates were broken up they did not go very far among millions of peasants. On the whole, they were satisfied with their tenure. The law abolishing private property never touched their houses or their furniture or their agricultural implements. It was only when the Soviet Government tried to interfere and sent down their tax-collectors that they turned sullen. When

the system of rationing in the cities was adopted and Red soldiers came down to the country districts to requisition the peasants' grain and potatoes, they asked each other a simple and terrible question:

"What is the use of sowing our fields for the Government to gather in the harvest? We will not sow more than we can use or hide."

And the fields were undersown, so that when the drought came the dearth was greater than it need have been, and the cities began to starve and the Red army went on short rations. It was to feed the Red army that the Government raided the grain reserves, and again, when the famine came, there was nothing to tide over the lean months.

"Those peasants," Tchicherin told me, "are great hagglers."

He knew very little about the famine, he said. It was outside his department. He talked to me about Lord Curzon, who annoyed him greatly. He was anxious to obtain the recognition of the Soviet Republic by Great Britain. He was prepared to acknowledge the Russian debt—theoretically—in return for this.

For an hour or more I talked to him in a mean little room in the Foreign Office where he cooked his own food. He was polite, cold, intelligent, thoughtful. In a black suit he looked a typical civil servant or diplomat. It was impossible to believe that he was a bloodthirsty maniac responsible for the atrocities of the Terror. I imagine that, like his other colleagues, and Lenin himself, he had left that butcher's work to butchers. He had turned his mind away from that side of the picture, as English generals ignored the casualties which were the inevitable result of battles, while they pored over their maps and prepared new attacks. Tchicherin was interested only in the theoretical side of Communism and its influence upon the mentality of other peoples.

IN THE KREMLIN

So it was with Radek, the chief of propaganda, whom I saw in the Kremlin when I penetrated at last into that walled city of churches and palaces and barracks, where I was arrested three times by guards before they were satisfied with my credentials.

On my way to Radek's room I saw into other rooms as their doors opened and shut. From one of them came an ugly, short-haired girl who poured out some tea-leaves from a teapot into a waste-paper basket. In one room a black-bearded man was nursing a baby while his wife attended to the samovar. In other rooms men and girls were lounging about, smoking cigarettes and drinking tea. In one room a man was playing a concertina. It reminded me a little of the Fleet prison as Dickens described it.

Radek, like Tchicherin, knew very little about the famine. He sat there, smiling at me through horn-rimmed glasses, with big eyes in a flat face fringed by a reddish beard. He talked genially about England's Oriental possessions. Russia and Great Britain, he said, were the greatest Eastern Powers in the world. It was a pity, he thought, that they could not be more friendly to each other. At the moment, of course, Russia was doing everything possible to injure British interests in India, Persia, Afghanistan, and other countries. It was a state of war—by propaganda. Silly really, he thought. Now if Great Britain would recognize the Soviet régime. . . .

"Would you call back your missionaries of propaganda?" I asked.

Radek, who chose that name because it means "scoundrel" —it was his pleasant sense of humor—laughed good-naturedly and quoted Shakespeare.

"You may call up spirits from the vasty deep, but will they come? I would certainly call back my missionaries, but, as a

truthful man I must admit that some of them would not obey! This Communism, you see, is a religion. Our young men must preach its gospel. They are willing to die for it. Still, as far as my authority goes . . ."

He was anxious, like Tchicherin, to obtain "recognition" from England. He was ready to give certain pledges. Russia was willing to make very great concessions.

I wondered why, and later I knew. These people did not talk about the famine. But it haunted them. It was menacing the life of the Russian people. Communism might break down under its strain. They must get capital and all kinds of economic aid, to save the nation. Lenin had given orders to that effect. The enemies of Capital would make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness. At that time they were desperate to get political recognition because afterward they might get loans. It was at the time when the Great Powers might have united for the reconstruction of Russia upon certain strict conditions, such as the demobilization of the Red army and a retreat from the propaganda of world revolution, as on my way back from Russia I suggested to certain statesmen. The shadow of the famine crept into the minds of the Soviet chiefs and put a brooding look into their eyes, though Radek masked it behind his big round spectacles and laughed very cheerily. . . .

I went toward the Famine.

THE GREAT HUNGER

The American Relief Administration was already getting to work, and it was with Colonel Haskell, their chief in Russia, and some of his officers, that I went to Kazan on the edge of the famine district, and afterward took a boat down the Volga, and then a sledge to the starving villages. Without those Americans I could not have traveled or lived: I shared

their rations. I was billeted with them. They lent me an interpreter. I watched their gallant and noble work. It was in their company that I saw terrible things which afterward I reported to England and so helped to bring rescue which saved many stricken people—worth saving because of the beauty of childhood and the need of charity if there is any truth in the words of Christ.

There were twenty-five million people in that famine belt, not all starving, but threatened by starvation and already hungry. From many districts the peasants were trekking away from their barren fields, thousands and hundreds of thousands of them moving toward other districts where they hoped to find food. But there, too, the fields were barren and the people were on the hunger trail. The Government had taken trainloads to Siberia, but now had stopped the exodus. They were crowding on the last boats going up the Volga, but the ice was forming and the boat that I went on was the last to leave on the way down. In the villages the people who had stayed were blockaded by winter, whose approach they saw with terror because it barred the way of escape. Relief could only come to them now by sledge, and their horses were dying or dead for lack of fodder.

In Kazan there was no hunger visible at the first glance. The market, deep in mud between the booths, was stocked with food, like the markets of Samara and Saratoff. It was the produce of peasants who were selling their last cows and their last potatoes. In the opera house of Kazan night after night there was a crowded audience, with girls in neat frocks worn for five years or more, and Soviet officials and clerks who looked warmly clad and cheerful. They played "Madame Butterfly" and a Persian prima donna gave a great performance in "Carmen." But the opera company was half starved and invaded my billet, where I lodged with some of the American

officers, begging for food, as I have told elsewhere. . . . Out in the streets of Kazan, the capital of the Tartar Republic, were starving wanderers, and in the station lay the latest crowd of abandoned children.

CHILDREN OF MISERY

I remember two little figures I saw one day. For some reason they haunt my memory more than the others and they typify the tragedy of Russian childhood in those days of famine. It was a boy and girl, perhaps of six and eight years of age by the size of them. They were trudging along hand in hand, and their hands were like bird's claws. I could hardly see their faces under their fur caps and above the ragged sheepskins that fell in tatters about their wizened bodies, but presently, as they stared about them, I saw that they looked like an old man and woman at the end of life's tether. They sat down in a doorway and could go no farther.

"Abandoned children," said a man by my side, and I nodded.

There were hundreds of thousands of them in Russia at that time, and the misery of a peasant people who love their little ones may be reckoned by that frightful desertion. It was better to turn them out on the off chance that Soviet officials might find them and take them, than to keep them in cottages where there was no food. Others wandered away from dead or dying parents. In some districts the elder ones banded together and became like packs of young wolves, descending upon villages and demanding food, and terrorizing the inhabitants. They were swept by typhus and all kinds of diseases. They were dehumanized.

I saw many of those homes for abandoned children, but none worse than the large one in Kazan, where there were forty. The children arrived at this one at the rate of a hundred and sometimes two hundred a day, and although the director

of this home was a man of order, with sound ideas on sanitation, so that the children were washed and disinfected on arrival, all this method was overwhelmed by the pressure of new arrivals and the lack of clothes.

They were all crawling with lice from which typhus was carried. Nothing the man could do, with his assistants, could destroy that plague of vermin which was the curse and terror of Russian life at this time. He told me as I passed not to touch the walls or doors, or the rags of the crowded children. In each large room the children squatted together, hunting vermin, scratching ceaselessly, or lying too weak and ill even for that effort, like bundles of rags dumped on the bare boards. Most of them bore the brand of hunger in their sunken faces and their wasted little bodies.

In another home the children were completely naked, their clothes having been burned because of their verminous state. They huddled together in long rooms, exactly like monkeys in some human "Zoo."

The hospitals in Kazan had no drugs, no anæsthetics, no bandages, no gauze, no soap. Their reserves had long been exhausted, as were all reserves in Russia. Owing to lack of fuel the patients were crowded together in unventilated rooms, and the stench into which I entered was worse than a battlefield with unburied dead. Those living were suffering from many diseases, including typhus and dysentery, but they huddled close to one another, so close that there were four in a bed in some of the wards, two sleeping one way up and two the other. Few of them had blankets or any bed covers, but lay in their old clothes, fever-stricken and wasted.

They were mostly women, old and young, with children among them, and they seemed to have no comfort of any kind except the fœtid warmth of these germ-infected rooms.

The nurses waiting on them seemed hardly more healthy.

I noticed their waxen faces and their look of languor. That morning they surrounded an American doctor and said: "We are starving! Help us to get bread. Our rations do not reach us, and we have to take the patients' food." They were like animals, the doctor said afterward, as he stood among them in a dark basement and saw their hands stretched out to him with fingers crooked as though to grasp the bread for which they clamored. To me these women looked like martyrs. After twenty minutes in those wards I wanted to escape, and felt like vomiting, but those young women, some of them belonging to the old class that had been degraded and destroyed, stayed in those pest-houses until they too—many of them—sickened and died.

DOWN THE VOLGA

After seeing these things I went on the last boat that could make its way down the Volga before the river was ice-bound. There were only four or five of us on board, but the ship was alive with other passengers—the vermin left by refugees. The cabins, the saloon, the wash-basins, the planks were crawling with insects. Beyond the river banks the flat, snow-covered fields stretched away endlessly. Here and there in the distance stood a cottage, black above the interminable whiteness. Here and there a gilded dome glittered in the frosty air. At the landing-stages a few peasants in sheepskins stood motionless, staring at our boat.

A man came on board at a landing-stage which goes up to a city called Spassk, famous in Russian history. He was a refugee from this town and a good-looking, intelligent pleasant-mannered fellow.

He sat in the saloon with me, drinking a cup of cocoa while some cases of food from the American Relief Administration were being unloaded. Presently he began to talk to me through

the interpreter, and there was a look of agony in his eyes when he told me of conditions in Spassk.

"The people are feeding on grass," he told me. "It is not very good to eat."

"Is there no other food?" I asked.

"There is the blue chalk from the hill of Bitajarsk, which ties one's bowels into knots."

"Have they no potatoes?"

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"On the barges are thirteen thousand *poods* of potatoes for the whole district. But they are rotting. We have no means of transport, and no food for the few horses that are left. . . . Go to Spassk if you want to see sadness. There is much typhus there—and no medicine. The people are dying in their houses. There is no hope for them."

After a day and a night on the boat we landed at a village about five versts from Tetiushi, the chief town of the district. The president of the State had sent a telegram from Kazan ordering a carriage with a pair of good horses for the use of myself and two companions and the interpreter. But from the landing-stage there was no sign of such means of travel. We climbed a steep hill, slippery with snow and mud, and walked into a town of wooden houses, past a great church of white-washed brick, with gilded crosses above pear-shaped domes. It seemed a dead place, though the guide-book told of six thousand people.

About the wooden booths of the marketplace a few peasants were standing in the mud, but I could see no buying or selling, and apart from some slabs of black bread there seemed no goods in the market. The streets were empty, except for a Red soldier or two, and here and there a Tartar-looking fellow driving an empty cart with a lean-ribbed horse. Through the little windows of the wooden houses pale faces stared out, mostly the white, wizened faces of sickly children. I had an

idea that this well-built town hid some plague within its walls, some secret horror.

Something of it was told to us by a man who spoke very softly, a dark man with black hair, unkempt and unshorn, with large melancholy eyes. He was the president of the canton, whom we found in his office with other officials of peasant or mechanic type like himself.

"The horses," he told us, would be ready "immediately," and we resigned ourselves to an hour's delay, knowing that Russian word *"Sechas."*

It was three hours before the horses came, and for the most of that time the peasant president of Tetiushi unveiled the tragedy of his people in the hundred villages or so which formed his commune. He answered my questions through the interpreter with a queer smiling shyness and slow soft speech, and the facts he told revealed not only the state of his own commune, but of thousands of communes in the territory of famine and its outer edges.

STARVING VILLAGES

There was a great hunger in all the villages. Some were worse than others. The people were feeding on hay, grass, and leaves, but now that the snow was falling and winter near, even grass and leaves would be hard to get. There was much typhus in the villages, and some cases of plague and cholera. There was no medicine for the sick. Many doctors had died. It was bad in many of his villages. He pointed again to the map and said: "These places are bad. I would like you to see them."

We had two pairs of horses and two low-wheeled carts, and I pay a tribute to the *isvostchiks* for their efforts to make up for lost time. They drove across the snow-fields like Roman charioteers, with wild cries to their horses, and we lurched and swayed at full gallop across ruts and ditches and hum-

mocks of snow, until we halted at a kind of stockade made of twisted willows, inclosing the village of Ludogovka.

One of the drivers dismounted and opened a big gate, and then we drove down a broad street with neat little houses made of logs and painted wood, with here and there a big farmhouse with its barns and courtyard surrounded by walls.

A girl stood at a well and stared at us. There was something in her look which made me wonder. She was not thin, for she had a broad, flat, peasant's face and was padded out with sheepskins. But she seemed to look at us out of dead eyes and never moved at all. No other being moved in the village, though again I saw white faces at the windows.

Presently we found two guides. They were Russian girls in charge of the food kitchen established by American relief and providing a meal a day for forty children in a village of three hundred or thereabouts. They were bright, sturdy lasses with bright, frank eyes, quick to smile, except when now and then they filled with tears as we went with them into peasant homes and saw what famine means in its torture-chambers.

We went with them into a cottage where a very old woman rose from her chair at our entry and then took up a small child, almost naked, from the floor. The old woman's wrinkled skin was tightly drawn about her bones, and the child in her arms was a little skeleton, still living, but with no more than a flicker of life.

It did not cry. It was the old woman who cried. It looked wearily out of a little waxen face. The old woman was the child's grandmother. The mother had died of typhus. The father had wept one night, and in the morning had gone away, abandoning his mother and child and home like a wild beast hunted by hunger.

The old woman lifted the rag from the child's body and showed its wasted limbs. She showed us her bowls and platters. They were all empty except for a handful of powdered

leaves in one wooden bowl. She had no food to feed the child. She cried out the name of God.

I asked some peasants, through my interpreter, whether they had any reserves of food, however small, to tide them over the winter.

One man in whose cottage I stood answered my question.

"I have twenty pounds of potatoes left," he said, "and I must give five to the Government to pay my tax, or go to prison. After that I have nothing for my wife and child. Last week my horse fell dead. There is no hope for us."

He stood tall and square, with his big peasant hand on the shoulder of a girl of ten years or so, who gazed at us gravely with big eyes in a little white face. She was the last child left to her parents out of a family of six, because five went away one day with trainloads of children on the track to Siberia, where the Government hoped to find food for them, though terrible stories were coming back about the death rate in those Siberian camps.

The father and mother had wept when their children went, but now they were glad, because they would have no food even for the girl who remained. The mother showed me some rotting cabbage leaves and spoke the Russian word for bread. Out of that refuse she would make something like bread.

In the yard of one of the cottages was a little black cow, and the wife of the owner told me that she had to provide three pounds of butter as a Government tax. She had scraped up two pounds, but next week the little cow would be killed because they could not feed it.

Even in the famine areas there were many people who somehow or other—I could never tell how—got almost enough to eat. A friend of mine, speaking to fifty peasant leaders gathered round him, said: "I have seen two girls dying of hunger

in this village. How is it that you let them die when you have enough food?"

For a long moment there was silence. Then an old farmer spoke:

"You people don't understand because you come from a country which has never seen famine. In Russia some must die that others may live."

And Kalinin, the peasant President of the Soviet Republic spoke the same thought when he addressed an assembly of peasants on the Volga and suddenly turned on one of them and asked his age.

"Fifty," said the man.

"Then you are old enough to die," said Kalinin, brutally. "The old must die that the young may live."

But it was the young who were dying most and first. It was visible and undeniable that many Russians were holding on to what they had with desperate selfishness, and would not share with anyone. One could not blame them. If they gave out of their secret hoard of potatoes to save a neighbor's family, their own children would die. In one village I entered beyond the Volga was the daughter of an Englishman who had married a Russian. She had a beautiful family of boys and girls who hovered about me with wondering eyes as a mysterious stranger from the great happy world without. There was food on the table, though I noticed the children were not allowed a bite. Still, there was food. And within a stone's-throw a peasant family lay dying of hunger which was master in every cottage but this. I did not ask the lady why she did not spare some of her food for her neighbors. I looked at her children, and understood.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR

In another cottage there was a peasant family sitting round a table—four young children, lapping a little milk and water

out of wooden platters, while their father sat by the stove and their mother was cleaning the room.

The father was a splendid-looking peasant, with a straw-colored beard and blue eyes, and that fine dignity which all these Russian peasants have. But he looked ill and starved and sad, and his children were thin and white, and there was a look of death in his wife's face.

He still had one cow, and it would have to be killed. After that he would have no way of buying bread, even this bread which they ate.

He held out his bread to me, and I took it and crumbled it a little. It was made of chopped straw and leaves and husks. The man had just been sick of typhus, and his stomach was not strong enough for bread like that. It made him ill again.

His little girl over there—a child with as beautiful a face as one of Raphael's angels—was being fed by the American relief, and she asked whether she could bring the food home to her father instead of eating it herself. There were men in the room who had tears in their eyes when this plea was made. It could not be permitted.

It was not in this village, but in another, called Lubimovka, that I saw people in the last gasp of hunger, just lying down to die.

"All the people here are starving, of course," said the headman of the village, "but some are worse than others. My turn will soon come, for I have to sell my cow, and after that we shall have no food."

Another man came in, the head of the local Soviet, in charge of Government rations, and local agent for American relief, providing meals for a few at least in a hunger-stricken village. He was a handsome man of middle age, with a long fair beard touching his leather jerkin, and with blue eyes like a Saxon, as many of these Russians look. He struck his breast

with a tragic gesture, as he spoke of the agony of the people, and then led us to a cottage near by.

There was no answer to the knock, and he opened the door and led us in. As long as I live I shall remember that room and its living death. No sound came from the people there as we entered, until there was a stirring of bodies among rags. A middle-aged man raised himself from a wooden bench. He was like Lazarus rising from the grave. He was a man with a reddish beard, so ragged that his clothes fell away from his naked body, showing his thigh-bones and arms and ribs.

There was no flesh on him, only yellow skin. He was bleeding from the mouth, and too weak to stand. His pale eyes were deep in their sockets, and his face was a skull.

Over the stove where people sleep in Russian cottages other bodies moved, and I saw a woman and a girl. They were lying together, face downward, and turned their heads to look at us. The woman moaned feebly, but the girl was quiet. They were both nearly dead, too weak to speak, with the gray look of death.

At the end of the room was another figure. It was a boy of eighteen or so, a handsome lad, with fine features and broad forehead. He sat in the window seat with a little smile about his lips, but nearly dead. He was so weak that he could not move nor turn his head nor lift his hand.

It was the Famine of Russia. . . . Twenty-five million people were menaced by this starvation. Between three million and four million of them died before rescue came. The Save the Children Fund, inspired by one of the world's saints named Eglantine Jebb, sent up a cry which was heard across the frontiers of hatred. There was still charity in human hearts. The British Imperial Relief Fund, for which I had gone out to Russia, contributed immense stores of food and medicines and helped to feed about four million Russians every day for a year. The Red Cross Mission under Dr. Nansen saved many

millions. The American Relief Organization under Colonel Haskell, commanding in Russia, did the greatest work of all, organizing transport, committees of Russian men and women, a magnificent effort of national charity, until at last they were feeding eleven million Russians every day.

THE NEW MATERIALISM

This world charity saved the Russian people outside as well as inside the famine area at a time when the whole nation was in its most desperate state after the breakdown of the Communistic system in its most rigid form, when its capital was exhausted, its industry disintegrated, and its vitality at its lowest ebb. Russia staggered slowly up from that disease-stricken state. Its leaders regained their confidence. They repaid world charity by new plots for world revolution. They reorganized their industrial system. They intensified production. They succeeded in establishing a general standard of living among the industrial population which was low but not intolerable. They allowed the peasants for a time to remain outside the rigid discipline of the Communist creed, so that many of them became prosperous in a small way. They attacked the mass mind of these peasants, and the individual mind of every boy and girl they could reach by a system of propaganda directed to the glorification of the Communistic ideal and the destruction of old moralities, traditions, and religious beliefs. They tried to abolish illiteracy and set up schools and classes for people of all ages, including, necessarily, every recruit to the Red army, so that they might read the gospel according to Karl Marx and little books giving the A B C of Communism in its interpretation of atheism, sexual freedom, biological laws, and world revolution.* They encouraged service to the State, abolition of vermin, elementary rules

* Illiteracy, however, is still widespread, as schools cannot be built fast enough for the growth of population.

of hygiene, industry for the good of the community, increased efficiency, obedience to the dictates of the Soviet leaders. By lectures, speeches, pictures, by broadcasting and cinematograph, by the missionary effort of thousands of men and women dedicated to these ideas, they penetrated the imagination of that mass of mentality which for centuries had been shut off from intellectual culture, and succeeded in breaking down at least the outer defenses of its spiritual traditions, its old ethical code, and its moral instincts. It prepared the way for a younger generation to whom the prerevolutionary world would have no meaning, and whose minds would be liberated from any sentiment attached to the past. They would be minds molded by Communism. They would be un-Christian, realistic, energetic, disbelieving in any future life, devoted to the material interests of this life, yet not coveting any reward beyond those provided by the state—food, clothes, education, the opportunity of developing their own talents, free love or marriage lasting as long as loyalty, art and music if they liked it, and absolute liberty of mind—provided they did not criticize the Soviet State, or revolt against its discipline, or refuse obedience to its dictates, or hanker after God. In Russia today there are many minds like that, although the mass of the peasants still resist this atheism.

DICTATORSHIP OF STALIN

The outside world, deeply ignorant of the situation in Russia, political as well as economic, was startled in 1929 by the downfall and exile of many leaders of the revolution, including Trotsky, who had organized the Red army in its victories over counter-revolutionary attacks on all sides. Stalin, a man of Oriental mind from Georgia, was in supreme power. Even Radek, that old chief of propaganda, with his big round eyes and flat face fringed by a ruddy beard, had been dismissed and sent into the wilds. What had happened? Was it the be-

ginning of the break-up so long prophesied by Russian exiles in Paris and London? Was it a move to the Right or to the Left? It was neither. It was a Palace revolution. It was the end of a duel between those two men—Stalin and Trotsky—for the control of the machine, and Stalin had won.

They had always hated each other, those two. When Lenin lay dying, he left a document addressed to his party in which he referred to this feud and recommended that Stalin should be dismissed from his post as Secretary of the Communist party, because he was too brutal in his methods. The advice was unheeded. Trotsky, vivacious, oratorical, vain, was sure of his power over the Red army. Had he not saved Russia from the Whites? Was he not cheered as the hero of Communism when he appeared in the Red Square of Moscow, as once I saw him from afar, above the heads of a dense crowd? He would leave Stalin to do the drudgery while he reviewed the troops and took all the glory. But Stalin bided his time. That heavy-jowled man had an Oriental patience and subtlety. He strengthened the Central Committee of the Communist party, the real rulers of Russia. He put his own friends into it. He disintegrated Trotsky's following by appointing his most powerful supporters to distant posts. He remained sullen and obstinate when Trotsky and others denounced him for departing from the pure gospel of Lenin by neglecting the interests of the proletariat and favoring the peasants, some of whom—the *Kulaki*—were getting rich again.

There seems to have been another cause of quarrel, though every Russian has a different version. Trotsky favored an intensive effort for world revolution. Like Lenin, he did not believe that strict Communism could be introduced into Russia unless other countries came into line. Stalin believed that Russia could stand alone and carry the thing through. The Trotskyites were rash enough to make public speeches ventilating their grievances, forcing this quarrel on to Stalin. He

retaliated by accusing them of heresy to the principles of the revolution and the party. Some of them—Rykoff, Bukharin, Tomsky—made their submission, but it was received coldly. Stalin felt himself strong enough to show the iron hand. He would be ruthless with these rebels as they had been ruthless with others, but he stopped short of having them shot in the back of the head. He sent them to unhealthy places, and neither the Red army nor the Cheka came to their rescue.

THE FIVE YEARS' PLAN

Stalin is now dictator of Russia, subject to the Central Committee of the Communist party, and to intrigues and jealousies and hatred and fears among those who control the political machine. They may get him one day. Meanwhile he is Russia's strong man, and the author of the Five Years' Plan which is now in progress. It is a plan to intensify the mechanization and production of Russian industry, and to complete the full program of Communism by forcing the peasants into collective farms, modernizing their methods, and increasing their agricultural output to the needs of the whole nation, and bringing them under the mental discipline of the Communist creed.

The production of iron is to be increased from three million to ten million tons by 1933. The output of coal and oil is to be doubled. The electrical power now available is to be trebled. The money to be spent on these vast efforts will be derived from taxation, and the profits of the Government monopoly of foreign trade, but in 1929 the latter source of revenue disappeared, owing to the suspension of grain export.

All authentic reports that come from Russia indicate that the industrial side of this program is by no means mythical. There is intense activity and industry, handicapped by lack of capital and the ignorance and inefficiency of the Russian workman. Factories are run with continuous shifts, night and day.

American experts, highly paid, are directing many new works in the mines and oil-fields. Young Russians, technically educated, not interested much, or at all, in theoretical politics, Marxian philosophy, or atheistical propaganda, are concentrating solely on such problems as those which interested Henry Ford—the cutting down of overhead charges, the economy of labor, the speeding up of production, the introduction of new machinery. The workmen are being paid at piece rates, with a guaranteed minimum, so that the skillful and industrious worker may earn more than his lazy or inefficient fellow—a departure, surely, from the "pure gospel" of Communism. The oil-wells at Baku, destroyed during the counter-revolutionary wars, have been reconstructed and make Russia the second oil-producing nation in the world. Buildings and plants are going up everywhere. State industry increased by 30 per cent in 1928-29, according to official reports, and the number of workmen employed by State industries amounts to over two and a half million.

ATTACK ON THE PEASANTS

But it is the land policy of the Five Years' Plan upon which the fate of Stalin and his colleagues now hangs, and perhaps also the fate of Russia itself. Those "damned peasants," as they were called by city Communists, "those hagglers," as Tchicherin called them, still remained outside the general scheme. Many of them, called *Kulaki*, had prospered under the New Economic Law permitting private property. At least they had three cows instead of one, radio in the kitchen, and other little luxuries. They saved money instead of drinking it away in vodka. They worked hard instead of talking in the village clubs. They raised good grain and resisted Government tax-collectors and resented Soviet inspection. Some of them were farmers in a big way, here and there. But on the

whole agriculture was not producing enough to feed the cities, or to provide grain for export to supply the Government with capital. The grain harvest of 1929 was given as something under seventy-three million tons, or nearly a million tons less than in 1928. At the end of 1929 there were food queues again in Moscow and Petrograd—even rationing cards, with a grim reminder of what I saw in the time of famine.

Stalin and his colleagues decided to get hold of those peasants and shake them up. It was the most important part of the Five Years' Plan. Industry could not be intensified without an immense speeding up of agricultural production. The first who would have to be shaken up and destroyed were those *Kulaki*, individualists to a man. There must be a new system, strictly communistic. All the peasants must be brought into collective farms, instead of niggling about on their small patches. These communized farms would be provided with tractors, up-to-date machinery of all kinds, or at least, if that was too expensive, with horses in common for their ploughs, with artificial manures, and with Soviet inspectors to see that they worked hard and got the most out of the earth.

They are forcing that plan upon the peasants now. Some of them, no doubt, like it—the younger crowd who prefer a Russian "Babbitry" to lonely toil, the lazy and vicious ones, jealous of those well-to-do *Kulaki*. Others do not seem to like it. The *Kulaki* themselves are not pleased with this new idea which robs them of all they had worked for. Some of them are destroying their cattle and horses rather than see them led away. Some of them are shooting the Soviet inspectors, several of whom are murdered week by week. Some of them are barricading themselves in their farmhouses and defying arrest, until their farmsteads are burned down over their heads by Red soldiers and less prosperous peasants. Meanwhile, large numbers of Soviet workers, fervent apostles of Communism,

and young men of energy and ability, are being sent from the factories to the villages to convert the peasants to collectivism. They are under the direction of a young Russian named Yakolov, who is reported to be a coming leader.

In January, 1930, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of Lenin's death, Stalin announced his intention of abandoning the New Economic Policy in the rural districts. Five million *Kulaki* were to be evicted from their land. Official reports from districts like the Donetz and Odessa announced that several hundreds of well-to-do peasants had already been dealt with. Some were arrested for transportation to far regions. Others were given three days' notice to hand over their cattle and agricultural machinery, which, with the land and stored grain, pass without compensation to the collective farms. In cases of resistance the military police had orders to deal with them ruthlessly. On January 25th twelve peasants were sentenced to death in the Ukraine for agitating against the rural policy and attempting to discredit Communism in the eyes of the masses. On February 6th the Soviet Government announced that ten peasants were sentenced to death at Rostoff on the Don for trying to wreck Soviet trains. Other executions were reported from other districts. Local soviets, hostile to the new policy, are dissolved by order of the Central Executive Committee. Red army officers are being trained "in the theory and practice of collective agriculture" and will be sent down to the country to break the resistance of the individualists.

This policy is enormously dangerous to the Soviet Government and the city workers. The farm-owning peasants, frightened by the possibility of accusation as *Kulaki*, are letting their fields go to rack and ruin. There are not enough tractors for the collective farms. Agricultural produce is becoming scarcer instead of increasing. There are not enough inspectors technically trained to manage the collective farms and insure disci-

pline. The hard-working peasant is being dragged down to the level of the lowest type.

A grave warning was issued at the beginning of 1930 by the German correspondent, Paul Scheffer, whom once I met in the Ruhr during the French occupation. He has been an observer in Russia for seven years, until recently he was expelled for his reports. In a remarkable article he was the first to reveal the crisis with which Russia was faced.

> "Here is the root of the whole matter: The men in the Kremlin say and repeat: 'We have strong nerves.' They hope to win through by going ruthlessly forward with their policy of socialization. But they have certainly misjudged Russian peasant nature. They did not anticipate that their policy would react so disastrously upon individual cultivation. They never dreamed that the task they took on would rise high above their heads."

The shadow of another Famine creeps over the Russian landscape. Are these people never to see the end of agony?

THE SPIRIT OF ANTICHRIST

There is one enemy—invisible, psychological, spiritual—against those who are working to create a new world of ideas in Russia by smashing every tradition of the past. That enemy is Christianity, which is still in the souls of the peasants. Immediately after the Revolution the young atheists of Communism declared war against it, at first by ridicule and contempt and by the persecution of priests, arrested and shot not—it was explained—for their religious teaching, but for counter-revolutionary propaganda. Starvation helped also. After the separation of Church and State, the provincial priests

were dependent upon their parishoners for support, and when that failed because of food shortage, their churches fell into decay and their bodies weakened and perished by hunger and disease. There were anti-religious processions in Moscow and Petrograd by young hooligans corrupted by elderly atheists. They dressed up as caricatures of ecclesiastics, swung censers before effigies of hideous "saints," upheld banners with blasphemous insults to Christ, and spat upon the Cross.

Carved into the wall above the shrine of the Iberian Virgin at the gate of Moscow, where even the Czar in the old days had to alight to pay his reverence, were the famous words, "Religion is the opiate of the people." The peasants ignored them. Men and women of the old régime turned their faces away from these demonstrations of the spirit of Antichrist. The *isvostchiks* who drove men in droskies under the archway doffed their caps as in the old days, though Red soldiers were on guard. Peasants crossed themselves, as they did in every cottage I entered where an ikon still hung in the corner of the room—with a portrait of Lenin on the other side! For a long time the leaders of atheism hesitated to make more open attacks on religion. They were afraid of those hundred and forty million peasants who still found some comfort for the miseries of life in their old faith. They did not want to rouse them to fury and a wild uprising. It was only gradually, year after year, that they advanced upon new attacks.

During the famine they demanded all the jewels from the ikons and sanctuaries, so that they might be sold to feed the people. The priests resisted—foolishly, I think—and more of them were arrested, and more shot. Later their enemies intensified their anti-religious propaganda by wireless and pictures. In the schools they broke down the religious instincts of young minds by courses of "biology" according to the new theories of mechanism, proving, to their own satisfaction, that the

human mind is no different from the animal mind, and that its behavior is caused by reflex actions to external stimuli. There is no soul. Therefore God is an illusion. Instincts need not be repressed because of imaginary sin. Spirituality is a mockery in the new psychology. . . .

After ten years of such teaching it would be marvelous if the younger generation in Russia had not lapsed from the religious orthodoxy of their parents. Even the younger peasants had been reached as recruits in the Red armies and by village lectures. Without priests, outside the locked doors of their churches, in a mental atmosphere of skepticism and atheism, even the peasant mind could be invaded at last.

DESTRUCTION OF CHURCHES

Perhaps it was this anti-religious propaganda which induced the Soviet Government to dare a general offensive against religion in 1929. Even now I believe that millions of those peasants cling to their belief in a supernatural life. The Russian people have always been instinctively religious, often fanatical, joining odd and fantastic sects, and, as one must admit, mingling a simple faith in God, a wonderful humility of soul, with many foolish forms of superstition. No tyranny, no cruelty, no martyrdom will ever kill the spiritual side of Russian character, and it is possible even now that the Soviet Government will be destroyed by this general attack on Christianity. But it began and goes on ruthlessly. It is part of Stalin's Five Years' Plan to enforce the full gospel of Russian Communism. It is officially announced in Russia that by the year 1933 in the whole area of the United Soviet Republics there must remain not one church, not one synagogue, not one mosque, not one sectarian religious house. The official figures state that since the beginning of last year more than two thousand churches have been closed. Speaking at Oxford on February 7, 1930, Kerensky,

once head of the Soviet Government, gave a detailed account of this religious persecution now in force.

"The Soviets of different towns compete in the figures of closed-down churches, burnt ikons, church bells melted down. In Petrograd some of the consecrated churches have been turned into 'Clubs of the Godless.' Usually the closed churches, synaogues, and mosques are being used as cinemas, theaters, hospitals, canteens, shops, and grain depots. Monasteries which existed for a time as 'labor communities' are turned into colonies for the homeless children or handed over to the collective farms. Desecrated relics are sent to anti-religious museums, and orders are issued that no houses shall be let or used as sectarian religious houses. In many towns the ringing of bells is forbidden."

There is a private as well as a public persecution. A workman in a factory who reveals any religious feeling or tolerance is reported and dismissed from his trade union, which is equivalent to a sentence of starvation. Any Red soldier, son of a peasant, who dares to cross himself or wear a crucifix under his shirt, is brought up before a military tribunal. This Five Years' Plan is to eradicate religion from Russia and to expel the spirit of Christ. If it succeeds, the kingdom of Antichrist will have come over a great part of the earth's territory, and the frontiers of faith in all parts of the world will be attacked.

In January of 1930 the Pope denounced this religious persecution in strong and solemn words, and in England many Anglican bishops united for the same purpose, much to the amusement, no doubt, of those fanatical atheists in Moscow who are regardless of such people and such protests.

I venture to prophesy that it will be on the rock of religion that the present leaders of Russia will dash themselves to pieces. For the human mind itself cannot do without some form of religion and will not be denied a spiritual conception of life

in the long run, despite the scepticism of the modern age and the challenge of materialism.

INTELLECTUAL BOLSHEVISM

There are human as well as inhuman ideas in the Communist creed and practice. Dr. Dillon in his remarkable book, *Russia of Today and Yesterday,* pays a tribute to the tolerance and the liberality with which the Central Soviet Republic allows its subordinate states in this union of Republics to have practical autonomy, to keep their own languages and local laws, unlike minorities under Italian, Czech, and Serbian rule.

Theoretically, anyhow, they have progressive views about the treatment of civil prisoners, in spite of political executions during the Terror, and their bloody ruthlessness with any enemies of the Soviet State. The Soviet penal code lays it down that "the measures adopted for the protection of society cannot have for their object the infliction of physical suffering or the humiliation of human dignity, neither is vengeance nor chastisement their aim."

Even on the subject of sex it is possible that love and loyalty between a man and a woman are powerful and binding still, despite the ease of divorce, which can be obtained for the price of a stamp. Human nature and its deepest instincts are not changed quickly, even by Soviet decrees, Even in Russia there are, no doubt, millions of men and women faithful to each other in wedlock, and there are certainly millions devoted to their children.

The position of women is very important in the Communistic idea. Lenin especially emphasized his need of women to take an active share in public life and work, and today they are doing so on equal terms with men. Attention is paid to their physical education and recreation. They are encouraged to take part in sports and games. "What we need," says Lunarcharsky, "are healthy women, collectivist women, ingenious women,

who will assist us to build up a new existence." It is among women that the Soviet Government finds its most ardent devotees, its most fervant missionaries.

Many ideas of the Soviet State have a strangely familiar ring about them. I seem to have read them in the works of Aldous Huxley, H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell, Theodore Dreiser, and a host of writers who now, in England and America, are in favor of easy divorce, companionate marriage, sex liberty, self-expression, the fulfillment of desire—and be hanged to discipline and Mother Grundy. Is it possible that Soviet Russia has only gone rather more quickly on the way to a new philosophy of life which is being taken more slowly, more cautiously, but nevertheless certainly by "advanced" thought in the old civilizations? Are we all on the road to Bolshevism? This is rather a startling thought. It is rather terrifying. I think it is true, in so far as these "intellectuals" have any influence over the mind of their age. In Russia they have been drastic, ruthless, violent in their abandonment of the old moralities, but the code of Christian ethics is being attacked all along the line, everywhere.

"Bolshevism," writes Dr. Dillon on the last page of his remarkable book, "is no ordinary historic event. It is one of the world-cathartic agencies to which we sometimes give the name of Fate, which appear at long intervals to consume the human tares and clear the ground for a new order of men and things. The Hebrews under Moses and Joshua, the Huns under Attila, the Mongols under Djinghis Khan, and the Bolshevists under Lenin, are all tarred with the same transcendental brush. Bolshevism takes its origin in the unplumbed depths of being. It is amoral and inexorable because transcendental. It has come, as Christianity came, not for peace, but for the sword, and its victims outnumber those of the most sanguinary wars. To me it seems the most driving force for good or evil in the world today. It is certainly stern reality, smelling perhaps of brim-

stone and sulphur, but with a mission on earth, *and a mission which will undoubtedly be fulfilled."*

That last sentence is a prohpecy, and makes one's soul feel cold, for if it is true the history of civilization will be torn up as Lenin tore it up, and there will be millions of victims and rivers of blood, and the agony of many people like that I saw in Russia. For the ideas of Communism are in deadly warfare with the social structure, the ethical traditions, and the religious faith—now weakening—of our Western civilization, and if that fails to defend itself it will perish as other civilizations have done before, and the transition to the next phase will be another martyrdom of man.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE UNVEILING OF WOMEN

SOMETHING has happened to womanhood since the war. It goes on happening. It is perhaps biological rather than conscious and deliberate. It is quite clearly a rejection of women's subordinate status to men, which was their place for many centuries, not only in the home, but out of it, and a claim to absolute equality in all affairs of life, intellectually, economically, and morally. Indeed, what is happening in some countries of the world is women's advance to leadership rather than mere equality, and this is most noticeable, I think, in English-speaking nations—the United States and the United Kingdom.

It is women's day out, and they look as though they intend to stay out for some considerable time. They have come out of *purdah*, which existed in England and other countries besides the East, although the Western women were not veiled about the face. But they were draped down to the feet by crinolines in the days of their great-grandmothers and by trailing skirts until the beginning of the World War. Now they show their knees beneath short kilts, staying short whatever the wail of the silk makers or the modistes, at least in daylight in spite of a hark back to frills and flounces after dark. Even in the East, where Mustapha Kemal rules, women are now unveiled, and this throwing away of clothes, this revealing of the feminine form, is symbolical of the emergence of women from all that jealous swathing of their bodies and souls in which men kept them.

WOMEN IN THE DAYS OF VICTORIA

They have come out from the back parlors where in Victorian times they stayed so much, darning their husbands' socks while these noble men were working for them (or playing billiards at the club), embroidering carpet slippers for their lords and masters, or those curious round smoking caps with tassels which my grandfather, and your great-grandfather, perhaps, felt it necessary to wear, Heaven knows why, when he smoked a cheroot after supper.

They have come out from little suburban houses where they had one baby after another until they were old and worn before their time, and where (if they belonged to the middle class as classes went in those days), their chief occupation was sewing baby clothes, or mending the knickerbockers of small boys, and their daily society was the company of the little drudge downstairs, and the little nursemaid upstairs, until the husband came home, not too pleased with his supper if the little drudge had not kept her eye on the oven, but if all went well, chatty and pleasant, with anecdotes about his colleagues, and the great world without, with perhaps an allusion now and then to the political situation—"old Gladstone believes in home rule for Ireland, my dear"—put very simply so that a wife might understand.

ON THE THRESHOLD

This *purdah* of women was strongest in the middle class of Victorian England and Bostonian America, which had inherited the Puritan tradition. In "society," as it was called, there was more liberty for women's intelligence, and the charming hostesses of the 'sixties and 'seventies discussed politics, literature, and life freely enough, though with a feminine point of view which did not alarm their whiskered admirers. There were New Women before Mrs. Pankhurst. There were blue

stockings before George Eliot. The wives of the landed gentry were sometimes a little coarse in their speech. Infidelity was not entirely unknown. But broadly speaking, women were sheltered and confined. Modesty was accounted their prevailing virtue. Their innocence was expected to be as complete as their ignorance. Many young girls entered into the bonds of matrimony without the slightest understanding of biological facts. Men worshiped their weakness, their timidity, their adorable dependence upon man's strength and chivalry, and if all that became a little boring, some men (though not so many as their descendants now insist) sought secret pleasure with poor frail women who had lost their virtue and therefore had no claims upon men's honor or respect, although it was the passion of men which had brought them to this state. In those days no respectable woman was allowed to drive alone in a hansom cab, though she might be seen in a four-wheeler without suspicion. It was exceedingly rash for any modest young female to be seen walking alone in London, and her reputation was utterly lost if she lingered in such a place as the Burlington Arcade with its alluring little shops. It was before the days of "This Freedom."

Something happened to womanhood just before the war, and it was alarming, and not nice, even to liberal-minded men. In England those women called "suffragettes" demanded the right to vote, among other ways of liberty, and pressed their demand with a violence that was very shocking. They tried to invade the House of Commons, in order to present petitions, and armies of police guarded the sacred precincts of those buildings where Members of Parliament shuddered at these feminine "alarums." The suffragettes dodged the police, fought with them, clung on to their belts and whistles, pleaded to be arrested by bashful Bobbies who hated to be rough with them —unless they happened to be factory girls—chained themselves to railings, broke innumerable plate-glass windows, screamed

down political orators, slapped the faces of Cabinet Ministers, and after being sentenced for disorderly behavior, starved themselves to the point of death until they were forcibly fed by prison doctors. I was in the midst of many of those scenes and had a good deal of sympathy with these women, admiring their courage, their humor, their indifference to ridicule and the coarse contempt of the crowds, and the brilliant eloquence with which many of them proclaimed their faith in women's right to political equality. But I was aware of something hysterical and dangerous in their passionate fanaticism.

Then the war came. The suffragettes were called to a different kind of adventure. They forgot their antagonism to men who had tried to thwart their demands for justice. They were glad now to do any kind of service for men who were going out to die, glad to scrub the floors of canteens where these young soldiers came for a cup of cocoa, glad to kneel down before them and unlace muddy boots when they came into hospitals on stretchers, glad to give them a little love when they came back on seven days' leave. Anything and everything for that manhood which was being killed, blinded, maimed and shell-shocked in the fighting lines.

The suffragettes were lost in this convulsion of civilization. They were never heard of again. During the war women gained all the liberties. They came out of *purdah* everywhere, except in the East. They stepped out of their trailing skirts into breeches and gaiters if they were land girls in England, milking cows, doing the work of the farms and fields while the men were away.

UNDER FIRE

Girls who had lived in the sheltered homes of England—in country rectories where they had taught in Sunday schools, in suburban houses where they had read sentimental novelettes and wondered what life meant, in slum dwellings where they

had helped to mind the babies or dodge the blows of drunken fathers or made clothes for West End firms at sweated rates—were called out of their old habits of life to work for England, which needed women's labor in all kinds of ways, now that millions of men were wanted as gun fodder. There was nothing, or very little, that women couldn't do, and didn't do, while the men were away. They drove ambulances and lorries and farm carts. They went into factories and handled high explosives and made the shells and stuffed them with that stuff which was going to blow other men to bits. They cultivated the fields and looked after cattle and horses. They were bus conductors and railway porters. They were postwomen and sorters and packers. They learned to handle machines, however dangerous. They harvested the crops. They went out to France in a variety of uniforms and were clerks at headquarters, and nurses, and canteen workers.

They were not in the trenches. The men did most of the dying. But they proved now and then that the courage of women is not less than that of men when there is death about. At the beginning of the war I was with an ambulance column for a little while which was led by a girl who had come from an old English family whose sons were in the fighting line. She drove her ambulance into the zone of fire, picked up wounded men on the battlefields, injected them with morphia when they groaned in agony, and was more careless of shell-fire than some of the men who went with her. There were others like her, taking great risks, with a cool nerve, contemptuous of danger.

In Abbeville there was a battalion of girls called "Waacs"—Women's Auxiliary Aid Corps. They wore khaki like their brothers, but with skirts above their leggings. Abbeville wasn't a healthy place at times. The Germans had a grudge against it and visited it with their bombing planes. I happened to be there one night when they were *strafing* it heavily, and when

German aviators flew low and used their machine-guns as well as high explosive bombs. They smashed up many houses and billets, and the "Waacs" were marched out of their quarters to some trenches which had been dug in the fields around. They marched out with good discipline, like trained soldiers, and six were killed, and the others carried on without a wail.

SOMETHING NEWER THAN COURAGE

In London, even, and other English towns, the women had to stand under air raids which weren't pleasant. Girls who in the old days would have screamed at a mouse, listened to the shattering explosions of German air-bombs, and kept a little smile about their lips, and said, "Bad miss, brother Boche!" when the ceiling above their heads lost some of its plaster but didn't bury them. Oh, they were frightened all right, I have no doubt. There were mothers whose nerves went to pieces in these raids. But they carried their babies down to the cellars and kept them quiet until the "All Clear" sounded. I saw the courage of the women of France. In bombarded towns, in shell-broken villages, along the roads where they retreated from the flame of war not far behind them. They were as brave as the men, and sometimes braver, as in cases I could tell.

But the revelation of women's courage is not new in history. What was new, what has caused a complete change in their character and destiny, is the liberation of womanhood, in many countries, during the war, from the social restrictions, the mental confinement, and the moral boundaries within which they were kept very strictly for a time by the Puritan tradition. The war smashed their sheltered lives. It broke down their own frontiers of thought. It brought them out of back parlors and walled gardens into a world which was being ravaged by death, by ruin, and by an earthquake, under the very foundations of civilization. Before they were done with

in that war, many of them had departed from all the traditions of their previous life and from centuries of history that had kept womanhood behind the window blinds. They were out and away in "this new freedom."

How could it be otherwise? They saw the youth of the world being slaughtered, and their own desires of joy thwarted, unless they were quick to make friends with the boys home on leave between one battle and another. They were quick to make friends, many of them. There was nothing they could refuse that young manhood, so largely doomed. They refused nothing, many of them. They had strange love-affairs in some of those warring countries within sound of the guns, in towns through which their armies were retreating before the enemy's advance, in villages behind the lines, where soldiers of other nations, English, Scots, Irish, Americans, Australians, Canadians, Czechs and Poles, and Austrians and Russians, and all the human tribes in this upheaval of the human ant-heap were billeted awhile, and even with Germans occupying their land and killing their men. The passion of sex was as strong as the passion of hate, and men who had been living an ape life in filthy ditches greatly needed the love of women—any woman with kind eyes—when they had a respite behind the lines. Women in many hospitals saw the bloody agony of men, the stark and stripped ugliness of wounds and mutilated bodies. Modesty, timidity, the old *purdah*, had no meaning then. Life was unveiled. In canteens and estaminets, down at the base, women sat at little tables with the men who were going to die. They talked over bottles of cheap wine, with cigarette smoke curling between them, with no masks on their faces.

"What does it all mean, this war?" they asked. "Is it going on forever? Are any of us going to get through it? Where is God? What were we all doing before the war, to be caught like this?" . . .

And while they talked, looking into one another's eyes, plan-

ning to get to some place where they could lie in each other's arms, or steal a fugitive kiss out of the gaze of battalions trudging through the mud outside, there was a smiling skeleton at the little feast—Death itself—who whispered to them:

"Hurry up, you two. You mustn't keep me waiting. I want this boy. Drink up that wine and get on with love. Don't you know there's a war on?"

In Paris, London, Berlin, Brussels, pretty ladies and poor drabs—caste made no difference now—clung to the men who were going to the Front, held them tight awhile, and kept back their tears till the train started. And everywhere in this world of war the women who were left alone, who had not even had a fugitive love, who were working in munition factories or in the fields, or staying quietly at home, talked and thought and listened and wondered, asking the same questions. "What does it all mean, this war? Is it going on forever? What were we doing before the war to get caught like this? Where is God?" . . . And other questions, such as, "What is life? Where do I come in? What are we to believe? Haven't we all been duped and tricked by lies and falsities? What share have we women had in this hatred and terror? What are we going to do with ourselves—if the war goes on forever and all the boys are killed?"

The war didn't go on forever. It ended suddenly. Men came home again. There was peace. But those girls didn't go back to where they had been before, behind the window blinds, into the back parlors, into the old *purdah* of Victorian proprieties and charming innocence and timid defenselessness. They had learned to do the jobs of men. They held on to many of them. They had learned to talk the language of men, about war and death and the stark realities. They went on talking like that. They had crossed the great gulf between pre-war mentality and the post-war mind, and the bridges are broken. They are out and away.

Little sisters who were in the nurseries during the war are now grown up. Some of them are the mothers of babes. But they, too, have inherited "this freedom," this post-war mentality. They have jumped even farther than their elder sisters, away from authority, and the limitations of femininity and the old timidities. They face life with wide-open eyes. Down all the streets of civilization they come striding in their knee-short frocks, heads up, unafraid, keen, beautiful, vital. It is their day out in history. It is their world. They set the pace.

This post-war world, at least in the Western nations, acknowledges the social supremacy of women. One sees that in a thousand ways. In every great city the pageant of the shops is designed for them. Behind the plate-glass windows the show is an exhibition of their frocks and underclothing and silk stockings—everything they need for their beauty and their bodies, their pastimes and their playthings. The Press, which formerly ignored their interests and activities, devotes most of its pages to their ways of life and thought. Womanhood is in the news. All its problems and frivolities are discussed, analyzed, and revealed. An earthquake in China gets a paragraph or two, but there is half a page on "how to keep slim."

The Press photographers take innumerable pictures of the seaside girl, the Lido lady, girls swimming, girls running, girls jumping, girls rowing. Many magazines and newspapers make their profits out of advertisements for women, appealing to their vanity, their cult of health and beauty, their fears of falling hair, poisoned teeth, indigestion and bad breath, their love of pretty things for bedrooms, bathrooms, and boudoirs, their labor-saving devices, and all that they need, fancy or desire, in every class of life.

It is the mind of the modern woman which dominates the playhouse and the cinema and dictates the entertainment or the art which comes to the stage or the screen. At least

every theatrical manager and those strange people—scenario writers and producers—who sit chewing cigars and thinking out the next "talkie" regard their audience as mainly feminine. "Will that fetch the women, do you think? Where's the sex appeal? . . . There's nothing for the girls in that." They were amazed at the success of "Journey's End"—a play without a single girl. A lot of men in a dirty dugout! They forgot that women still acknowledge the existence of men and like to know how they live and die, now and then. They underestimate the intelligence of these modern girls, and their insatiable curiosity about life, however crude and stark.

"Women's place is in the home," says the old-fashioned man, afraid of this new phase of womanhood. The modern woman agrees with a little smile about her lips. Yes, she likes a home between bedtime and breakfast, but not all the time, and not as a prisoner or a drudge. In England now, where there are two million more women than men—a very desperate problem leading to many hidden tragedies—young women are no longer content to stay at home and help mamma with a little dusting, a little cooking, while in their leisure hours—too long—they listen to the wireless or read innumerable novels, or (if they belong to that kind of class) do a round of golf on the local links or play a game of tennis with two girl friends and a curate, without a decent-looking boy on the far horizon who might offer them the chance of another kind of home. It's not good enough. It leads to nerves and tempers and despairs. Far better learn shorthand and typewriting and get a job in the City. In England now they are all learning shorthand and typewriting. They are all pushing their way into some kind of work to keep their brains alert and give them a purpose in life. Even girls belonging to rich families, or old families not so rich, who have no need to leave a pleasant home life where they have many little luxuries, hear this call to the working world.

"Sorry, father! I want to be on my own for a bit. I'll come down for week-ends."

They go into little hat shops, florist shops, city offices or big stores. They set up on their own in two rooms shared with a girl friend who knows how to poach an egg. They go round to little restaurants in Chelsea or Bloomsbury, where, after a meager meal, they sit with their elbows on the table and a cigarette in a long holder between their lips, talking and talking, and sometimes, but not so often, thinking and thinking. There is a young man they know who writes for the papers. There is another young man who is something in the City, but not much. They talk about Aldous Huxley's latest, and dear old Arnold Bennett's bleat about books, and that new novel by a woman novelist which has been banned by the silly old censor. They read little books about biology, the atom, psychology, science, and religion. They want to know. They're terribly keen to know, though it's all very difficult. And they would like to get experience of love and life, though it's just a little dangerous. Women's place is in the home. Certainly, but what kind of home, and what kind of boy to share it?

THE WEAKER SEX NOW

They couldn't live in squalor, with two rooms and a baby and no place to put the perambulator. Things are so expensive nowadays, and marriage doesn't seem so easy as it used to be. It's a question of nerves, perhaps, and the need of women to have some interest in life beyond the gas stove in the kitchen and domestic drudgery.

They set the pace, some of these girls, and the boys can't keep up with them. Somehow, while the vitality of girlhood has been intensified—by healthy exercises, by fresh air and outdoor sports, by this sense of freedom, with open windows to the mind—the boys have become rather lackadaisical, without

the stamina of their fathers and elder brothers. Perhaps they were underfed in the war, as happened in so many boarding-schools, where rations were very bad when appetites were biggest. Perhaps the shadow of war made them nervy and weakened them, or perhaps, and more likely, Nature gives with one hand and takes with another. If women become more masculine, men must become more feminine—a serious and depressing thought! It is certain, anyhow, that many young men today get tired before their sisters and girl friends, who can dance half through the night and feel fresh next morning, while the boys wilt against the doorposts and say, "Oh hell! Can't we go home?" This dynamic energy of young womanhood, ready for any adventure, careless of risks, and this drooping of the modern boy, not so keen, not so enduring, under the strain of pleasure, is noticeable in cities as far apart as New York and London, if my own observation is not at fault.

But all that applies to very young womanhood and very young manhood, and only to a certain social set. It does not apply so much to hundreds of thousands of students at universities in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other cities, who are studying science of all kinds, and every branch of knowledge, with keen ambition to get some kind of job after they have qualified. Most of them can't afford any luxury. They sit up swotting most nights and don't get much time for dancing or delights. They are going to be doctors, lawyers, teachers, dentists, biologists, architects, chemists, and in all those professions women are competing with men on equal terms, and pressing them rather hard.

MOTHER GRUNDY DISOBEYED

In certain professions, such as medicine, men are still trying to keep women out. They can't invade the labor market where heavy work has to be done. Their wages in workshops are not

on a level with men's, for the old-fashioned reason that a man may have to keep a wife and children. They are still handicapped here and there by old traditions of the social code which did not acknowledge women's claim to equality of reward and opportunity, but that handicap is being reduced under pressure of this advancing tide of workers, leading to many new problems and perplexities.

It is among the elder women that the advance to leadership is on the way. It is a new phenomenon in the world, frightening to some philosophers, and certainly not negligible, in its effect upon political and social life. These elder women, who went through the war, even if they were thousands of miles away from gun-fire, as in the United States, have abandoned many age-long prejudices, fears and habits of mind. The most earnest among them as well as the most frivolous have declared war against Mother Grundy and all that she demanded in obedience to lace caps at fifty, enslavement to family life, sacrificial devotion to the young people, and a book of devotion as the only form of literature. They have refused to grow old before their time, and, if possible to grow old. With shingled hair and short frocks they look as young as their daughters (in a good light) and feel younger than their sons, who were born tired, maybe. The cult of health has become a religion with them, and many of them are going to great expense to keep slim and supple and attractive. They are succeeding wonderfully with the help of beauty specialists, physical exercises, and will power. They are not abandoning the joys of life even if they have grown-up daughters. On the contrary, now that these daughters can look after themselves the mothers can get away from home with a clear conscience and have a good time if they feel like that, or help the world to have a better time by the time they've done with it. Battalions of middle-aged American ladies advance upon Europe and go for incredible distances round picture-galleries and museums, exploring many

ancient ruins, studying the habits of the natives, buying colored shawls in Venice, clutching at culture, which is easy to buy, seeing the beauty of the world, searching for happiness round the corner of every street. Well, why not? It's better than sitting at the fireside knitting, or talking a little scandal about a woman over the way, or getting bad-tempered over bridge. It's a pity that they don't find happiness round the corner of the next street, but it is very elusive—happiness. It's a pity that they feel a certain futility after a while in this constant shifting from one place to another. It's sad that so many of them spend so much money upon getting a little fun out of life, and then find that they have missed it somehow. But life is like that, especially if one is restless, without any purpose, beyond one's pleasure, not quite sure of what life is all about, anyhow. There are women like that, in the United Kingdom and the United States, and the world bows down to them and offers them its treasures, at dollar prices or pounds sterling.

FEARLESS WOMANHOOD

It is not those women of pleasure who count so much in the advance to leadership. It is the middle-aged woman who is getting busy with certain affairs of life which formerly were left to men. It is the woman, not yet middle-aged, who saw something of the war, or had all its drama in her soul, and perhaps the memory of a dead lover in her heart, and anyhow the remembrance of all those boys who died. It is the woman who asked all those questions which weren't answered. She is trying to answer them now. Anyhow, she is determined to find things out. She is thinking them out and talking them out in innumerable women's clubs, in countless societies, over the dinner tables where men talk to them, not as charming women who want to be flattered, but as equals who can talk straight about the facts of life, and know a good deal. Men

hedge a little, but these women don't hedge. Men shirk the stark realities, but these women want to get down to the truth. It is all a little uncomfortable for men who don't like women to interfere in the political game or in the social battle, or in a thousand hideous things below the fair surface of pretense. Women want to alter things too fast. They have drastic ideas. Some of their ideas are alarming and disconcerting—not according to the old code of women's innocence and modesty, still less according to the ancient rule that men might have a different code of morality which was kept dark, while women loved them and they repaid with worship—at least to the ideal of womanhood, lovely, ethereal, passionless, except to one man's passion, and utterly ignorant of unpleasant things.

Now these women are organizing, putting their heads together at committee meetings, debating the strangest subjects—economics, world peace, birth control, psycho-analysis, political corruption, crime, immorality, prohibition, conditions of labor, divorce laws, the rights of motherhood, the duties of fatherhood, disease. What is more, they are putting pressure on politicians and statesmen. It was these women more than anyone who put over prohibition while the men weren't looking. It was American women who made the Senate think twice before increasing the Navy. It was the "flappers'" vote in England, and the vote of millions of women older than "flappers," which put out a Conservative Government and brought in Labor. It is the woman writer who is tearing away the veil from many secrets of life, in magazines and reviews and novels, with a candor, a ruthlessness, a lack of reticence, which is alarming and sometimes horrifying, and sometimes—it must be admitted—convincingly true in its revelation of tragic facts which somehow must be altered. It is the mind of modern women—these post-war women—which is at work in civilization today, razing old foundations of tradition, altering the

code of conduct, taking the lead in social reform—which may be the way to social destruction—invading the last strongholds of men, and denying them their ancient privileges.

They are wonderful, some of these modern women. They have a fearlessness which did not belong to their sex in the past, except in rare cases. These women aviators fly out into the blue without a tremor. There is a duchess in England who became pilot at the age of fifty. Amelia Earhart crossed the Atlantic for the fun of the thing or sheer sensationalism. An English girl bribed her flying instructor to take her across that great gray sea from East to West, knowing the infinite peril—which she didn't escape. In England, Germany, the United States, Russia, Japan, there are these women pilots with steady nerve and that strange fearlessness.

It is a commonplace to see young girls driving powerful cars along the roads, with the sure touch which their grandmothers had with the sewing-machine, and less worry. If ever there is another big-scale war, which Heaven forfend, it seems to me certain that women will not remain as non-combatants. There will be no non-combatants, anyhow, because it will be a war in the air, and the main effort of hostile nations will be to break the will power and the nerve of their enemies by smashing up their industrial cities and their main centers of population. In such a time these women of courage, these girls of the new age who have such vitality and spirit, will join the air squadrons and take part in defense and attack. It is impossible for me to believe otherwise, because their claim to equality with men does not stop when war is declared. Equal in life, they will be equal in death, if they have any pride, which they have. That is not a pleasant prospect when the beauty of women will be mangled by high explosives and when their bodies will be flung over shell-ravaged territories or the gas-soaked cities. It is a prospect they have now to face, unless they decide against war.

The decision of women is going to prevail, or at least be weighty in the scales of fate, and they cannot shirk their new powers. Their votes help to make or unmake governments. Their opinions, especially if passionately pressed, cannot be ignored, and are not ignored. Very largely it is the women of the world of today who will create the world of tomorrow, and in this matter of war they have a tremendous responsibility. They can stop it if they like. They can let it go on if they like. So far it is not at all certain that they will stop it. Women are less prone to compromise than men, and nowadays less sentimental.

BEHIND THE LINES

They are hard when they are passionately convinced about the righteousness of a cause, or the need of punishment. In the last war, women behind the lines hated their enemies more than the men who were fighting. They did not forgive them so quickly. Many of them have not forgiven yet. English soldiers back from the trenches were astonished and shocked by the fierce hatred of their womenfolk for Germans, whom most English soldiers did not hate at all, knowing that they were suffering the same kind of hell, for the same kind of reason, or unreason, as themselves. Nice old English ladies would have seen Germans chopped into small bits, and German babies strangled in their cradles because at that time their race seemed infamous. Propaganda had something to do with it. The Germans had been accused of every kind of atrocity, and women who believed these things (mostly false) desired vengeance and just punishment, not understanding that vengeance would have been wreaked not on the guilty individuals, but upon German boys and fathers of families and simple, decent-hearted men who hated war as much as the British Tommies, and saw no sense in it, but were caught in its trap.

Women have the sense of logic of the French nation, which

is very dangerous if the premises of an argument are not sound, or even if they are. Logic does not leave loopholes for pity, or concessions, or compromise, or for calling things off when they have once started, which is the weak way, thank God, of many men. And some of them still believe that men must always be brave and cheerful and gallant and heroic, whatever the odds against them. I had an instance of this when the play called "Journey's End" was first performed in London. When the audience surged out, deeply moved—and it was mainly an audience of men who had been in the war—a young girl spoke loudly in the foyer, so that all could hear.

"I think it's an abominable play!" she cried. "They were all weaklings!"

That realistic study of men at the breaking-point, with their nerves tattered by the long strain of war's brutalities, left her cold and angry. It upset her faith in the heroic fiction of war and men. Oh, she hated that play!

So one can't be sure what women are going to do about war, though millions of them are working for peace and disarmament.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

It is quite likely that there will be a woman Prime Minister of England one day, if the Mother of Parliaments continues to function. There is already a woman on the Government front bench—Miss Margaret Bondfield—who handled the Labor Party's bill for unemployed insurance with considerable mastery, never ruffled by a powerful opposition, and with absolute self-confidence. Lady Astor, of course, would accept the job of Prime Minister tomorrow if anyone wished it on her, and would do it rather well, too, with courage and gayety and graciousness. At the present time there are not many women in the House of Commons—fourteen all told—but there is no reason except novelty why battalions of them should not troop

to Westminster and outvote the male members. There will be a steady increase in their numbers beyond all doubt.

In France and Germany women have not yet taken much to the political field. But in those countries, and most countries, especially, as I have said, the two great English-speaking nations, women are pressing forward in all departments of life, with an activity, an intelligence, and a keen belief in themselves which are breaking down all barricades.

What does it mean? What is going to be the outcome of this unveiling and this advance? Is it going to make a better and a more beautiful world, or is it a challenge against Nature itself, a sign of some decadence overtaking humanity because man, enfeebled and overwhelmed, is surrendering his natural rights and privileges?

There are men for whom I have a high respect who believe that this new freedom of women is threatening the moral fabric of civilization. The other day a friend of mine grabbed my arm in a rain-swept street, pulled me into a doorway, and kept me there for an hour while he prophesied woe on this account with a passion of sincerity which left me rather shaken. He argued that men are losing as women are gaining, and that the natural balance of the sexes and their biological relationship are being thwarted by the claims of women who are becoming unsexed, anarchical, and rebellious against natural laws, while man, weakly acquiescing in his own destruction, is becoming emasculated, decadent, and doomed. After that conversation, tea in a cheery room, alone, while my wife was out, studying a branch of knowledge which lies outside my range, seemed like a funeral feast. It had not occurred to me before that men were in such a bad way!

But it may be true. One can't shrug one's shoulders about an argument like that by one of the most thoughtful men in England. Is there any truth in it? Did that unveiling of women

in the war lead to moral and physical consequences which may destroy civilization or enfeeble humanity?

Looking around the world today, or close at home, one does see that the old moralities are being challenged. One sees that marriage, for instance, is a hazardous adventure nowadays, and many young men and women, more even than older men and women, are apt to find the strain of marriage intolerable, a long-drawn conflict, or a frightful disillusion, because of some lack of compromise, some mental tug of war, between husband and wife, some spiritual torture, or some physical revulsion, which did not seem to trouble the married life of their grandparents, unless all that was hidden and endured. Is it because the young wife, or the middle-aged wife, asks too much and gives too little? Is it because she demands equality in a situation where one must be dominant, or shirks the natural rights of a husband, or what he thinks to be his natural rights? Is it because her revolt against the old drudgery and mental imprisonment and Griselda-like submission makes a mockery of home life and inflicts a humiliation or discomfort upon a husband which he finds unendurable? Is monogamy itself becoming unendurable, to modern women who have this new freedom and to modern men who used to hide their infidelities and now get found out? Have the old loyalties weakened, because women are not so adoring and are more critical, and because men are not so faithful to women because women have not the weakness, the defenselessness, the uncomplaining sweetness of their grandmothers?

MORE WOMEN THAN MEN

I ask these questions because I cannot answer them. I think it is likely that the strain of this industrialized civilization of ours, and the disease of nerves which it produces, have something to do with the difficulties of modern marriage. I think also that the abandonment of the old sacramental idea of

wedlock, and the growing disbelief in revealed religion, have weakened the ties of marriage so that they snap after a breakfast-table temper or when passionate desires for other men's wives or other women's husbands are not checked by a "sense of sin" which is very old-fashioned. Women can't take all the blame for that, if there is to be blame, in this age of agnosticism which is developing into the new paganism. Women are refusing to bear children to the same extent as their grandmothers. Some of them are refusing to bear children at all. The advocates of birth control are spreading their propaganda, and they have supporters in all but one Church, which refuses to countenance a practice which it regards as an abhorrent crime. That, to my mind, is the strongest argument in support of that prophecy of doom told to me in the rain by my passionate friend. Because, if women refuse motherhood, that's the end of it, and of everything!

This shirking of motherhood is happening in certain strata of society, among neurotic women and others who, because of selfishness or fear or ill-health, shrink from the terrors of maternity—which are not, alas, imaginary. It is spreading down to other classes, previously ignorant of this method of thwarting nature, and desperately anxious to restrict the number of their children because of the squalor and misery resulting from child-bearing in economic conditions which do not allow of decent house room to working-folk, or security of wages in times of depression, or any comfort to overburdened mothers, fretted by the nerve strain of this industrialized civilization.

On the other hand, there is another problem of quite an opposite kind, and hardly less important in its effect upon human society. It is the problem of the young woman who wants to fulfill the natural destiny of womanhood but cannot find her mate. It is the outstanding problem in England today where there is an excess of women over men. These legions

of girls who board the morning buses on their way to work, so keen, so high-spirited, so vital, are not antagonistic to marriage or to men. Far from it! They are wistful for male companionship. They want to meet nice boys who will give them the chance of marriage. They crave to be loved. They are troubled and sometimes tortured by this passionate desire, and all the books they read, those exciting novels, those little books on biology, those newspaper articles dealing frankly with the subject of sex, intensify their yearnings to experience the biological purpose of their being, without which they have been robbed of the greatest adventure in life, and of its essential meaning. In the old days, better balanced, somehow, in this respect, marriage was not so hazardous in a financial way, or young couples took greater risks and were more willing to endure sacrifice. In any case there were men to marry. Now in England there are not men to marry—not enough to go round—and those who exist are unwilling to marry at an early age on a monthly salary which is not enough to keep a wife in any kind of comfort.

TODAY'S BACHELOR GIRLS

What are these legions of girls going to do? What are they doing? The spinster of the Victorian era—despised because she had failed in the marriage mart—suffered in silence or took to religion. These unmarried girls of the post-war period do not suffer in silence, and to many of them religion offers no consolation for thwarted instincts. They talk it over with amazing frankness over little tables in cheap restaurants, or in bed-sitting-rooms. They take to golf, to sport of many kinds, to work. They get a good deal of satisfaction out of comradeship with their own girl friends. They find life amusing and not too bad, even on dull days. They read lots of those queer books which strip life naked. They know something of the jargon of psycho-analysis and have learned that to get away

from morbid thoughts they must "sublimate" their desires. In the mass they do so, cheerfully, bravely, gallantly. But that problem of the unmated girl remains underneath their gayety. It is the worm i' the bud, biting them. It leads to many individual tragedies of passion, as one sees in any newspaper. And it is a problem that cannot be answered glibly, by any moral platitude. It may break down our old code of monogamy. It may destroy the old moralities of Christendom. My friend who grabbed my arm in the rain may be right.

Well, there is one thing certain. These women are not going back again behind the window blinds. That is an impossibility in the modern world, and who could wish it so? They are out and about, and I for one have an immense admiration for the girl of today and for her elder sister, and her young-looking mother.

Millions of them in many countries are doing splendid work. The world is better for them since the war in many ways. They are giving life most of its beauty, and making it more honest. But whether this new status of theirs—this break away from their traditional subjection to men—will lead to spiritual progress or social decadence, is to me a question not yet to be answered, for lack of evidence. The future will answer it.

CHAPTER XIX

THE POST-WAR MIND

MOST of us even now are only dimly conscious that we are living through a time of enormous change which is altering the mind of mankind in a way which no previous revolution achieved so rapidly. Future historians will look back to this period as an age of escape from the imprisonment of thought.

Looking back to the world before the war it is astonishing to think how much the majority of peoples were walled in by narrow inclosures of the mind. Behind their national frontiers they lived isolated from their neighbors. International intercourse was mainly conducted by an official class of ambassadors and secretaries who sent home reports to their governments based upon espionage, social intrigue, the whisperings and gossip of antechambers and dinner tables. There was no frankness of conversation, not much personal or direct contact, between the elected representatives of the nations. International affairs were dealt with by formal Notes between Foreign Offices, each deeply convinced that they must never show their cards in this game of poker.

And the ordinary folk whose lives were at stake on this game were deeply and profoundly ignorant of the world beyond their own frontiers. They had very little interest in world problems because their imagination was bounded by their own parish and their own little local affairs. They disliked "foreigners," whoever they might be. Their ideas about life—I mean the ideas of peasants, small shopkeepers, city clerks, and the middle-class masses who make up the bulk of

a nation—were traditional, parochial, and national. They lived behind walls of prejudice, ignorance, intolerance. Their minds moved slowly. Even their bodies did not get about much beyond their own cabbage-patch or workshop, in spite of railway trains.

OVER THE GARDEN WALL

That war which convulsed the world took millions of men beyond their garden walls. In my own garden where lately I have been writing this book, some workmen have been busy on a job. I have been talking with them and find that one was out in France and another went to Jerusalem with Allenby, and another was in the Dardanelles. That war brought Americans to Europe, Australians came from their cities and bush, Canadians from their ranches, Sikhs and Pathans from India, Arabs from Morocco. There were thousands of Chinese laborers behind the lines in France. It was the beginning of the great change. The imagination of mankind was shaken out of its old ruts by that enormous conflict.

Few of us, even now, have actually made a flight in an airplane. My own longest journey in the air lasted seven hours, and since then I have not been up. But when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic he changed the imagination of the world. When the "Graf Zeppelin" made its marvelous journey, it altered the measurements of time and space in the human mind itself. The British flights to India, every new record that is achieved in flight, changes something in the mind of the city clerk, the business man, the field laborer. The frontiers of the intellect are falling to reveal far horizons.

I have mentioned that afternoon I spent at the *Lufthaven*, or airport, of Berlin. Thousands of German folk were there in the outdoor restaurants, listening to a wireless concert, drinking light beer, watching the scene in the great aërodrome below the terrace. It was a scene which meant something very

significant in the new psychology. Every twenty minutes or so, punctual to a time-table on a big board, an airplane arrived from some country or set forth on a journey to far fields—in Switzerland, Poland, Italy, Austria. Passengers stepped out with their bags; other passengers departed. It was their adventure, but the spectators shared it in their minds. Time was changing its meaning. Distance was altering. The walled-in mind was escaping from its old confinement.

I remember a talk I had with Sir Philip Sassoon, who was then Under-Secretary of Air in England. He had just made an air survey of the British Empire—a round-the-world journey.

"What do you bring back from it?" I asked.

"A new mind," he answered, with a thoughtful smile. "It gives one an entirely different conception of life. It's like Einstein's theory of relativity. Time and space take on different values. . . . Those little countries like Greece and Palestine—one hops over them. Their little quarrels, revolts, nationalities, races—how small they seem!"

BREAKING DOWN LONELINESS

This revolution which is happening is the speeding up of communication between humane minds, and the pouring in of vibrations to the human intelligence, which formerly was shut off from contact with the outside world. Wireless—in the corner of the sitting-room—is the greatest scientific discovery in the recent history of mankind. Other discoveries of physical science have changed the material conditions of life, but this wireless wonder is changing the minds of men and women—by breaking down isolation and giving a miraculous unity to all human thought.

A man in a lonely farmstead is no longer cut off from the mind of the world. His own mind belongs to the great orchestra of life. We are no longer imprisoned because those vibra-

tions come through the stone walls of our little cells. We can look forward to the time when broadcasting will be the means of communicating all that is fine and noble in human thought to every individual in the world—if there are still fine and noble thoughts in the heads of men. Even now it is the poor man's University, opera-house, theater and lecture-hall, and it is raising the standard of general knowledge and opening many doors in the secret chambers of the mind. It is breaking down the appalling loneliness of many human souls.

The ease of communication, the rapidity and frequency of intercourse between individuals and groups, is the outstanding character of the modern world and the new line of advance. The cheap car has been a chariot of liberation for millions of people who, before its arrival, were stationary, confined, mewed up in stuffy little homes, where it was an offense to peep through the window blinds at the next-door neighbor. Now youth goes careering about the countryside and families no longer shut themselves up in mental fortresses as so many did in Victorian England.

THE MIND AND THE MOVIE

The moving picture and now the "talkie" are making the same kind of change in the mentality of mankind. It is easy, and indeed inevitable, to scoff at the intellectual banality of the screen drama. Its influence, on the whole, is probably demoralizing to weak minds. There is too much emphasis on sex and passion. But one has to imagine also its awakening and revealing effect upon small-town folk who formerly were so stunted in imagination. Now they see the panorama of the world unrolled before them. They see the life of foreign cities. They see world events as they happened yesterday or a week ago. The farm laborer, the mechanic, the shop girl, the city clerk, are taken out of themselves to different aspects of life and presented with astonishing realism to problems, ideas, and

social habits which previously would have been remote from their imagination.

One cannot say yet whether the effect of all this enlargement of vision is going to be good or bad for human intelligence. It may lead, as now it is leading, to triviality rather than depth, to scatter-brained minds, rather than to concentration of thought. But one can say, and must say, that it is not going to leave people's minds as they were in the same old ruts. The pace of the rhythm of life has been speeded up. The mind of the world is moving fast, and in half a century from now there will be a different kind of world beyond one's present imagination. There may be fewer divisions between races and nations. There may be greater wisdom and happiness for the average man and woman. Who knows?

There are certain dangers and disadvantages in the variety of human interest today. This post-war mind of ours is perhaps subject to too many impressions, which do not dig deep but pass like images across a revolving mirror. Our minds have no restfulness, unless we retire into little sanctuaries of our own. All these new inventions of science which are supposed to save time and labor merely increase the nerve strain of life. The telephone saves time but increases worry. There is no escape from the outer world if there is a telephone in the study. The quiet reading of a book, a half-hour's chance of meditation, is interrupted by the ringing of a little bell. "Is that you? . . . Can you come to dinner tonight? . . . Will you make a four at bridge?" With impertinent insistence it breaks into a private conversation, summons one from the bathroom, drags one downstairs to convey some foolish and unnecessary message. Compared with the leisurely, quiet, slow-moving life of our forefathers, this post-war world in which the rhythm has been quickened is a wild rush of sensations putting a severe strain upon one's mental balance. If Shakespeare—that man of perfect poise, in whose mind all the love-

liness of life was stored—could come to earth again and walk from Whitehall to Whitefriars, he would be startled, rattled, and perhaps terrified by the noise, the swirl of traffic, the innumerable vibrations bearing down upon him. This rapid sequence of sensation to which the modern mind has to adapt itself is creating a nervous type of humanity, highly strung, delicately balanced, perhaps a little hysterical.

It is a city-bred mind which is being developed today by the progress of industrialized civilization in many countries.

In England, in France, in the United States, in Canada, there is a steady drift from the fields to the towns, because of the lure of lighted streets, moving crowds, picture-palaces, dance-halls, and all the blare and jazz of the restless multitude. And the towns are stretching out to the countryside, spoiling the beauty of nature, bringing the vulgarities and the trivialities of the crowd into quiet sanctuaries. The old peasant stock, close to the earth, deeply rooted in tradition, with slow minds deeply observant of small things, rich sometimes in the wisdom of nature's book, is being replaced in many countries by the quick, nimble, sharp, nervous intelligence of the city type, interested not in a few things, but in everything—for a moment or two, or an hour or two—self-conscious, critical, skeptical, but not profound. It is a process which began long before the war, but it has been hastened since the war, by motor-cars and wireless and gramophones, and all that rapidity of communication which, as I have said, is breaking down loneliness. There is less ignorance and less superstition and less brutality in life today. But there is also less repose of mind, less leisure for real thought, less chance for quiet lives, far from the madding crowd with its cheapjack enticements.

THE YOUNGER MIND

We of the older generation do not know exactly what is happening in the mind of youth. But something very radical

is happening. All this liberation from the walled-in view, all this exchange of ideas, and these rapid vibrations passing "through the ether" are breaking down many ancient traditions and leading to the challenge of all faith. Everything is being questioned by the younger mind. They are realists and skeptics—many of them. They are groping to some new philosophy which is not as ours. There are few taboos which they will not resist. There is nothing they will not dare to know.

Immediately after the war the younger generation, old enough to have suffered but too young to have died, was inclined to be hard and bitter. That hardness and bitterness was shared and encouraged by many somewhat older than themselves who had gone through the war as fighting men, or women behind the lines, and were still young but with a sense of having lost their youth and "wasted" their best years. Many of them in many countries turned savagely on their elders, especially on the Old Men who they thought were in some way responsible for the war and its aftermath of misery and poverty and disillusion. There was a real Revolt of Youth, though one sickened at the phrase because it was done to death in novels and newspaper articles. It was real in millions of homes where parents were alarmed by a quiet, or shrill, or contemptuous refusal to admit their authority. Girls of seventeen or younger affirmed their independence, their right to a latch-key, their intention of making their own friends, going out when they liked and coming back when they liked, without explanation. Any touch of restraint was shaken off with impatience and anger. Any warning was received with smiles or the shrug of pretty shoulders. "How can you be so absurd, Mother?" . . . "How utterly old-fashioned, Daddy!" Any reminder of obedience and duty was greeted with surprise, laughter, or ridicule. "Obedience? Why? Duty—what is that?" There was something nervous, pathological, physically insistent, in this refusal of authority and advice. It was youth taking its revenge

for something that had gone wrong with childhood—the wrongness of the years when fathers and brothers were being killed and when, even in the nursery, there was a consciousness of some terror without, and when in schooldays there was meager fare for healthy appetites.

Among the younger men who had come back from the war there was a grudge against life itself. They had been taught to believe that it was one kind of thing and it had turned out to be another kind of thing—cruel, dirty, damnable. They had been taught Christian virtues—how to behave like little gentlemen—to be kind and chivalrous and decent, until one day they were asked to be blood-thirsty, to kill the men in an opposite ditch rapidly and by any means fair or foul, and to adopt the ethics of the ape. They had been under the discipline of old men who had stayed far behind the lines arranging their massacre and death on maps and order forms. Things had always gone wrong. The orders had led mostly to unnecessary murder. Officers above the rank of colonel or staff captain were undoubtedly half-wits—in the opinion of second-lieutenants sent to crawl out into No Man's Land on attacks which were extraordinarily futile, except as a way of suicide. "To hell with these old pomposities who had made such a mess in the world and rotted up the best years of life!" . . . That sentiment, expressed in that language, or words stronger than that—quite unjust in many cases—was in the hearts and on the lips of millions of young men in France, Germany, England, Italy, and many other nations.

THE CULT OF UGLINESS

Immediately after the war, and for a few years later, this revolt of youth was revealed in many ways. It created the new type of night club where tired young people sat staring through cigarette smoke, tragically bored, as half-naked girls danced for their delight, in Berlin, Paris, London, New York.

It caused a cult of ugliness in art. The Paris Salon of 1921 was a revelation of a disgust in the soul of the younger crowd for life itself, though to themselves it seemed an adventure in search of truth and a stripping off of falsities. They chose for their models the nudity of hideous hags, and exaggerated it out of all human semblance. They took a street scene and made the very houses drunk and debauched. Their landscapes were like scenes in hell. I spent a day looking at advanced German art, and felt that I had been in some frightful nightmare or studying the pictures of insane minds. There was never an eye in line with its fellow. A man wore his nose in his beard. There were foul and fantastic visions. They were, of course, insane. It was the insanity of minds unbalanced by the tragedy of recent history, refusing to believe that there could be beauty in life when such things happened, and turning savagely to canvas, or drawing-board, to say, "We'll show humanity its swinishness! We'll tear the veil from the abomination of the world! We'll show the falsity of fairy tales. We'll kill the prettiness of pretense. We'll teach 'em!"

That mood passed. At least its extreme bitterness moderated, and of course there were many young minds in millions of homes where affection and loyalty softened the sharpness of revolt against authority, although I think there were none quite untouched by a spirit of liberty based upon the new claim of youth to do as it likes by divine right, or natural right. Now the immediate post-war generation has grown older by twelve years. They were approaching the thirties or the forties. They have softened, toned down, changed, smiling when once they were bitter, seeing life in a more tolerant mood, making allowances, acknowledging even beauty, and seeing some form and order in its plan, if they are lucky.

Another crowd has come along. The twelve-years-younger ones, now eighteen, nineteen, twenty. What about them? What is happening in their minds—if anything? What do they make

of this mystery of life? For them there is no revolt of youth. Their liberties have been won. There is no bitterness. They are beyond the shadow of the war. They look out upon life with smiling, candid, shrewd, inquiring eyes. They want to know all about everything. Why? . . . Why? . . . Why? . . . They are lovely to look at, these girls of the modern world, in England, France, Germany, the United States, and other lands. And the boys in some countries, but not all, keep pace with them. They have no grudge now, these younger ones, against old age. They are kind and tolerant, but not, of course, obedient. That word has dropped out from the vocabulary of life. We old ones, hoary old buffers of fifty or so—almost senile, poor dears!—are treated gently. They are sorry for us, these young ones. We seem so anxious about things, so bewildered, so worn with life. We seem to think the future may be even more unpleasant than the past. Youth thinks that ridiculous, and finds the present wonderfully amusing, extraordinarily interesting, a great game!

NOT TO BE SHOCKED

They have qualities, this post-war youth, which I find immensely good. They have an Elizabethan frankness of thought and speech, but are clean-minded. They have no furtive thoughts about the human body and its workings. There is no sniggering nastiness in their minds—among the best and the most of them. A friend of mine not long ago took his son and daughter, aged about eighteen and twenty, to the Folies Bergères, at a time when the chief spectacle was that of beautiful girls with nothing on. The father remembered his own youth, when such a sight would have been staggering in its indecency, and when young people would have whispered it about as a dark and dreadful secret. Even now it was produced for men of old and evil minds. But this boy and girl of the post-war world sat unperturbed. They thought it was

a very charming show. "Beautiful!" said the boy, simply and sincerely. There is no immodesty because there is no self-consciousness in most of these young minds when they swim together, lie sun-bathing together, play tennis in single-piece suits, after coming out of sea or river. If any of the older generation suggests that there is something "not quite nice" about this careless display of the human form, they are shocked. They suspect that this representative of the older generation has a nasty mind. They will tell him so. And indeed they are very quickly shocked by old-fashioned prejudices of the kind. To these younger minds they seem very unpleasant. "Pathological," they say, and I think they are right.

Nothing else shocks them, as far as I know. At least they are not shocked by what they believe to be the truth, simply and starkly told without *arrière pensée*. When a certain war book invaded the libraries a year ago, describing war as Germans think about it, with what seemed to me unpardonable grossness, young people in England as well as Germany read it with reverence. "It's a beautiful book," I was told by a young girl of charming character and high intelligence. I was abashed because it seemed to me a dirty book. She saw no dirt in it. She saw only truth. It was what she wanted. It is what they all want—the most intelligent. They are impatient of insincerity, false sentiment, illusion, the old-fashioned camouflage of the tragic and the terrible things that lurk in human life. Perhaps in their quest for truth some of them are inclined to believe that the ugly is more true than the beautiful, and that brutality is more true than restraint, which in itself is a falsity. The younger writers of today—and the older writers who take advantage of this new liberty—are busily producing books which are emphasizing these ugly aspects of life, or stripping the soul of its veils. They are penetrating further and further into the subconscious mind, revealing its hidden impulses of passion and emotion, opening the secret chambers of the heart,

making confession in the marketplace of their instincts and dreams. They deal with birth, marriage and death as literary surgeons and pathologists. And their readers study these works as medical students will regard an operation or a post-mortem, interested and not horrified, moved by admiration if the dissection is done with a master's touch, reverent in the presence of genius. I am writing, of course, of the younger intelligentsia. There are others—I get letters from them now and then—who are secretly disturbed by this new candor, and are frightened of it because it makes life more difficult instead of less difficult, and excites secret distresses which they wish to ignore or thrust into the unconscious.

THE RELATIVITY OF TRUTH

There are no fixed principles in this post-war mentality as it is revealed by the rebels against tradition and authority. They do not regard anything in life as fixed or permanent, not even truth, not even God. Einstein's theory of relativity, so little understood (I don't understand it), seems to have penetrated the intelligence of the modern mind subconsciously, or to represent it. Everything, it seems, is relative to the mind and mood of the individual as it moves through time. Truth does not stand still. What is truth at this moment of time cannot be pinned down to a point. Before it is written it is changed, because I have changed and you have changed, and the world has moved on, and nothing is as it was. In that strange, remarkable and illuminating book by Wyndham Lewis, called *Time and the Western Man*, the author shows this new idea of impermanence exhibited in the philosophy and even in the everyday life of the modern world. The cinema, with its shifting screen unrolling the reel of life's moving picture, is symbolical of this attitude of mind, in which all appearances merge into others, and nothing "stays put," as the Americans say. It is a new philosophy, or at least a new form of illusion,

maintained by many writers of today, either consciously and dogmatically, or unconsciously and without self-analysis. Among the former class is such a writer as Aldous Huxley, who is most interesting, not because of his attempts to give a new interpretation of life, but because he is extremely typical of the post-war mind itself, exaggerating its weaknesses, its moral disorder, its revolt against authority, its Bolshevism.

All his novels have this impermanence of the movie, and in his essays he defends this shifting point of view. "No psychological experience," he writes in one of them ("Do what you will") "is truer, so far as we are concerned, than any other. . . . Science is no truer than common sense or lunacy, than art or religion." It is absurd, he thinks, to worship one God. Because to him God is only man's idea of his relation to the Cosmos according to the mood of the moment, and as there are many men and many moods there must be many Gods, all equally "true."

These intellectuals of the post-war world, these youngish-middle-aged men who are leading the way in this new school of thought, in England, in America, in France, in many countries, are looking at life as though all the experience of the ages did not exist, or, anyhow, is useless. They are challenging and overthrowing all the code of moral discipline which was elaborated by human society for its own safety and decent ordering. "Do what you will" puts into one brief title the whole creed of these new rebels. They have declared war against asceticism and chastity, which to them is a denial of life and the gospel of death-in-life. Do as you will, even if it means the breaking of loyalties in marriage, the instability of friendship, the fulfillment of desires which follow one another as moods change and time flies. They do not admit that this "self-expression" may lead to the injury of somebody else's body or soul, and that if I do as I will I may inflict most

damnable hurt upon someone who may be associated with me in partnership.

THE CHALLENGE TO CHRISTIANITY

One is apt to give a false importance to writers who claim an intellectual leadership in the world of thought today. Their books are read by small cliques. Their hero worship is limited to literary clubs and drawing-rooms. Men like Bertrand Russell, who are formulating a new school of ethics which proposes to substitute moral freedom for ancient discipline, have but a limited following of disciples. And yet they are representative of the spirit of their age. Their ideas filter down to the crowds who have never heard of them, in newspaper articles, and by some curious telepathic transmission. They put into philosophical jargon or ingenious prose, the instincts, the questionings, the yearnings, the bewilderment of the common crowd whom they despise with intellectual arrogance. They have the courage to write the things they write because the spirit of the age is ready for them. They're not afraid to be heretical, because heresy is the fashion of the time and there is no orthodoxy outside the Catholic Church. The courage of martyrs is not demanded of them. They will not be put to death because they approve of easy divorce, companionate marriage, sexual liberty. It is the point of view brightly and journalistically advocated in popular newspapers which the little shop girl reads on her way to town, contradicted next day, it is true, by other points of view, expounded by representatives of old-fashioned morality. These problems of passion, liberty, the right to love, are discussed by boy clerks, suburban ladies, the subscribers to Mudie's Library, the daughters of country clergymen, the straphangers in tube trains, who have no certain faith, who are equally skeptical of old authority, who are breaking away from discipline.

Christianity is challenged by this post-war mind. Religious

dogma of all creeds is no longer accepted by assertions of revelation or tradition. It is a mere illusion to assert that there is no conflict between science and religion. That may be true, and I think it is true in minds that are fully aware of the limitations of physical science and of the position now reached by many eminent scientists in their analysis of "matter" and their interpretation of life. Men like Haldane and Errington repudiate the old materialism of the neo-Darwinists who tried to explain life as a mechanical evolution operating by blind forces. They perceive an intelligent purpose at work in every phase of evolutionary life, and only one reality behind all appearances which is a vital spirit somehow in unity with a universal intelligence or force. But that position has not yet been reached by millions of half-educated minds, who are reading little textbooks and primers of science, and cannot reconcile their new knowledge with the supernatural interpretation of life and history by religious teachers. The Christian faith will have to defend itself not only against persecution, as in Russia and Mexico, but against a skepticism and denial which is extending over the modern world and invading the minds of the younger generation.

WARS AND RELIGION

The war had something to do with this. The conscience and convictions of millions of men who had been brought up in the code of Christian ethics, were shocked by the spectacle of Christian teachers condoning this massacre of manhood and under the name of patriotism claiming God to be on the side of their own battalions, and exhibiting a more flaming nationalism than the men who had fought and died. Those men knew that what they were asked to do—to thrust their bayonets into the enemy's stomachs, to heave bombs down a dugout crowded with defenseless men, to bomb cities crowded with civilians—might be necessary within the rules of war, but was

not according to the spirit of the words of Christ. *Padrés* might argue the point plausibly, but simple soldiers were not convinced that these things could be reconciled. They were quite sure that they could not be reconciled. It was all very well to say that the spirit of evil must be killed for the sake of divine justice, but the time came when they did not believe that evil was all on one side. It was the war itself that was evil, not that German soldier lying dead under a sand-bag. The Christian Churches made no united protest against this fratricidal strife. The Pope did once or twice, but his words were censored and suppressed, and he was accused of being "pro-German" or "pro-French." In England the Established Church does not stand well before the people, owing to internal strife, and some of its Bishops and clergy have let down the drawbridge and opened the gates to the inner keeps of faith by a modernism of thought which takes the miracles out of Bible history and is very doubtful about the survival of personality after death.

But these troubles within the Churches are not of much account. What matters is the doubtfulness, the skepticism, the questioning, of millions of minds who are eager to find out the truth of life and death, but who will not accept any pronouncement on the subject from traditions or authority. In the books they read they see how often man was deluded by his gods, how one religion was followed by another, and one intolerance by another intolerance, and one illusion by another illusion. "How can we believe anything?" they ask. "Whom can we believe?" They perceive that the history of human intelligence has been the gradual interpretation of mysteries and miracles by natural causes and effects. They look around for some scientific explanation of things not yet explained—the purpose for which they were born, their relation to the universe, the chance of a future life—which seems to many of them highly doubtful. They have reached no conclusions.

There is a group of men trying to evolve a religion without God—the religion of humanism—which invents some kind of reason why men and women should be good and kind and true and self-sacrificing for the good of the race and for the advancement of human happiness. But I do not think that makes much headway in the modern mind. Why be good, if tomorrow we die? And, anyhow, what is "goodness"? Does it mean denial of one's passions? Repression of natural instincts? Surely that is extraordinarily old-fashioned, says the younger mind. Does it mean loyalty to one's wife when love has flown out of the window? How early Victorian! If there is no future life, let us grab what we can now and have a good time while we may, and damn the consequences. Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

Unconsciously, many minds in the world today have harked back to that philosophy of materialism and despair. They dance to the jazz tune of this modern life, on the Riviera, in Florida, in the playgrounds of the world, in cabarets, in dance-halls, but somehow they get bored. Oh, how bored they get, these people of pleasure! They know in their hearts that something is missing, that something is wrong with them and life. The meaning of it all how can they know? How can they find out?

There is a great bewilderment in the mind of the world. There are hidden conflicts working up to new struggles of the spirit.

The defenders of Christianity see paganism advancing upon them in overwhelming hordes, storming their ramparts, and they believe that if they are overwhelmed civilization will go under and all order will be dissolved in anarchy. That is one conflict in progress now, and the issue is still doubtful, because already many minds are aghast at all this disorder and see no hope for humanity except in a revival of faith and a return to Christian ethics.

BEHIND THE VEIL

Others are groping to new forms of faith which give some comfort to their souls and some hope ahead. Spiritualism is appealing to many of those who were materialists and skeptics. If they can believe in one ghost, if they can hear one voice from beyond the grave, if they can get one message from the dead, then they will be reconciled with life and know that there is something beyond death. In every country in the world today there are groups of people peering into psychic mysteries. They are getting into touch with "mediums," paid or unpaid, who reveal strange powers and senses. Some of them are certainly fraudulent. Some of them are vulgar charlatans. But something remains, inexplicable, supernormal, uncanny. "Clairvoyance," "mental telepathy," "auto-suggestion," those words do not explain anything or cover the strange things that happen in darkened rooms where those groups sit waiting for communication with the spirit world. . . .

In spite of the materialism of increasing minorities, and the lack of any fixed faith in the minds most typical of modern thought, there is, I believe, a new awareness to the supernormal faculties of the mind. Those vibrations which come through the microphone of the wireless receiver seem to have made many minds more sensitive to other possibilities of thought transmission. The walls with which this material life of ours is closed in do not seem so thick. We may get in touch more easily with other minds at a distance, perhaps, in time as well as in space. That Einstein theory, so little understood, suggests to those who do not understand it that perhaps it is possible for the mind to stand outside time, to see the past and the future as a moving picture on the screen. The very people who have abandoned the old belief in dogmatic religion because they could not accept its supernatural interpretations, are being lured into psychical experiences which seem to raise up

spirits in the back parlors and enable them, as they believe, to hold conversation with those who have passed on to another plane. It is not without danger to the sanity of life, but this psychical research of dimly scientific methods may reveal new powers of the mind and lead to knowledge beyond our present range.

THE DOWNFALL OF DEMOCRACY

The post-war mind is in conflict, in transition, in turmoil. It is difficult to find any new philosophy or faith toward which men's minds are moving after the experience of a World War which undermined the foundations of their old beliefs. One sees only the crumbling of those foundations, and general bewilderment. Perhaps in the political world, that is to say, in the endeavor of the human mind to find an ideal form of government, one does see a definite revulsion against democracy among the intellectual leaders. That is something new in modern Europe. Before the war there were few men who did not pay lip service to democratic ideals, and few indeed who did not truly believe that the extension of the franchise, the power of the vote, the liberty of the majority to settle their own form of government, were signs of political progress. But now even its former champions have revoked. Men like H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw have turned against democracy because in the first place it never governed itself, and because, in the second, they think, it never could or should. In England the granting of the "flappers' vote" seems to many minds the *reductio ad absurdum* of this political system. What do those girls know of such intricate problems as free trade or protection, or the extension of dominion home rule to India, or the claims to independence in Egypt? Yet their votes may decide these questions and the future of the British Empire. In any case, say the critics of democracy, what does 99 per cent of an electorate know about those subjects or about such highly

technical and enormously difficult problems as naval disarmament, the rationalization of industry, the financial conditions of a nation? Yet their votes, their mass opinion, must be considered and if possible bribed by any party ambitious for power. Statesmen and politicians must appeal to their ignorance, their emotionalism, their prejudices, and their class interests, not necessarily from corrupt motives or mere ambition, but to get the chance of governing the country according to their own ideals as they are limited and handicapped by this mob mind. The newspapers dupe, dope, and debauch the public mind by an artful presentation of facts, by suppression of facts, by perversions of truth, by the stirring up of passions and prejudices. And at the end of it all, a party of men and women are returned to Parliament to carry through legislation upon all kinds of questions which have never been considered by the people who voted for them. Democracy has the illusion of governing itself, but it is at the mercy of a permanent Civil Service and of a Cabinet deciding vital questions in secret. The main influence of democracy in the political world, according to its critics, is to prevent or hamper intelligent leadership by noisy demonstrations and the indiscipline of confused minds. Intelligence desiring to deal with a situation in a democratic state is like a man trying to write a book in a nursery full of children. He has to keep them quiet while he gets on with his job. He has to bribe them with sweets and toys. He has to tell them fairy tales. He has to get up to play a game of bears under the table. It is a hopeless task!

THE WORSHIP OF THE STATE

But the attack on democracy goes deeper than that. There is a secret conspiracy, perhaps an unconscious instinct, in the intellectual leadership of the world today to subject democracy to a new discipline, to deny the liberties for which the common folk have struggled through many centuries, and to set up a

new form of tyranny under the name of the State. It is indeed more than a tyranny. Mussolini in Italy is not a mere dictator or autocrat, governing by the strength of his own personality. Fascism does not depend upon Mussolini. It is a new system of society. It has transcendental qualities. It is almost a religion. It is elaborately devised so that every individual in the nation shall become a unit of energy and production, controlled and ordered in the service of the State. To the State he must give worship and obedience. The State may demand his liberty and his life. The State, by a censorship of the Press, by suppression of all criticism, by a denial of free speech, and by a dominating propaganda controls the mind of the individual, decides what knowledge he shall have, what thoughts he shall think. The individual, indeed, is of little account. It is the commonweal that counts, the energy and the order of the hive which in Italy is called the Corporate State.

In Russia the Soviet system has the same purpose and method. The individual is a human ant. There is a driving discipline behind his labor. His individual liberty is disregarded if it conflicts with the interests of the community and the State. He has no right of nonconformity. No intellectual rebels are allowed. His education, news, and even thoughts are carefully censored and doctored. If he does not believe in the gospel of Karl Marx he is shot in the back of the head. If the peasant clings to individualism and refuses to give up his cow and his crops to enter a collective farm, he is sentenced to death by a military tribunal as an enemy of the Soviet system. And it is, I think, a mistake to imagine that this mystical State is merely a cover for a group of ruthless and ambitious men. Those men like Stalin, and Trotsky, and Radek, and Litvinoff, and Lunarcharsky, and others, are subordinate to the system they have created. Their places will be taken by other men, unless the system itself is destroyed, and those men will be subject to this new order of society, this new conception of

life, in which the individual is a busy bee in the hive, driven and dominated by the hive instinct, irresistible, inescapable, relentless.

There are many people today who are harking back to a belief in autocracy. Dictatorship seems a short cut to efficiency. How often lately we have heard in England, "We could do with a touch of Mussolini!" Government by decree has so many advantages. *"No litter allowed in public parks and places. Fine, five pounds."* . . . *"No man shall receive a dole unless he works. First offense, two years' penal servitude."* How simple that would be! How effective—with a strong man in power. There is a dictatorship in Italy, Spain, Hungary, Poland. It seems to work fairly well. France was on the very eve of dictatorship when Poincaré's financial reforms were frustrated time after time by political groups who voted against him because they were afraid of their electors. And it must be admitted, I think, that when Parliamentary government breaks down, as it did in Italy, as one day it may in England, because it is losing the confidence of the people—democracy having lost faith in itself—there is no alternative to some form of autocracy. But the worst form is not the single dictator who controls a dangerous situation by a whiff of grape-shot, but this new tyranny of State worship which is creeping into the mentality of peoples, enslaving them. It is worse than a tyranny over the body as in the old days of oppression. It is tyranny over the soul.

THE ROBOT MIND

That is the danger of Communism. There are simple minds who believe in the reality of that phrase "the Dictatorship of the Proletariat." They honestly believe that under Communism the people, the under dogs, will come into power and govern themselves and those who were once on top of them. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Those hundred and forty

million peasants in Russia have no control over their own destiny. Red soldiers, who are also slaves, are ordered to convert them by machine-guns from individualism to collectivity. The Candid Communist makes no secret about this, except when he wants to lure the innocent into his trap. He despises democracy more than the die-hard tory. He scoffs at liberty, except as a word to put a spell over the mob mind. He knows that Communism is the reverse of liberty, that it is a rigid and austere discipline, and that it must be imposed by ruthless ways upon the ordinary human nature of men and women who, in his belief, are too ignorant to understand its meaning and too weak to accept its sacrifice or idealism.

The two extremes of thought which seem so far apart, so utterly opposed, are converging to this point of agreement—the enslavement of democracy—not consciously, but perhaps owing to biological laws—the growth of population, the need of mass production, the economic pressure of life. Things that are happening in the mind of the world are leading in the same direction. The disbelief in a future life weakens the claim of the humble individual to any importance in the general plan. At one time there was at least a theoretical acknowledgment among the world's rulers that even the most ignorant man and woman had a soul with certain divine rights. It is true that they made it pretty difficult to keep the body alive, but they admitted that the soul existed and that it could not be denied its individuality. Despite all the cruelties and tyrannies of European history, millions of men and women through all the ages did actually preserve a liberty of the soul, and established many differences of temperament, habit of life, and mental outlook. Not only was the Englishman's home his castle—it is no longer—but the Frenchman's cottage was his private domain. His family was the unit of social life. He had the right of self-expression in art and poetry and craftsmanship. His eccentricities, his sense of humor, his religious

faith, were put into the carving of a gargoyle or the shaping of his household treasures. Heretics were burned at the stake, Nonconformists had their ears lopped off now and then, but there was seldom an attempt to stamp out the individuality of intelligence or to force all types of humanity into one iron mold of uniformity. If that happened at all it was fiercely resisted, and the whole course of European history until the present time is the struggle for more individuality, for more personal liberty, for more freedom of the mind. Now the enemies of Democracy on the Right and on the Left are advancing toward the enslavement of the masses and the disfranchisement of the individual soul by Fascism on one side and by Communism on the other.

THE MECHANIZATION OF THE MIND

The economic conditions of modern life are equally hostile to individual liberty and nonconformity. Mass production, enforced upon industrial nations in order to maintain a high standard of living and to compete with rival groups of manufacturing peoples, is standardizing the mind, as well as the clothes, the boots, the household furniture, the dwelling-places, the food, and the amusements of mankind. The individual is in danger of losing his individuality. From New York to San Francisco, in a country where standardization has been carried to its greatest efficiency, the individual can hardly escape from this all-embracing uniformity of life. It invades the intelligence. There is the mass production of books, of music, of newspapers and magazines, of thought itself. People read the same novel at the same time, they listen to the same tune over the radio at the same hour. A speech is broadcast throughout the United States, and millions hear the same words. They sit on the same kind of chairs at the same kind of tables—standardized at Grand Rapids; eat the same kind of food out of the same kind of cans—produced in an endless supply in Chicago; read the

same article on the same subject—in the *Saturday Evening Post*; go to sleep on standardized beds; get buried in standardized coffins.

There are many prophets, over-gloomy, perhaps, who warn humanity that the greatest danger now facing it is not another war, but a new disease, soul-destroying, deadening to the spirit, which is the mechanization of the mind. Walther Rathenau and Count Keyserling, who is the intellectual offspring of Rathenau, have written their books to prove that the soul of man is endangered by the machines which he has created to supply his needs, and that the next phases of humanity may be a kind of *robotism* or a race of machine-minders who are really controlled by their own engines of mass production and have no more spirit than those driving-wheels. Always they will have to increase the speed of their output to keep pace with the material needs of life, in a frightful economic competition. As population increases mass production will be intensified and extend over greater areas of the world. They will have a high standard of material comfort, perhaps, but as comfort increases the inner spirit will be killed by a dead level of uniformity. "A standardized human being," says Count Keyserling, "is less than an animal, because it means a man who has fallen back to the animal stage." Today in a period of victorious collective ideals a good deal of courage is wanted, he says, for a man to be himself, and himself alone. His argument is directed chiefly to America, which he thinks is in the greatest danger because it is most prosperous and has developed standardization more efficiently than other countries. But other nations are adopting the same methods, and are threatened by the same perils.

REVOLT AGAINST WAR

There is perhaps only one subject upon which the post-war mind is at the moment agreed. At the present time in Europe

there is a general detestation of war among all or nearly all nations who remember the last war and who fear another. I believe that the national leaders are lagging behind their peoples in their cautious and timid advances toward disarmament and a bold policy to secure international peace. A world pact by which all the great and little powers would agree to combine against any nation taking up arms against its neighbors for any cause whatever would undoubtedly receive enormous support from the masses of working-folk in England, France, Germany, and other countries, with the exception of Italy, where the war spirit is being intensively educated. The skepticism with which many people regard the League of Nations and such pledges as the Kellogg Pact is partly due to the lack of any agreement by which an aggressor nation would be outlawed and disarmed by the other Powers.

The memory of the last war is being revived by the flood of war books pouring out of the presses, and it is significant that most of them are intensely pacifist in their spirit, and remind the imagination of the world of the horrors, the agonies, the brutalities, and the foulness of that last great conflict—even warping the truth by omitting the compensations which, to some men at least, made that war endurable by comradeship, courage, gayety and adventure in some of its aspects. The younger crowd are reading these books with ardent curiosity. They want to know what that war was all about, how it acted upon the minds of men, how they lived and died in it. As far as I can make out, they do not hanker after a similar experience. They regard it as a colossal stupidity, an almost unbelievable lapse in human intelligence. The most frightful description of horror set down by a man in whose mind there is still the nightmare of those bloody years is read by young men and women who do not blink their eyes to the foulness of these realities, but who have made up their minds very firmly, I think, that nothing will tempt them into such a trap.

In England certainly, in France, I believe, in Germany beyond any doubt, there are millions of young men who would refuse to fight for any other cause than that of defending their own frontiers. They are avowed pacifists. They would not support any military adventure to subdue other peoples or to capture new markets, or to extend their Empire, or to enforce a national policy. It is possible, and I believe probable, that many of them would not even tolerate conscription for a war considered just, necessary, and "inevitable," by their governments. There would be passive resistance and civil revolt, Labor would refuse coöperation.

There is the instinctive knowledge among the nations who were most stricken by the last war that the next, if there is to be a next, would be worse in its slaughter and cruelties. They have no illusions about that. They know that science has invented new methods of massacre, by gases more poisonous than those last used, by aërial warfare which would destroy the civil population of great cities, by guns of longer range, by a mechanized warfare which would not be checked by trench lines. They know that their women would die with the men, that there would be no sanctuary for children. It is not weakness of character, or cowardice, or the neurosis of a shell-shocked world which makes these young men of today unashamed to call themselves pacifists—though some of them may be "nervy" and devitalized. It is an intelligent understanding of the furious folly of war which makes them contemptuous to such words as "glory" and "heroism." They are coldly cynical of recent history which led to the great massacre in which their fathers and elder brothers died. They are looking to other methods of adjusting national differences. Many of them are impatient of all this fumbling at international conferences, with all these delays in disarmament.

And yet the fumbling goes on, the delays continue, and European nations are arming heavily against each other. On

the other side of the world the United States calls conferences for peace, but takes no risks thereto, not by a ship or a gun that may reduce their naval strength below the British.

THE SECRET FEAR

How is that? How is it that when so many people are dead set against war, the world's statesmen are preparing for another one? The answer is easy. There is no certainty that the present mood of pacifism will last. What is true today may be false tomorrow, according to the impermanence of anything in the modern mind. Because there is no belief in fixed principles—does not morality change, does not justice change?—there can be no belief in Kellogg pacts or Locarno treaties. Because there is no allegiance to any code there can be no trust in written signatures, solemn speeches, proclamations of friendship. No one is taking the risk of peace.

Deep down in this post-war mentality, protesting its hatred of war, is the fear of war. The French people are afraid that Germany, at present peaceful, may come back to the old attack. The German people, at present disarmed, are afraid that the claims they believe to be just will never be granted without force and that without the power to defend themselves they will be trampled down. England, professing friendship for France, is nervous of French submarines and aircraft and conscription. Poland is still afraid of Russia, and Russia of Poland, with France behind her. Jugo-Slavia is afraid of Italy on her flanks in Albania. Rumania is afraid of Hungary, some of whose people and territory are within her borders. Czecho-Slovakia is afraid of her own minorities, and also of Hungary allied again with Austria and Germany, if anything goes wrong with the Treaty of Versailles. The United States, professing peace to all the world, keeps a careful eye on the Japanese Navy and demands parity with Great Britain. Who has faith in the future of peace? Who believes in peace? Even

General Smuts, critic of the Treaty of Versailles, which he signed, advocate of the League of Nations, champion of liberal ideas and international justice, is not quite sure that peace is always good. There may be, he said, "a frozen peace," a peace of injustice, enforcing tyrannical decisions upon ill-treated peoples. There are times and moods in human history when the worst horrors of war may be preferred, or risked, for the sake of national pride or honor, or because of some passion of anger against insult or injury, or because lying newspapers spread false reports, or because lying statesmen slander another nation and inflame their people to fury. Who knows that such things, so easily imagined or created, will not happen again, and that young men, now professing ardent pacifism, will not rush to the colors the day after tomorrow, stampeded by some new madness, or craving adventure to avoid boredom, or believing, as all of them believed in 1914, that this new war is "inevitable" as a war to end war, or as a war to make the world safe for democracy, or as a war to save civilization itself?

ACROSS THE FRONTIERS

Among the older minds in the world today there are few willing to take a chance for peace. And there will be no peace unless the younger minds, the very young minds as yet unknown, to whom the last war will be only a remote historical episode, formulate some new relationship between their tribes of youth, abolishing the old frontiers of the mind as well as of the map, abandoning the intense egotism of nationality, its savage jealousies, and linking up the world in larger confederations, because these present divisions are out of time with the increasing speed of communication.

One of the old leaders of Europe—Aristide Briand—has put forward an idea which might lead to such things, if men had faith. He had the courage to advocate a United States of Europe in a public session of the League of Nations, and he

was supported by Stresemann of Germany and Hymans of Belgium. It is not a new idea. It has been in the imagination of statesmen for several centuries and was sketched out in idle mood by the ex-Kaiser. But it came into the realm of practical discussion by the Lake of Geneva when Briand put his plan persuasively before the representatives of many nations, after his formal suggestion to the assembly of the League.

In the French mind it is partly associated with the belief that European liberty of action is imperiled by the financial domination of the United States. By reason of loans upon which interest has to be paid, and the buying up of European industries, America, they say, has a strangle grip upon the economic life of Europe. She forces her talkies, her canned goods, her motor-cars, her tractors, and her standardized goods upon peoples deep in her debt but unable to sell their own manufactured articles to the United States because of high and insurmountable tariffs. By closer economic unity in Europe, lowering tariff walls between the nations and establishing some sort of a Zollverein or free trade within this new federation, Europe would be able to compete with the United States, in a pooling of resources for cheap production, and in the number of customers for its own manufactured goods.

The American bogey is less important than the relief that would come to Europe by the lowering of drawbridges and more friendly intercourses for trade purposes. It is perhaps the best way of approach to international peace in Europe, but the difficulties are enormous because of inherited hatreds and suspicions. It will not happen until a new generation has come with new faith.

A NEW ORDER OF CHIVALRY

Perhaps it is coming, that new faith in broader camping-grounds of fellowship, among the leaders of tomorrow. I saw one sign of it last year in England when the Boy Scouts as-

sembled from all parts of the world for the birthday of their chief. There was hardly a nation of the world (except Italy) which had not sent a contingent of anything from five hundred to three thousand boys. They camped together in the mud of an English park under a deluge of rain that hardly ceased for a fortnight. They were the sons of the enemy nations who had fought each other ferociously for four and a half years. There were Germans and French, Austrians, Hungarians and Poles, and all races and all colors of youth, linked together, not by any discipline imposed upon them by old men, but by the secret code of youth itself, and by self-discipline and enthusiasm for playing the game of life according to ideals of loyalty, and efficiency, and comradeship, and hero worship, and the spirit of adventure. Even Hindus and Mohammedans were in the same camp together, not divided by caste or religion, which seems impossible. The German boys were cheered by their French and British comrades as they marched round the camp. It is a new Order of Chivalry in the world's youth which reaches out beyond nationality and is tolerant to all differences of creed and race. Here among these fifty thousand boys was a sign of something that might happen among nations, not abandoning their differences, indeed, taking a pride in their particular "totems" and traditions, their national songs and dances and decorations, but uniting in a spirit of comradeship, chivalrous to the weak and loyal to the leadership of strength and truth. They were playing the game according to a code of rules that is not enforced by tyranny but by common consent in the virtue of self-discipline and team-work.

A miracle of this kind may happen among the tribes of youth. I have some hope of it. But it will be a miracle. Looking back upon the history of the last twelve years—all that turmoil of passion and cruelty, all that narrative of folly and wickedness, the damned stupidity of so much of it, the intolerance, the hatred, the lack of mercy among men—it is hard to be-

lieve that human society may be controlled by intelligence, or that the beast in us may be tamed.

One could not believe it, seeing the strange stubbornness of stupidity in the human mind through history—its instinctive savagery—did one not realize that human nature is changing more rapidly than ever before, owing to these quickening influences of which I have been writing. The mass mind is becoming more intelligent, more educated, more humane. With all the weaknesses and the bewilderments which I have suggested, one must admit that among all the civilized nations today, or at least among many of them, there is a breaking down of old prejudices and intolerances. There is more kindness in the world today, in spite of many cruelties. We have more regard for our neighbors and more conscience concerning the under dogs and the derelicts and the luckless ones. The younger crowd, so unsettled, so undisciplined, without any fixed principles or absolute convictions, see other points of view besides their own, and are groping toward a happier way of life for others besides themselves. They are threatened by an intellectual Bolshevism, destructive, I honestly believe, of civilization itself, but if they can escape that by a common sense which is very strong in the human crowd, at least in England and Germany and the United States, to name only three big powers, and if they can establish some new code of spiritual discipline without departing from liberty, it is certain that they have all the qualities which the world needs for human progress—courage, gayety, truth, vitality, and health. I should like to have been born yesterday so that I might see the world half a century from now. It will be a new kind of world, but I hope it will be a better one, with more chance of happiness for the common crowd, and wider horizons in the average mind.

THE END

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